Co
NOVEMBER

RONALD
McLEOD

Collier's

NOVEMBER 27, 1943 TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

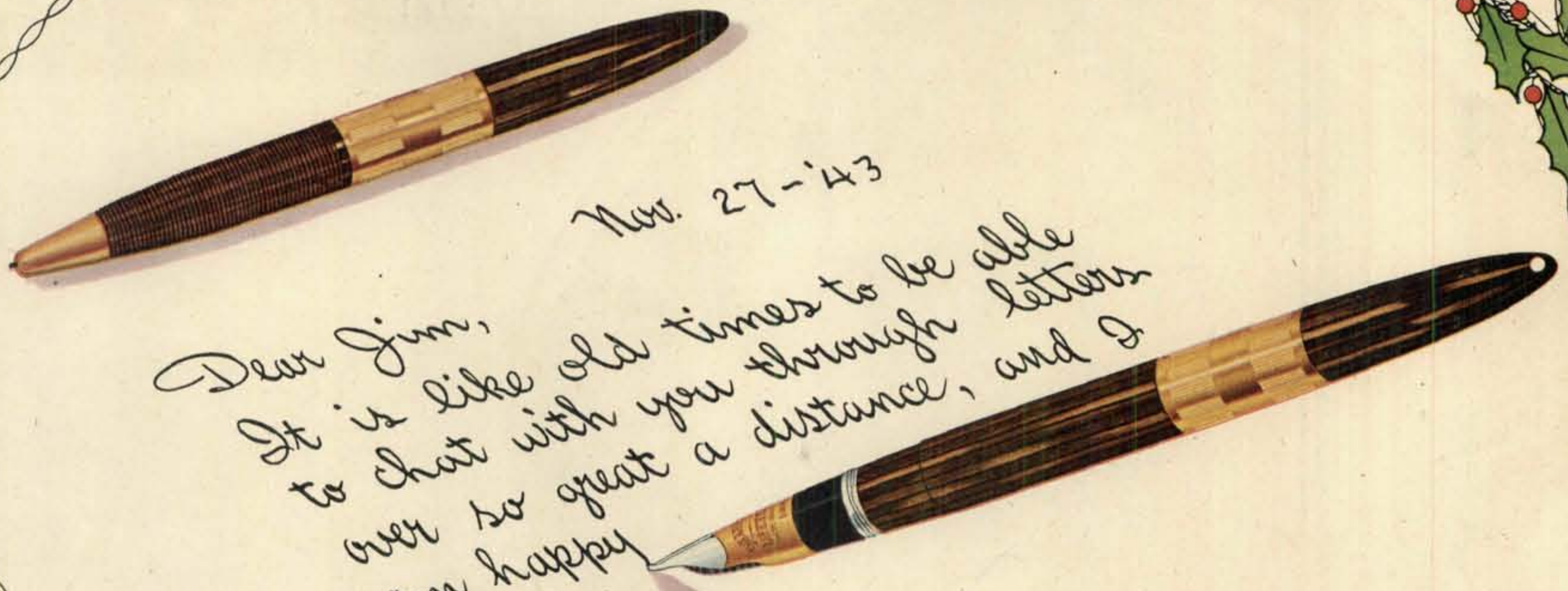
Can Italy Learn Democracy?

RADIOED FROM ALLIED-OCCUPIED ITAL

By Frank Gervas

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
26AU44
A
42761
C
9 4UU

v.27, 43



Nov. 27-'43

Dear Jim,
It is like old times to be able
to chat with you through letters
over so great a distance, and I
am happy

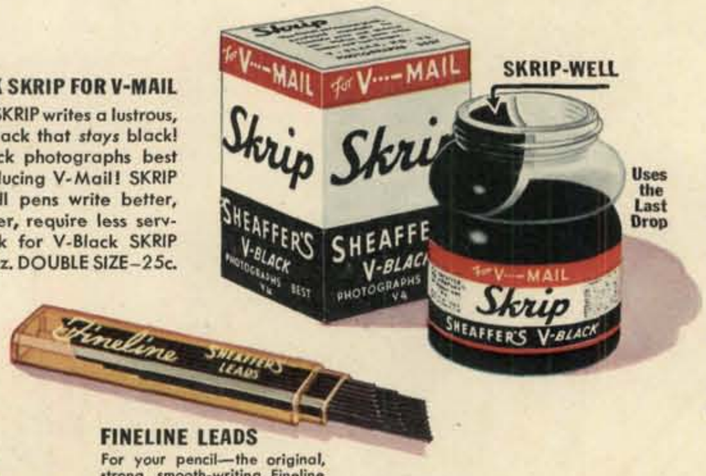
Let your Pen
BRING YOU NEARER THIS CHRISTMAS

"Happy Christmas" isn't just a matter of receiving presents. "Happy Christmas" is KNOWING YOU'RE NOT FORGOTTEN . . . getting personal news from home, and touching hands at long distance. That's Christmas "out there," in the far places, and that's what letters do—NOT ONLY at Christmas, but the whole year 'round.

Limited production of Sheaffer writing instruments is helping vital war work on home and battle fronts. Sheaffer precision workers who are released from writing instrument production are devoting all their working hours to producing munitions of war. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Above: "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY *Lifetime** pen, $12.50—for men or women, without clip, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket. Matching pencil, $4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.



V-BLACK SKRIP FOR V-MAIL
V-Black SKRIP writes a lustrous, ebony black that *stays* black! And black photographs best in reproducing V-Mail! SKRIP makes all pens write better, last longer, require less servicing. Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. DOUBLE SIZE—25c.

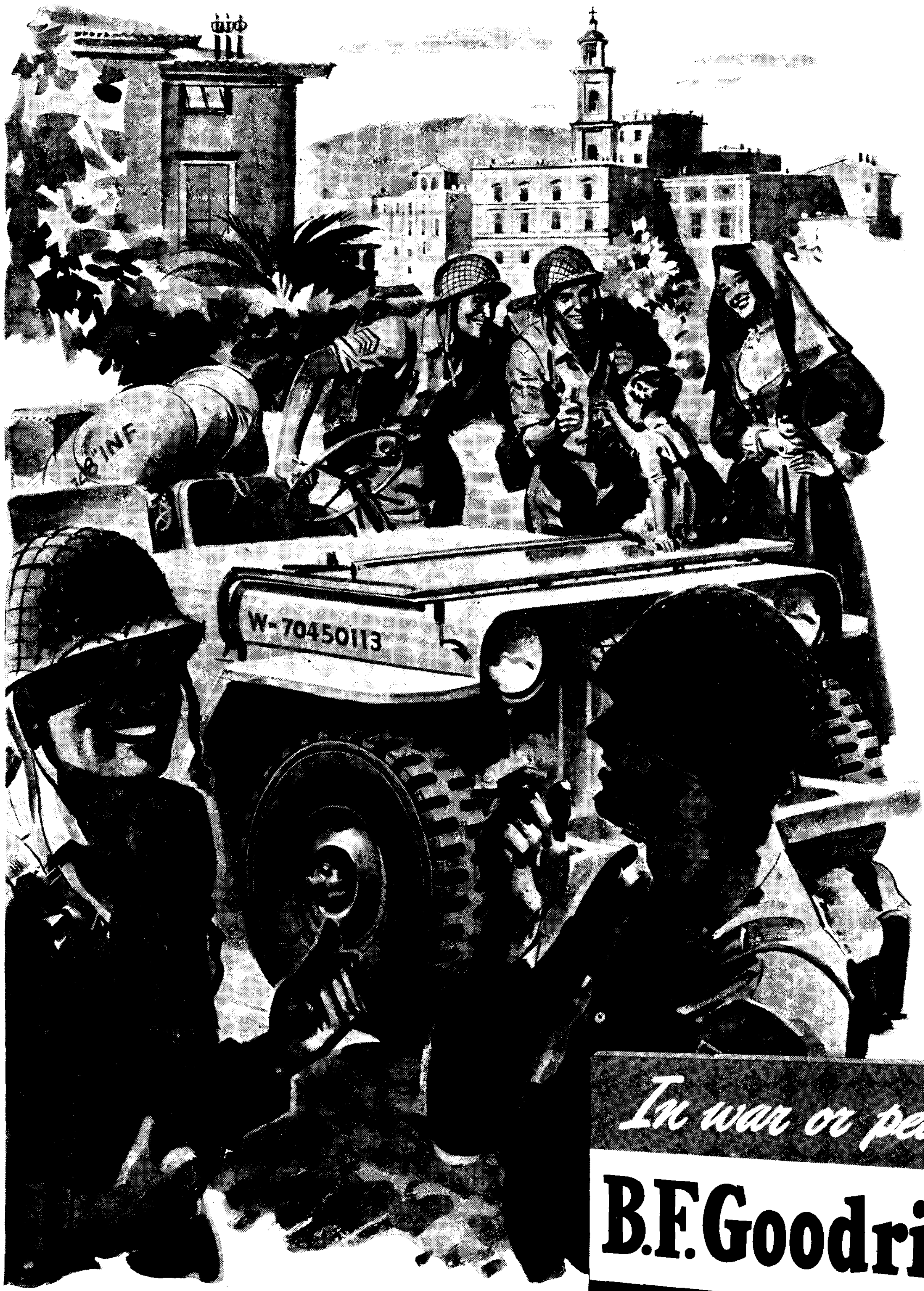
FINELINE LEADS
For your pencil—the original, strong, smooth-writing Fineline leads. Developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.

SHEAFFER'S

Listen to
SHEAFFER'S WORLD NEWS PARADE with UPTON CLOSE
NBC Complete Network—**Sundays 3:15 P.M. E.W.T.; 2:15 P.M. C.W.T.; 1:15 P.M. M.W.T.; 12:15 P.M. P.W.T.**

Copyright, 1943, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

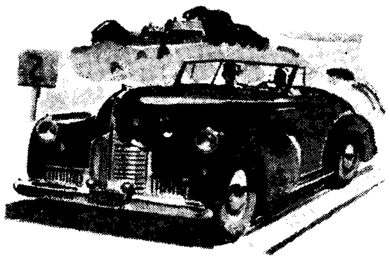
# "I was one of the guys who helped prove that we could build synthetic tires like that"



"Me and my old jalopy back home took part in that 80,000,000-mile road test months before Pearl Harbor."

"Sure!" said the sergeant, "I picked up a set down at Kelly's Service Station. He said it was a test B. F. Goodrich was making. Those tires were more than 50% synthetic rubber—Ameripol, I think they called it.

"Well, it turned out that a lot of other people with cars had been in on the test, too—and all together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles. I guess we got a few things started in the synthetic line."



We're no longer building those early passenger car tires in which approximately half the rubber was synthetic. In today's tires, under the Government rubber program, more than 99% of the rubber is Government synthetic—"GR-S."

But the 80,000,000-mile road test gave us a three-year head start in testing tires made with synthetic rubber—under actual driving conditions. It was of vital importance to the whole synthetic rubber program.

Can you get synthetic tires today? Perhaps, if you qualify. But our fighting forces still need every ounce of rubber they can get. Help them by making your present tires last!

A few of the many companies that helped make this test

AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.
THE TEXAS CO.

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Awards to 7 plants

[illegible]

Picture OF THE MONTH

M-G-M's

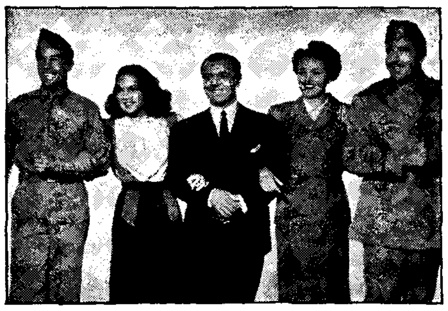
THOUSANDS CHEER

Photographed in Technicolor with

KATHRYN GRAYSON • GENE KELLY
MARY ASTOR • JOHN BOLES

and the M-G-M Star Parade

Mickey Rooney • Judy Garland • Red Skelton • Lucille Ball • Eleanor Powell Ann Sothern • Virginia O'Brien • Lena Horne • Frank Morgan • Marsha Hunt Margaret O'Brien • Marilyn Maxwell • Kay Kyser • Bob Crosby • Benny Carter and introducing Jose Iturbi



From the Reviewing Stand:

We've just been seeing stars—and more stars—in M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer"... for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio seems to answer "present" and in "top-talent form" in the cast of this EXTRAvaganza.

"Thousands Cheer" is essentially a love-story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly...who might be called the baton wavers in a big parade that is destined to make millions cheer on all of the Broadways of America!

As our still-dazzled self remembers them, the stars include:

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne... shall we continue?

Well, there's also Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

Stand by for Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—what a list to keep on one mind!

And that's not all—there are three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band...

And a special line for the incomparable Jose Iturbi who not only plays his immortal piano but acts like a Lunt!

"Thousands Cheer" is a three-ringed show in Technicolor with an Army flavor! We can't help calling your attention to the U.S.A. in "Thousands Cheer". Nor getting up in our reviewing stand to start off the cheering ourselves!

• • •

This remarkable show is directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. Original screenplay by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream story about "Private Miss Jones".

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

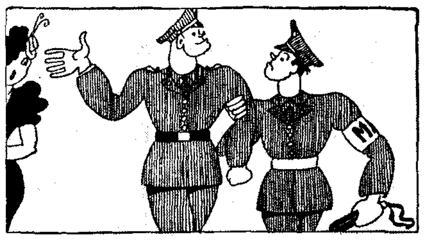
ANY WEEK

OUR MAIL covers almost all known topics from vitamins for the gas tank of your car (if you haven't sold it to the Groaning Armenian) to cheerful views of the many rumors about what General Marshall will be doing next—if he isn't already doing it. About such subjects as postwar plannings and international suspicions our readers have frankly optimistic opinions. They see in all those stories and rumors "an encouragingly healthy sign of the reawakening of nationalism without which there could be no internationalism." Those words are from Dr. Ulrich Winegarden of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and they impress us even if we don't quite understand them. A few letters deplore the coming of national elections on the ground that such an event will arouse too much national thinking and produce too much isolationist oratory. But the vast majority of the peculiarly intelligent readers of this arousing magazine see nothing short of disaster for us and the world if nationalistic claptrap were to disappear entirely in favor of internationalistic blah-blah. "Let's have the tripe and the truth without sting," demands Mr. Joe McGlynn of Hannibal, Missouri. "We don't need the second-rate opinion of third-rate censors to guide us in choosing." And just one more thing. Most of our writing readers are dead set against the censorship of radio commentators but think, like Mrs. Carol Abbott Eberle of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, that "before a commentator is led to the mike, some means should be taken to find out whether his mind can produce thoughts and not merely suds."

THERE was much discussion of that sort in the home of a friend of ours. His thirteen-year-old son listened for a while, then departed for bed shaking his head gloomily. His father spoke comfortingly to the lad without visible effect. "Oh, it isn't that I care what happens to the darned old world," sighed the boy. "It's just that I know that we'll have all this in school, and I won't understand it."

WE DON'T remember having said anything about the possible use to which many huge government-owned war production plants will be put after the war. Nevertheless, Mr. George B. Banish of New Orleans, Louisiana, comes forward with a thought. "They can be quickly converted into homes for retired New Dealers, brain trusters and former OPA bosses who can be kept busy sorting over questionnaires collected by our present federal bureaus. Such light and informative work will have a fine therapeutic effect upon the inmates. Much better than cutting out paper dolls and training insects to do tumbling and other diverting acts which formerly were popular in such institutions." Mr. Banish works for the government himself. He is a co-ordinator. Every morning he receives a huge stack of official papers. "The rest of my day," he says, "is devoted to piling all the yellow sheets in one pile, all the white in another pile, all the green in another pile and so on.

AND we've just heard of what happened when an MP who was a gas company inspector in civil life arrested an infantry private who was a cop before induction. The cop submitted to arrest like a gentleman but was so distressed by the MP's technique that on the way to the sneezer he gave the MP a thoughtful lecture on how to handle a prisoner. The MP was so impressed and grateful for the information that he and the prisoner repaired to a tavern and knocked over a few beers. And everything was all right, except that the MP's superiors heard about it. Now he's a private in the infantry and the former cop's an MP.



WE HAVE just heard, too, of a military post "where officers, most of whom have been taken directly from civilian life, are so thick that everybody snaps to attention if an enlisted man appears." However, one of the most important offices on that post is in command of a sergeant whose pretty blond secretary wanted to be transferred so that she might have an officer for her boss. The sergeant reproved her. "Dotty," said he, "stick with me and get your picture in the papers. Right after this war we're going to have a big victory parade. I will be the big shot in that parade. First there will come the officers, thousands and thousands of them, marching sixteen abreast. Then will come the troops—me. And you'll be standing there cheering madly for the troops—me. Stick around, Dotty, and get talked about." . . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 27, 194

SHORT STORIES

THOMAS BELL
The Girl on the Porch. There's more than or way of meeting a girl—and winning her! Page

CARL D. LANE
Reward of the Stalk. Hunting's not just killin —you've got to earn the right to shoot a man game. Page

NANCY TITUS
Permanent Couple Only. An Army wife fin there are no "transients accommodated" marriage. Page

WILLIAM FAY
This is Where I Came In. A fighter doesn't l his home town down when it backs him to man. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
And So They Were Married, by Nancy Bat Palmer. Page

SERIAL STORY

VICKI BAUM
Hotel Berlin—1943. The fourth of five par Page

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
Can Italy Learn Democracy? A whole gener tion reared in Fascism must unlearn its aggr sive teachings. Page

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Parapups. *England's population of stray d* has gone air-minded. Page

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
"Burlesque is Dead." The art of bump a grind still flourishes—wherever pay rolls fat. Page

PHILIP HARKINS
An Eye for an Eye. Science has learned h *to put windows in the eyes of the blind.* Page

RAMON LAVALLE
Japan's New Policy of Conquest. Rape slaughter don't pay dividends—smiles and " operation" are good business. Page

TOM TREANOR
Neapolitan Notes. Grotesque disorder prev in the newly occupied city. Page

ANDRÉ MAUROIS
How Corsica Was Liberated. Daring and b liant action, at little cost to the Allies, the strategically important island. Page

BEN MERSON
Mr. Persistence. John C. Donnelly's " tional bullets" may be a major factor in ning the war. Page

FRANK D. MORRIS
Short Cut. Manipulating one of our giant tops through the Panama Canal is a job specialists. Page

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pag

WING TALK. Pag

THE WEEK'S WORK. Pag

THE GUILTY
(Joachim von Ribbentrop).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 17. Pag

EDITORIAL
"The American Blind Spot." Pag

COVER RONALD McLE

When the stork arrives in Wartime

DURING this year, close to three and one quarter million babies will have been born to American mothers—an all-time record. About the same number may be expected during the coming year.

Every mother-to-be wants, above everything, a healthy, happy baby. The wisest step she can take is to see the doctor *early*—especially in these days of wartime worries and emotional stress.

Such a visit helps the doctor keep both mother and baby in the best possible health... helps them avoid complications while medical and hospital facilities are under great strain.

An early visit also enables the doctor to schedule later visits to conserve his and the mother's time... to make hospital reservations or necessary home arrangements including, perhaps, available nursing service.

For expectant mothers who are employed, it is *doubly* advisable to seek the doctor's early advice about the suitability of the work and how long it may continue.

The health program outlined by the doctor will vary with the individual. Wartime conditions, including rationing, make individual advice especially helpful. Here are some things the doctor usually emphasizes . . .

A nourishing diet. The mother needs the basic foods essential to the health of both herself and her baby. The right diet also helps keep the mother's teeth in sound condition. A visit to the dentist may be advised.

Exercise, sunshine, and fresh air. Proper exercise helps the body's muscles make necessary adjustments. Violent effort—especially reaching—should be avoided.

Sleep and rest. Eight hours each night is the minimum. Daily rest periods and an afternoon nap are beneficial. It is wise to perform as many household tasks as possible while seated—preparing vegetables, for example.

Clothing. In general, clothing should be light in weight, comfortably warm, attractive and, for economy's sake, easy to alter. Shoes of the type most comfortable to you are important.

A booklet of facts—free

Your doctor's advice can do much to keep you comfortable and in good spirits during the months before your baby is born. Upon request, Metropolitan will mail you a 48-page booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers," containing information which doctors usually want their patients to have for ready reference.

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

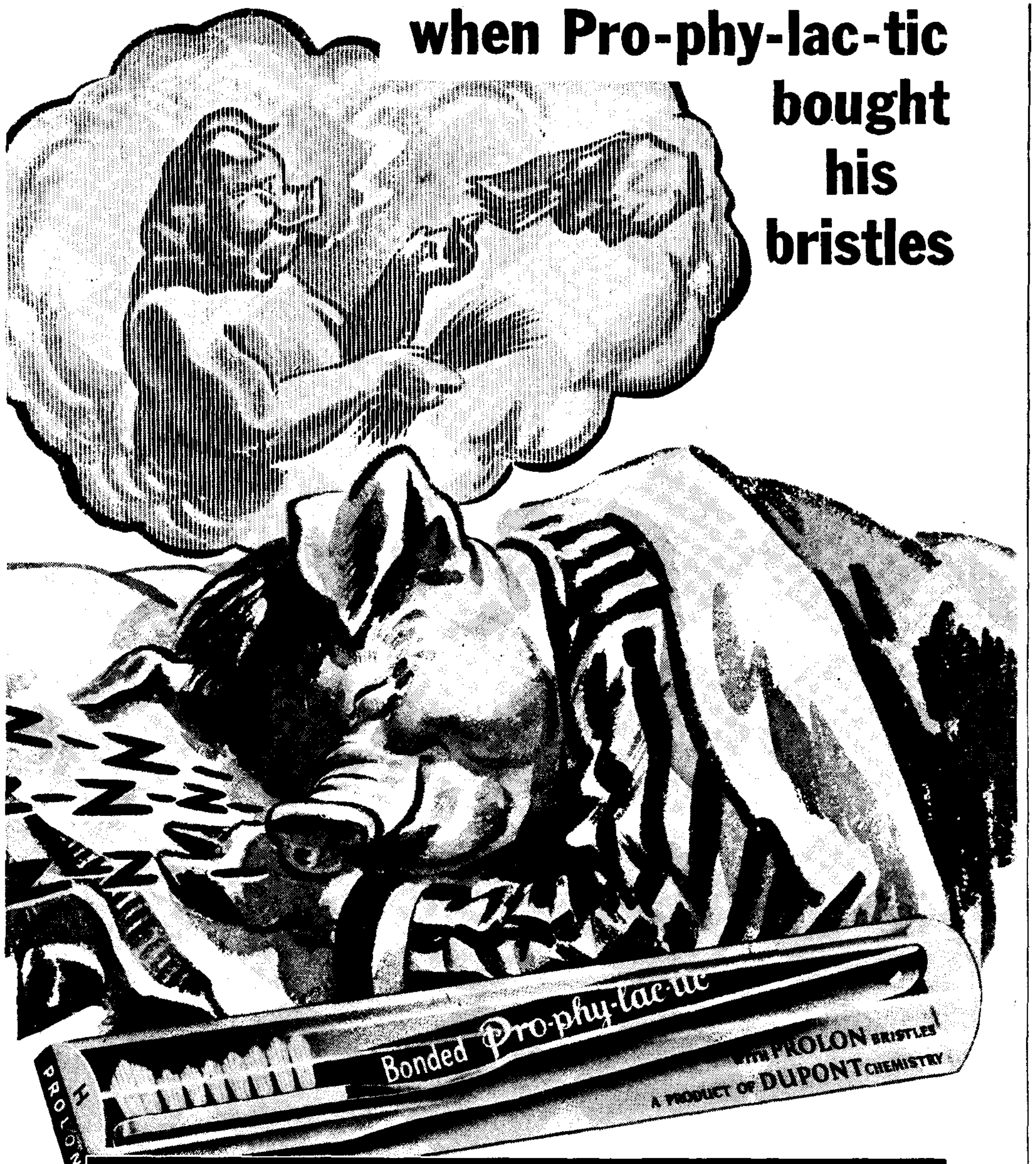
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 123-C, "Information for Expectant Mothers."

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State________



Pleasant dreams of better days when Pro-phy-lac-tic bought his bristles

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

***Attention!* Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Since 1933, temperance forces in this country, quietly working to restore prohibition, have dried up thousands of towns, townships and even counties through local option elections. Of the 12,000 that have been held, the drys have won 7,800, or 65 per cent. As a result, one formerly wet state is now nearly one half dry.

The world's largest mobile gun is the U. S. Army's 240-mm. howitzer, which is towed by a truck, carrying some of its parts, at speeds up to 40 miles an hour. Primarily designed to destroy fortifications, it has a 27-foot barrel and shoots a 360-pound projectile more than 14 miles. England's largest mobile gun fires a 100-pound shell only eight miles, and Germany's counterpart, also using a 100-pound shell, has a range of only seven miles.

Ships undergo their greatest physical strain during launching. Most critical moment is when the stern is in the water and the bow is still on the ways; then the weight of the unsupported mid-part causes this section to sag as much as six feet and may break the ship's back if the vessel is not moving fast enough to relieve the strain in a few seconds.

A unique phonograph record is that of the bugle call which sounded The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, Russia, on October 25, 1854, during the Crimean War. Using the original bugle, the English soldier who sounded the call on the battlefield made the recording in London 53 years ago. One of the few copies of it is owned by Yale University.

Members of the U. S. Armed Forces who have been honorably discharged after recovering from serious injuries received in this war will soon be given a lapel button as a symbol of their service. This visible evidence is deemed necessary now, instead of after the war, because so many of these men, during recent months, have been insulted by strangers for not being in a uniform.

Although the Bank for International Settlements in Switzerland is a Nazi-controlled organization, 13 of its 17 directors and most of its clerks being nationals of Axis countries, the United States and Great Britain continue to participate in its management. Its president is an American and two of its directors are Englishmen, and the bank is still permitted to handle the accounts of the International Postal Union and of the International Red Cross.

At least 25 metals have been discovered in the human body, among them being nickel, manganese, aluminum, zinc, tin, lead, mercury and silver. About the only important metal that has never been found in human tissues is gold.

About 15 per cent of the married couples who desire children are not able to have them. Out of every 100 such cases, 52 are believed to be due to a disability of the wife, 33 to a disability of the husband and 15 to some unknown factor.—*By Bernardine Hardy, New York City.*

To catch soup-fin sharks, West Coast fishermen now use large hooks, baited with mullet or kingfish, that dangle at the end of six-foot chains. They are hung at 25-foot intervals along a 1,000-foot master chain. Within a day or two, the catch of three long chains usually averages 25 sharks, whose livers alone, owing to the heavy demand for their oil, have a market value of some $4,500.

Since 1940, the labor required to build one P-38 Interceptor has been reduced from 232 to 11 man-years; while that needed to construct a B-24 Liberator has been reduced from 444 to 17 man-years.—*By Dale Armstrong, Hollywood, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

RAINBOW IN THE SKY

There is good news in the work of American laboratories. It is a reason for confidence in the war and a promise for the future.

Little is said about our scientists because they labor behind locked doors and their work is secret. But the topside of the German and Japanese armies and navies know about them. Things they do turn up at the front and make life harder for our enemies.

After the war, from these same scientists and their laboratories, will come the things that make jobs, comforts, conveniences and luxuries for the American people. They hold out prospects for good use of the opportunities victory will bring.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories, with some seven thousand workers, are among the many research groups that are devoted to winning the war.

When that is done, Bell System scientists will be back on their old job of making your telephone service, and your human contacts over the distances, easier and better than ever.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY VITAL CALLS TO WAR-BUSY CENTERS. THAT'S MORE AND MORE ESSENTIAL EVERY DAY.

salt
deadly enemy
to a sea-going
RADIO..
HOW ADMIRAL FIGHTS SALT

Salt . . . because of its corrosive action . . . is a deadly enemy to metal. For that reason, metallic parts intended for sea-going Admiral equipment are sprayed under pressure in an air-tight "salt chamber." Though completely encrusted when removed days later, such parts must still be able to meet exacting standards of performance. Here is but one of many tests assuring the rugged dependability of Admiral equipment built for war . . . and giving promise of an even better peace-time Admiral radio when victory is won. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

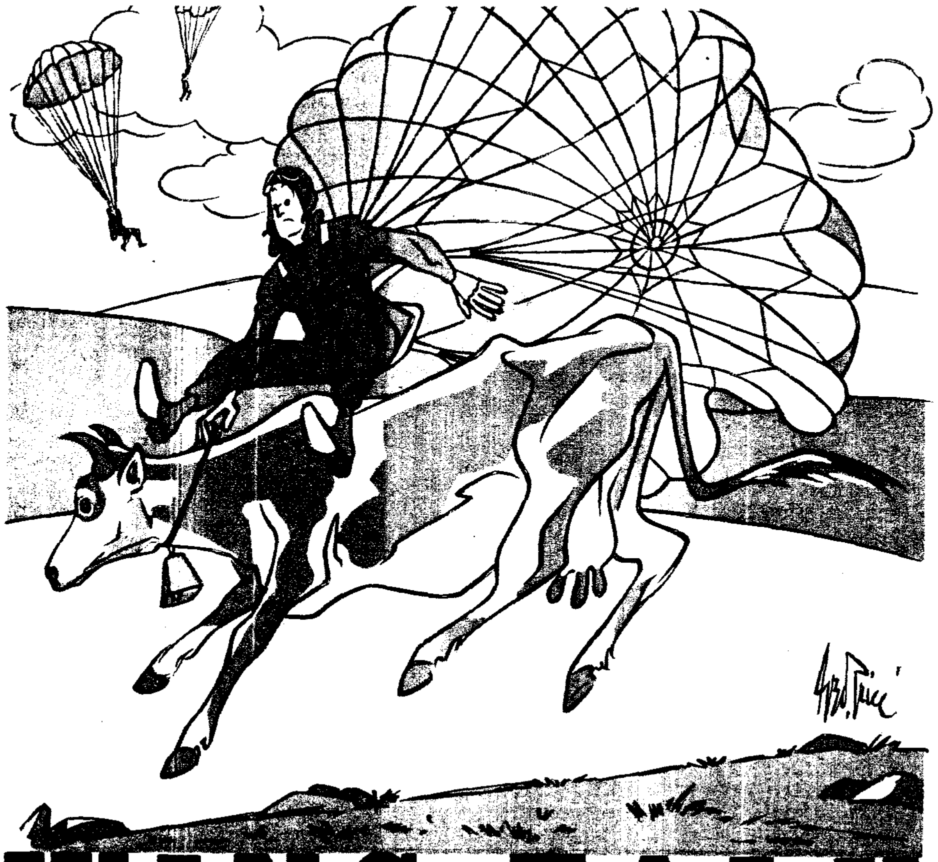
TUNE IN . . . *CBS, 2:30-2:55 E.W.T. Sundays for Admiral "World News Today"*

BUY WAR BONDS

Admiral

RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET



WING TALK

RADIOED FROM LONDON

IT CANNOT be a secret to those who read the official daily communiqués that Yank planes are fighting over Northern Europe and that occasionally some are shot down there, but their crews' lives are saved either by parachutes or through the skill with which forced landings are made. From such circumstances legends are bound to grow.

Here are two Yank tales related by old-timers beside the combat station equivalent of a winter fireside that can give nobody, friend or foe, more than a chuckle.

The first concerns a Yank pilot who, shot down on the wrong side of "the ditch," as fliers call the English Channel, not only showed up himself at the home base in due course but fetched along a bride—a beautiful girl whom he'd met and fallen in love with during his odyssey.

The second is about one hind-end Charley, the rear gunner in a Yank "heavy." There may be a lonelier job than manning the tail gun of a bomber—for instance, watchman at Little America between Byrd's visits—but you can't tell that to any Charley. Our present hero's ship got into hot fighter stuff after smearing the target for that day. All hell and a few tracers latticed the sky. This rear gunner thought nothing of it—just kept shouting and yelling so long as he could hear over the intercommunication phone the chatter of his mates; that ceaseless, exultant gab by which bomber crewmen encourage and inform one another. Then one of many bullets that sieved the bomber cut its intercom. With his headgear and isolation Charley was unable to hear whether the other gunners up forward were still firing. Gone for him was the communal thriving on battle excitement. Worse, the plane began to take evasive action so violent, weird and prolonged, that he decided it was falling out of control. This added to his great loneliness and the conviction that he was the only man left alive aboard—and that he'd better get going. So he put up his umbrella over enemy territory, while the bomber, unbeknownst to him, shook off its tormentors and flew safely home, with all his mates unharmed and wondering what the devil had happened to him.

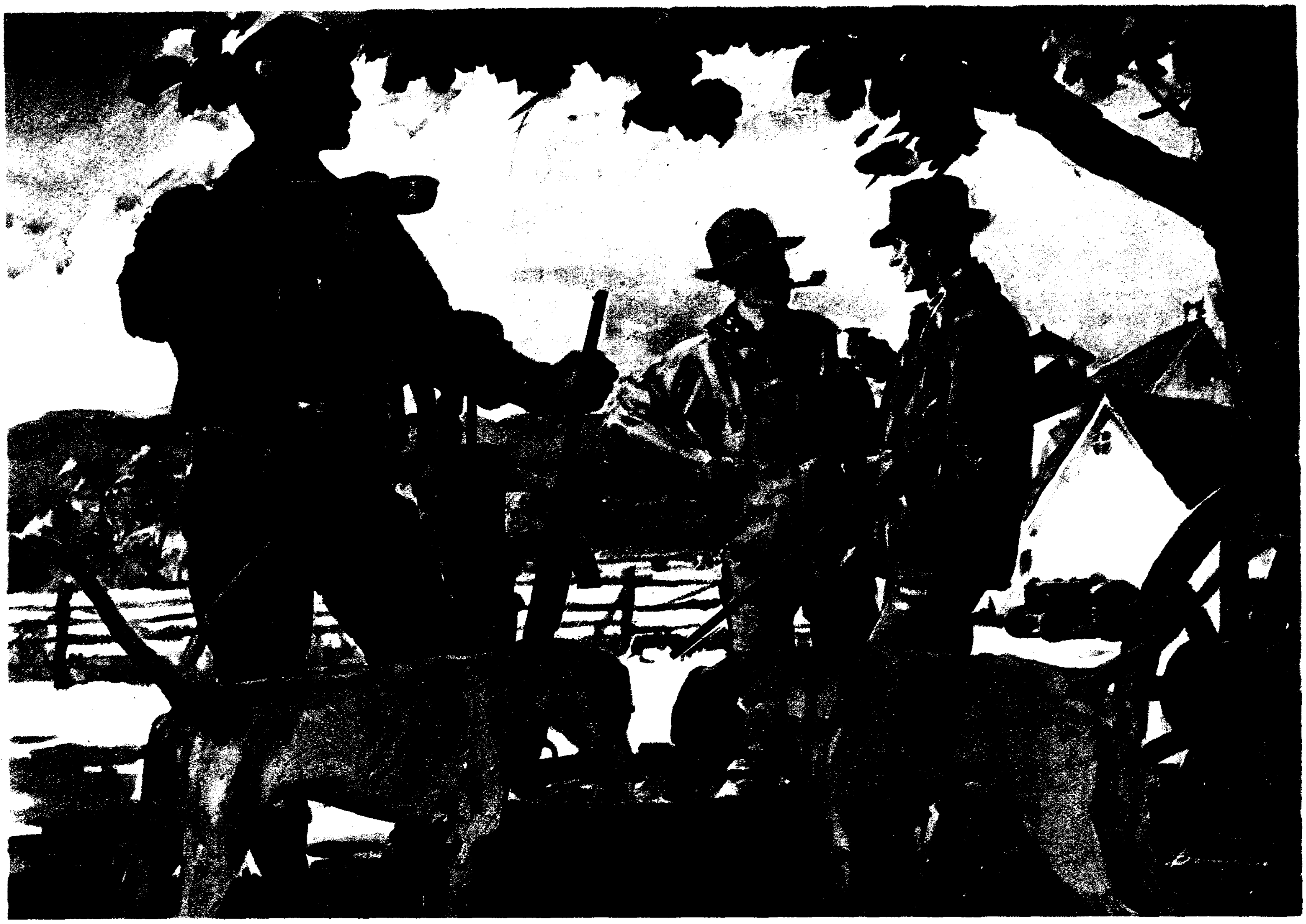
He told them when he turned up after a certain interval and found to his happy surprise that he was not a lone survivor. He had not even lost weight. The strangest thing was he had not even missed a mission. The weather had come to the aid of his record by keeping his outfit landbound until he got back.

A FAMILIAR sight in PXs here for a long time were those fine, young, winged men dressed in the smoke-blue of the R.A.F., but talking with decidedly un-British accents while they bought Yank uniforms. They were impatient boys who, unwilling to hold off adventure until their country got in, had joined the R.A.F. or the R.C.A.F. but were transferring to the Eighth Air Force. The proud "U.S.A." has disappeared from R.A.F. shoulders now. However, you still meet Englishmen who recall with puzzlement a singular variation. He was a rangy, stern-jawed youngster who strode magnificently in English streets with a shoulder flash all his own that he'd gone to pains and expense to have made. In big letters it read "Texas." This floored empire-minded locals, shy alike on other geography and history. Some, despite Amon Carter, had never heard more than vaguely of Texas. Few, indeed, had ever heard of "unreconstructed rebels."

OLD-TIME fliers here are often reminded of the famous telegraphic report by Pilot Dean Smith to the Postmaster General back in the Neanderthal days of the United States air mail: "Flying low, engine conked; only place available on cow. Killed cow, wrecked plane. Scared me." For cows are still getting in the way, more especially now since Britain's cows—indeed, all her livestock—are the most air-minded in the world. After four years of warplanes thundering about, they never look up or miss a blade of grass. Scores of prewar pastures are airfields now, of course, and they're fenced—not to keep airmen in but to keep cows out. The doped fabric tail-control surfaces of some bombers seem to have the same gastronomic fascination for cows that honey has for bears; while sheep and goats have an even more diversified taste for Lank and Fort.

All planes returning from hard sorties across "the ditch" are not always in the pink. Some must flutter down with wheezes of relief onto the first bit of English soil they can reach. One bomber recently had an experience with triple recollection value. It made you think of old movie serials in which avenging heroes

(Continued on page 77)



The Soldier and the 10-minute "break"...

After the command, "Fall out to the right of the road," the Soldier dropped down on the grass, eased his pack, unscrewed the top of his canteen, took a long swig.

"Water tastes good right now, don't it?" somebody said.

"Yeah, I suppose," said the Soldier. He lit a cigarette. "But for water to really wet a whistle right, gimme a certain old tin dipper I know."

"A which?"

"An old tin dipper. When I was home," the Soldier went on, "this time of year I'd always go hunting with my dog Pete and maybe a couple of the fellows. And most times we'd go out to Harry Olsen's farm—swell hunting country. Pheasants, rabbits, partridge . . . "

"What's about that water?"

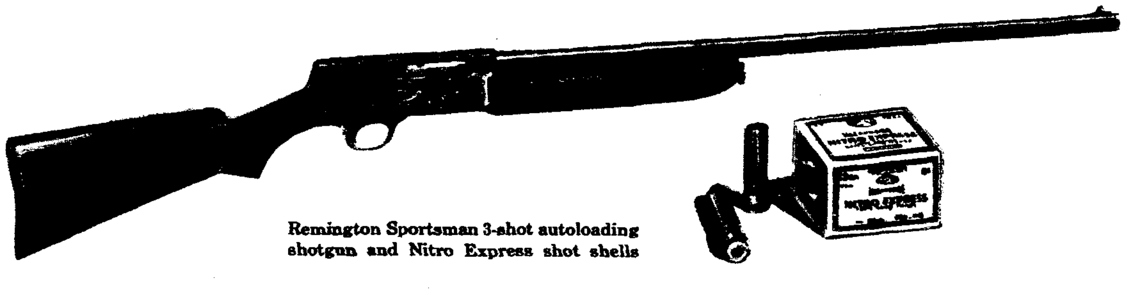
"Well, Harry has an old tin dipper hanging on the pump. And when we came back from hunting all morning, thirsty as a herd of circus elephants, we'd head for that old dipper. And boy!—water out of that dipper always tasted better than anywhere else. I wish I was there right now . . . D'you suppose maybe *next* year . . . ?"

Remington's part in speeding peace is, of course, supplying a lot of military arms and ammunition fast . . .

1. ***Every working day,*** *Remington is producing* ***thirty million*** *rounds of military small arms ammunition.*
2. ***And, every working day,*** *Remington is producing more than enough military rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment at full fighting strength.*

After the war is won, Remington will be serving its sportsmen friends again with shotguns and rifles, Nitro Express shells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," "Hi-Speed," "Sportsman" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells

Remington

DU PONT

Speed the Victory. Buy More War Bonds!

We kept this secret 25 years

It is, in principle, an amazingly simple device. It is considerably smaller than a bass drum, light enough so one man can lift it, and it looks rather like an overcomplicated fan.

Yet, connected to a plane's engine, it can hoist a plane more than *seven miles* up, where few planes in the world can fly without its help.

And it belongs to America!

It is the turbosupercharger. Driven by the engines' once-wasted exhaust gases, it crams precious oxygen into the carburetors to give American bomber and fighter planes full fighting power as they fly through the sub-stratosphere—out of sight, almost out of reach of any enemy.

For 25 years the development of the turbosupercharger, and the materials and ways to build it, have been the secret of General Electric engineers and scientists, and of the Army Air Forces engineers who worked with them. They kept on when there seemed little prospect of success. Tremendous difficulties had to be overcome—for one end of the device operates at 67 below zero, the other, only inches away, operates at temperatures up to 1500 degrees, and the whole spins at speeds greater than 20,000 revolutions a minute!

It was a tough job, but it was done. Today all turbosuperchargers for U.S. planes are made either by G.E. or according to G-E designs. And these turbosupercharged planes are making history.

The story of the turbosupercharger is one more proof that America can count on her scientists, working with military men, to provide our fighting men with every advantage that new and better war equipment can give. And *you* can depend on these same scientists, after the war is over, to work with the same industry and enthusiasm to develop new and better products for peacetime living, and to find ways to make these products cost less so that everyone can enjoy them. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: The "G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

192,000 General Electric employees are producing war goods and buying over $1,000,000 of War Bonds every week.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

962-497K-211

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 27, 1943

Can Italy Learn Democracy?

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM ALLIED-OCCUPIED ITALY

Besides the adults who are members of the Party, Italy has a whole generation which reached maturity under Fascism. Re-educating this group and settling antagonisms which threaten to provoke civil war are the big problems in the creation of a democratic Italy

INTERNATIONAL

Youngsters from six onward were taught to think as militarists in the Fascist youth organization, the Balilla. Below, Marshal Badoglio (left) stands beside the tiny king who tolerated Fascism for twenty years

ACME

HIS name was Ottavio. He was tall for his thirteen years, well built and arrogantly healthy. He was poorly dressed but clean. I found him in Contursi, a village in the Picentini Mountains high above the tortuous valley of the Sele River, a few miles behind what was then the front. Rain added to the town's coldness and grayness and sharpened its remoteness, its poverty and the ugliness of its damaged buildings. The Hun had left only a few days before. Ottavio was the son of the village miller, and he'd been a member of *Figli Della Lupa* and *Balilla*. The Fascists had built his sturdy body at summer camps, but they had also built his mind. We became very chummy, and I asked him what he planned to do when he grew up. Ottavio said he wanted a career. I asked him what kind of a career, and he replied with a level, almost impudent stare, "A military career."

Fascism was already in its ninth year when Ottavio was born. At least one entire generation was born and reached maturity under its precepts in its twenty-one years of existence. Others passed their formative years under its influence. They're Fascists if for no other reason than that they know nothing else. I've talked to many young boys and youths who fall into this category.

Educated in Ignorance

In the gigantic task of postwar reconstruction, Ottavio and his mates present a problem as complex as those of relieving starvation and smothering plagues. They still listen to Italian propaganda broadcasts from Berlin. Those who aren't voters today will be casting ballots tomorrow. The only leaders they know are men whose names are associated with what they were taught to believe was Italy's period of imperial greatness. Like Ottavio, many will want to be soldiers. The least they'll do will be to retard the process of democratization of Italy. At worst, they will form a solid indigestible core of nationalism from which may grow another Mussolini.

The obvious answer to the problem is that Italy's youth, like Germany's, must be re-educated. But how? Starry-eyed planners of a new world will need to tackle that one very soon. It isn't an altogether hopeless job, for not all Italy's young people were infected by Fascist ideology, which cleverly stressed the social gains obtained under Fascism. There was a mass of young men whom Fascism never reached, largely because they managed to escape schools and discipline or were taught at home to mistrust Fascist precepts. In Naples some of the most effective fighting against the Germans was done by mobs of kid guerrillas, a barefooted rabble of toughies, who stole and hid rifles, ammunition and grenades and roved the streets stealthily by night, hiding in porticoes and behind walls to snipe at Nazi cars. At least four of the burned-out vehicles found on Vomero Hill, beyond which the enemy retreated when our troops entered the city, were destroyed and their occupants killed by ragamuffins who fired on the cars and then tossed grenades into them.

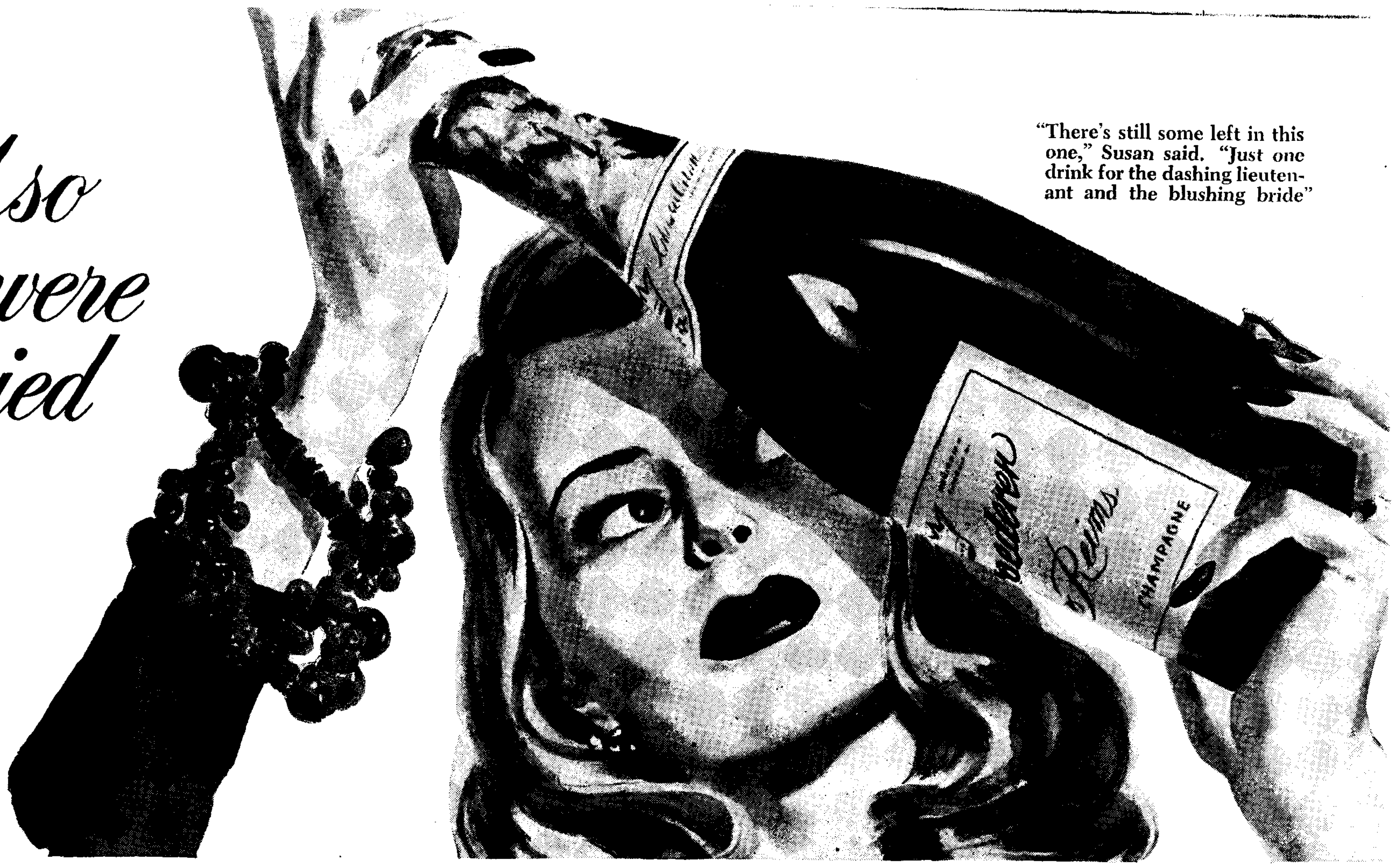
Some of their weapons were obtained by boys who dived into the bay of Naples,

(Continued on page 69)

And so they were married

BY NANCY BATTLE PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"There's still some left in this one," Susan said. "Just one drink for the dashing lieutenant and the blushing bride"

SUSAN CRAIG walked into Mr. Thornhill's private office with his mail. She placed it in the proper basket on his desk and said, "Do you suppose the legal profession will fold up if I sneak out on you for a week? I'd like to go down to Virginia for a wedding."

The old man looked up at her with quizzical affection. "It couldn't be your wedding, by any chance?"

"Could be. If I can break down the guy's resistance," and her smile was suddenly warm and radiant.

"And what am I supposed to do while you go gallivanting off, marrying strange young soldiers?"

Susan laughed. She said, "You make me sound like a bigamist. I'm not going gallivanting off to marry any strange young soldiers. I'm going to marry just one very special Lieutenant Winthrop."

"All right. All right. Miss Browning can do your work. But you tell her to keep those legs of hers out of my sight!" And Mr. Thornhill was pleased with himself for sounding so disgruntled.

"Thank you, Mr. Thornhill. And please wish me luck. I'm going to call him tonight and tell him I'll be down on Friday to marry him. Just like that, with no maidenly modesty at all. He's been insisting that it wouldn't be fair to me, but you see, there is so little time left. He is slated to go over very soon."

Mr. Thornhill walked over to her and put his hand on her shoulder. "I do wish you luck, child," he said. "If you want him, he must be all right. Go get him."

SUSAN phoned Ted that night. As she sat waiting for the call to go through, she tried to plan what she would say to him. She must make him know now, tonight, that she could not let him go away before they were married. He must realize why she felt she could face any future thing alone if she had the strong knowledge of their marriage to fall back on.

But when she heard his voice, she knew she need not speak to him seriously now. For no matter how light her words, how bantering her tone, Ted would know. He always knew the things she left unsaid.

"Listen, you," she said. "The city's best legal mind says you have to make an honest woman of me."

"If you mean that old goat-face you work for, I thought he had designs on you himself." Ted's voice was filled with laughter as he spoke.

"Don't be a goof. I mean this. I'm coming down to camp on Friday and we'll get married right away. Can you get a special license, so we won't have to spend your precious four-day leave publishing the banns?"

For a few seconds, there was no sound but the faint buzz of the wires, and she knew he was thinking quickly, thinking as she had been thinking for a long time. When he spoke again his voice was as quiet as her own.

"Okay, we'll do it! And listen, sweet, I'm glad. I'm so glad I could crawl right through these wires to show you how glad I really am."

The nasal voice of the operator cut in. "Your time is up, Madam."

Susan's husky laugh caught in her throat as she said, "That's all you know about it. My time is just beginning. Goodby, Ted, darling. I'll see you Friday."

She left New York early Friday morning, so she could be waiting for Ted at the hotel when his leave began that evening, and had hardly had time to shower and change before the phone in her room rang.

"Lieutenant Winthrop is calling," the clerk said.

"Please send him up," and she smiled as she thought how ridiculous it would be if they should send him up on a silver salver. Like a visiting card. No, like a key to heaven.

Then there was the quick one-two-one of his tap on her door. She opened it, and he stood there, smiling down at her. He said, "Howdy, stranger."

"The name is Craig."

"The name *was* Craig," and he kicked the door shut before he took her in his arms.

Ted had a special license—and a ring that nearly fit.

He watched her as she ran a comb through the thick hair curling to her shoulders. He grinned at her absorbed reflection in the mirror of the dressing table and he said, "Hurry up, carrot-top. We've got a date with a preacher at seven."

Carrot-top! When her hair was not red at all. Only he said it should have been, with her pale clear skin and her green-gray eyes. But when he ran his fingers through the softness of her brown hair and looked down at her, she knew she was as beautiful to him as any Titian.

The chaplain married them in the small post chapel, with Ted's captain and his wife as witnesses. When the short ceremony was over they drove Ted and Susan back to the hotel, and the captain was as pleased as a child with the surprise he had planned for them—two bottles of champagne leaning chilled in their cooler in Susan's room.

They sat on the beds, and the one lounge chair, drinking the cold bubbling wine and acting as if this were just another brief drinking time before another late dinner. But after his third glass, the captain began to sing, "O, what will the wedding supper be?" and his small round wife said in her small round voice that it was high time she took him home.

Ted walked with them to the elevator. When he came back into the room, Susan was holding one of the bottles up to the light.

"There is still some left in this one," she said. She looked at him, her eyes wide and grave. "Are you tight, Ted? Even a little tight?"

"Not even a little tight, Mrs. Winthrop. Why?"

"Because I want you and me to have one drink together. Just you and me, the dashing lieutenant and his blushing bride." She wished she did not feel this urgency to be flippant. She wished she could say to him what she was thinking: I want you and me to drink a solemn toast to us and to all the fine and lovely things we may—or may not—have together. To a home, and children, and mutual old friends and a long life and a full one. But this was 1943, and war gods stalked the world; there was no time to plunge into that deep stream of thought that flowed, silent and certain, beneath the froth of light words.

Ted poured the wine into their glasses. They stood facing each other, but their bodies did not touch. He raised his glass and said, "Here's to us. And to a whole parcel of little us-es."

As she whispered back, "To us all, Ted," Susan knew it was all right, that underneath the flippancy, their thoughts were just the same and the words did not matter at all.

"Darling," she said, a moment later, "maybe this isn't the time to bring it up, but I'm starved. I crave a steak at least two inches thick and a colossal baked potato."

He grinned at her. "Grab your bonnet and shawl, and we'll go downstairs. I refuse to have you munching beef bones in my bed."

That was the way their time together began. They filled the bright days with activity and the dark nights with their love. Their comradeship deepened, and there was no smallest disappointment for either of them, day or night. They were very gay, and Susan said she had never laughed so much. Each new thing they did assumed importance in their eyes. Not for itself, but because they were doing it together. And always the certainty grew that their marriage was so right for them both.

They talked at length of many things, but never of the one big thing: the brevity of this little span of time allotted to them. As they moved about in the sun or lay close in the darkness, they knew this might be the sum of their life together, and they took it gladly and with a mutual pride.

One afternoon, Ted put a postscript on a note Susan had written to Mr. Thornhill. He wrote, "Please keep an eagle eye on the little woman for me and see that she stays in good condition. I may want to trade her in on a jeep when this war is over."

Susan told him he was crazy as a loon and he said he must be, just look what he married. Then he put his arms around her and they clung to each other, the laughter dying on their lips.

LATE in the last night, Susan woke to find Ted gone from her bed. He was standing in the dim light of the open window, staring out. She spoke to him softly, "Ted, darling, can't you sleep?"

Without answering her, he walked over and got into the bed. When he put his face against hers, she could feel the tears on his lashes. She pushed herself up on the pillows and cradled his head in her arms against her breast.

After a little while, Ted spoke. He said, "Sweet Sue, we still won't talk about it. But I have to tell you this. I've got my orders. After tonight, I won't be seeing you again—not for quite a long while. Susan—Susan darling. Oh, God—"

And suddenly Susan was no longer a young girl, in love and beloved. She was a woman for whom the phrase in the marriage ceremony "till death do us part" had taken on a new and terrible meaning.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Parapups

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Meet the pampered pups of our Air Forces in England, who, with all the ancient wisdom of stray dogs, know a good thing when they see it

WITH THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: They're going to miss Slips at this bomber base. Slipstream is his real name, but the pilots call him Slips. It could be a tribute to his ancestors' romantic lapses in the past; for Slips is part collie, part police dog, part Scotty, and the rest G.I. floor mop. His left ear lops over and his right one sticks straight out; he has a corkscrew tail, a protruding lower lip like Mayor La Guardia's, and one brown and one yellow eye. He trots flat-footed, skidding stiffly around a corner on three legs when he races to meet an incoming plane.

Slips meets all the planes, you see. He never misses a ship that lands at the field. He was down on the line when our plane arrived, tail wagging in anticipation. One searching glance, one sniff at our uniforms; and his tail dropped, the eager light went out of his eyes, he wandered away with dull disappointment written on his absurd face. "Not very friendly?" we asked.

"It isn't that." The pilot shrugged. "He thought you might be Chad."

"Chad?"

"Went down over Hamburg last month. Slips was his dog. He still meets every plane, just in case."

Nobody remembers how Slips and Chad acquired each other. Probably it was the usual story: A rainy night, a scratch at the door of the mission hut, a whine. Or else a sergeant gunner found him outside a village pub and brought him home on the handle bars of his bicycle; or else he was slinking around the mess hall, ribs sticking out, and Chad saw him. It happens all the time. We have no idea how many stray dogs there were in England when our forces arrived here, but one thing we're sure of; they're all living at the American bases by now. Today every squadron in the Eighth Air Force owns a dog. Or, every dog owns a squadron. Owns it completely, what's more; comes and goes at will, wipes his muddy feet on any cot in the barracks, eats the prize tidbits in the packages from home, sleeps on a fleece-lined flying jacket beside the stove, is fought over and spoiled the way only an Army dog can be spoiled.

There's something about a soldier and a stray dog. They belong together. Dogs prefer a pair of khaki pants and G.I. shoes to trot beside. They obviously love parades; the first notes of assembly will bring pups scurrying from every corner of the field. The rifles, the creak of leather, the rough male outdoor life is their idea of heaven. Dogs—real dogs, that is—don't go for cushions and soft rugs and ferns; that's for cats; dogs go for rumpled blankets, and being mauled, and ordered around, and having their ears pulled or their stomachs rubbed, and sitting up with an all-night poker session waiting for the bone from a pilfered pork chop sizzling on the barracks stove at midnight. And, in turn, a soldier has something in common with a dog; maybe it's the essential homelessness of them both. When your whole personal world is a cot and a foot locker and six square feet of barracks floor, you and a dog depend on each other. That's what makes a real team: not a trotting-ahead-of-you-on-a-leash relationship, but the kind of team that shares out of the same mess kit, or marches together twenty miles on maneuvers, or coils up on the ground and sleeps, rain or shine. (That's one thing they have in common—soldiers and dogs can sleep anywhere.) A team like Slips and Chad.

And they do everything the fliers do, these adopted pups of the Air Forces. They show up for early-morning briefings, go aloft on practice hops, even fly combat missions over enemy territory when space and an indulgent CO permits. They have proper identification disks—dog tags, of course—and standard photographs for their badges. They have their own oxygen masks to wear over their muzzles at altitudes; and when they're cold they paw at the back of a crouching tail-gunner and snuggle inside his electrically heated flying suit for warmth. They even have their own parachutes, in case they have to bail out. There's Salvo, for instance, an air-wise fox terrier with over 300 flying hours to his credit. Salvo's a full-fledged parapup. His owner, Lt. Hugh Fletcher of Cleveland, rigged for him a specially constructed miniature chute, tested for twenty-five pounds, with a 60-inch canopy and a static line for positive opening; and recently Salvo made a spectacularly successful test jump, landing without bruises or scratches. In fact, Lt. Fletcher says that Salvo loved it. Maintains he's the only dog in history ever to approach a tree from the top. . . .

Or there's Recon, a ten-months-old Scotty owned by a waist-gunner from Texas. The gunner is a staff sergeant, and Recon has three chevrons and a single rocker clipped in the fur of his left foreleg. ("He's bucking for tech now," his owner adds.) Recon had completed five missions, and was in line for an Air Medal when he ran into trouble on his sixth raid. The Fort's engines caught fire over the Channel, and they had to ditch. The sergeant grabbed Recon under one arm, inflated his Mae West, and jumped into the drink. Recon never moved a muscle, he says; just clung patiently to his master's shoulder while he swam to the bobbing rubber dinghy, already filled with survivors. The raft was too crowded for them both; so the sergeant hoisted the pup aboard and stayed in the water himself, clinging to the rim of the raft until the Air-Sea rescue squad picked them up. The crew's having insignia made for Recon now. It's a Scotty's head in the center of a pair of silver wings.

A Hound is No Respecter of Persons

Or there is Steelwool, the dirty gray Spitz who belongs to a ground crew chief, and who defends her plane vigorously against any trespassers, including on one occasion the commanding officer of the field. At least, the crew chief says, he hasn't had a wrench or screwdriver borrowed without permission since Steelwool took over. Then there's G.I. Joe, the amiable Irish setter who is the mascot of a heavy bomber, and who astounded the entire crew, while flying on a practice mission at five thousand feet, by giving birth to a handsome litter of seven pups in an empty ammunition box.

Or Propwash—but we don't expect you to believe the story of Prop. Prop is a brown-eyed and floppy eared hound of sorts, and she belongs to a captain in the Eighth Fighter Command. Now, fighter planes are notoriously lacking in roominess, and there is no safe place to stow a pup; so Prop was trained to stay on the ground while her master was aloft. Prop obeyed implicitly; nothing could budge her from the pilot's ready room until the captain returned. Until one day, just before the squadron was due back from a sweep over France, when Prop rose, to everyone's amazement, and bolted through the door and disappeared. It was a full twenty minutes later that word reached the field that a plane had crashed in a near-by wood, and the pilot had bailed out; and it was another hour before the searching parties discovered the captain sitting beside his parachute with a broken leg. But how Propwash happened to be sitting there beside him lapping his face possessively, how she had known he was in trouble and how she had found her way to his side, is something that nobody at the field can tell. Nobody but Prop.

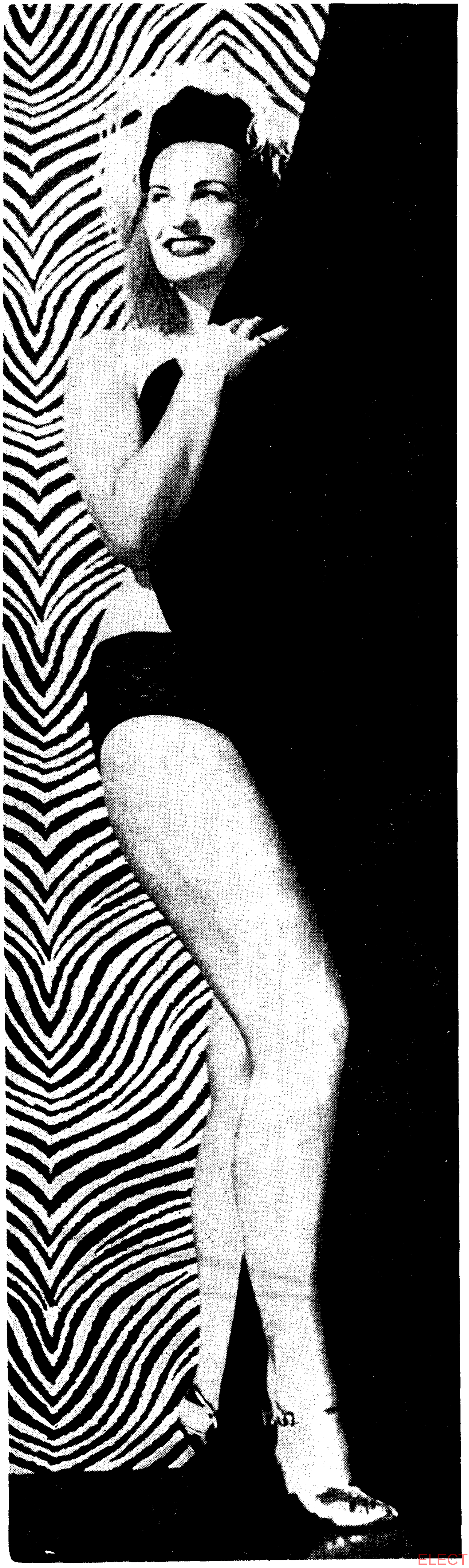
There's no way of estimating the number of these Air Force pups. There's no way of estimating their value, for that matter. Said one C.O. whose bomber base was rapidly approaching the proportions of a dog pound: "One thing I know, I never have to worry about the boys' morale as long as I see a few dogs around." Rain, cold, missions scrubbed day after day, lack of mail, monotonous food, even losses in battle are more easily borne when there is a pup around the mission hut to fool with, and tumble over on its back, and pull its ears. A pup like Slipstream. . . .

It's going to be a little hard to let Slips go. Somehow he's become a fixture here at the base, waiting day after day on the line as the planes land; but they know how much Slips meant to Chad. They know the letters Chad used to write to his wife back in Oklahoma City, letters that always ended with: ". . . Slips sends his best regards" and a muddy paw-print at the bottom of the page. "Slips says he enjoyed the crackers you sent." "P. S. Would write more but Slips upset the ink." The night before that mission over Hamburg, he wrote: "Don't worry, if anything ever happens Slips will take care of you okay." So they're building a little crate now, and one of the Transport Command pilots is going to smuggle Slips across the ocean, and a couple of days later he'll be in Oklahoma City. . . .

Fliers are inarticulate. It's hard for Chad's crew to tell Chad's wife how they feel, but they figure Slips can do it. Sometimes dogs can talk better than people. ★★★

The picture below shows Eighth Air Force pilots at a predawn briefing, listening attentively while a pilot's pooch dozes through the duller details

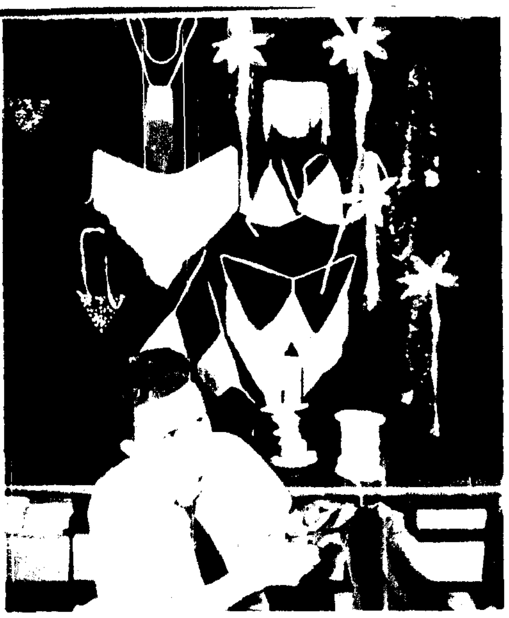
JOE DEARING



Left, Lois De Fee, six-foot-four stripper from Taylor, Texas, is the biggest "name" in burlesque. Gypsy Rose Lee, Georgia Sothern and Charmaine are either in Broadway hits or in the movies. Above, Charmaine (Christine Ayres) with Eric Blore in Ziegfeld Follies

Below, comedian Jack Diamond plays gin rumm with Linnetta Hutson and Maxine Land in the basement of the Chicago Rialto Theater. Rialto rumm is so exciting that Abbott and Costello, former burlesque comics, stop there for a session when in tow

Before it's over, the patient (Benny "Wops" Moore) will be operating on the octor (Charlie Harris), the cop (Harry Bentley) will be bawling, and he audience will be screaming. They have been doing this for 25 years



Charles Guyette makes most of the G-strings; sells them for $30. As he provides a variety of styles, he has a virtual monopoly on this item

Taffy O'Toole, Chicago show girl who has just begun her career as a stripper, is fitted for a new gown by Jack Harvey. Her name is a press agent's creation

"Burlesque is Dead"

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

BURLESQUE is the biggest, daffiest, lustiest live-talent theatrical business operating today, packing houses from coast to coast without any of the names that made G-string a household word. And Mr. Izzy Hirst, who operates the Eastern burlesque circuit from New York, will thank you to keep your yap shut about it. The last thing he wants to see is a reporter. His slogan, apparently, is "Burlesque is dead."

But we happened to be spending a Sunday afternoon in Toronto recently and in our sight-seeing we found four people buying tickets to Dixie starring Bing Crosby, ten waiting to see Miss Betty Grable in Coney Island, and a line that ran around the block waiting to see a strip-teaser named Hindu Wassau and a three-year-old "B" movie at the Casino Burlesk Theater. We have been noticing burlesque ever since. If it is dead, we are glad. We'd never have been able to live through seeing it alive.

Not since the heyday of the old "wheels" with their big Jean Bedini productions has burlesque been snaking in the shekels it is now. Some twenty-eight towns like Minneapolis, Toledo, Boston, Cincinnati and Norfolk are on the East and Midwest circuits while the West Coast is dotted with independents and clubs serving burlesque fare.

Until a few years ago the East and Midwest circuits were completely separate outfits, Mr. Hirst running the East, which included towns as far west as Toledo, and Mr. Jack Barger the Midwest, which included cities like St. Louis and Indianapolis. However, the actors took advantage of the competition to win higher salaries and, finally, after taking the rap repeatedly, Mr. Hirst and Mr. Barger got together.

Nearly every big city has, besides the circuit house, one or more independents which are condescendingly referred to by circuit performers as "scratch" houses. The burlesque houses in Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis and Union City, N. J., pull heavy weekly grosses, and Washington's Gaiety Theater is packed nightly with bureaucrats, congressmen, brass hats and foreign diplomats. Comics working in the Capitol Theater use this gag:

Straight man, indicating audience: "Where did all these people come from?"

Comic: "Congress."

Straight man: "Whaddya mean, Congress?"

Comic: "To git in hyar, you gotta have a priority, bud."

Yet most of the big names are out of burlesque. Gypsy Rose Lee, Margie Hart, Ann Corio, Abbott and Costello, Rags Ragland have been swallowed up by Hollywood. Georgia Sothern and Christine Ayres (alias Charmaine) are starring in big Broadway productions. One of the lovely ironies of our time is that New York has banned burlesque—except in the $4.40 musicals like Star and Garter, which started off with Gypsy, Carrie Finnell and Georgia Sothern, and the Ziegfeld Follies, which features graceful Charmaine (alias Christine Ayres, alias Countess Sienkiewicz), and burlesque skits.

For people who have lost the stars who were supposed to be their meal ticket, the burlesque operators are pretty happy about it. They are packing their houses without the names and their $750 and $1,000 weekly salaries. "The operators were glad to see them go," said one booking agent who had better remain nameless so the guy can eat, "because they cost too much money, were temperamental, and got too much publicity. Today nobody needs them to fill a house and for the same money you can get three or four vaudeville acts to fill out the bill or even a half-dozen strippers."

Talent constitutes burlesque's biggest headache. For years its biggest stars have been plucked off, one by *(Continued on page 39)*

A Chicago night club that doesn't have at least six strippers is hardly considered open. The 606 Club features Louise Stewart (pictured above) and nine others. Night clubs in war-factory areas have made strip-teasing an industry in itself

Below, June March, featured circuit stripper, poses with some of the show girls and chorus of the Chicago Rialto Theater, the starting point for Fannie Brice, Bobby Clark, Bert Lahr, and Barbara Stanwyck, who started there as a chorus girl

HOTEL BERLIN-1943

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The Story Thus Far:

MARTIN RICHTER, a young German soldier who has joined the underground working against the Nazis, makes his escape in Berlin shortly before he is to be executed. He is given refuge by two Frenchmen employed at the Hotel Berlin.

Among the guests at the Berlin is Lisa Dorn, Germany's most popular young actress. She is having dinner alone in her room when police come in, search the place. They tell her they are looking for Martin Richter. As the door closes behind them, the waiter who has been serving Lisa's dinner falls in a faint. When he recovers consciousness, he tells the girl that he is Martin Richter. He tells her his story, throws himself on her mercy.

Heretofore fanatically loyal to der Fuehrer, Lisa is strongly attracted by the young fellow and deeply moved by his story. She knows that old General von Dahnwitz, one of Germany's heroes, is down below, attending a state banquet. She knows that the general—in love with her—may come to her room at any moment. Nevertheless, she decides to protect the fugitive. . . .

The banquet ends. The host—Baron von Stetten, a high official—informs von Dahnwitz that he is in Hitler's bad graces (the general has been plotting with other military leaders to seize the government) and he *suggests* that the general kill himself!

Leaving von Stetten, the general goes to Lisa's room and (while Richter hides in the bathroom) implores her to fly to Sweden with him. Lisa respects him but does not love him. Besides, she has her own career to think of. She refuses. The general leaves sadly.

By this time, Lisa Dorn realizes how deeply she is involving herself. But she permits Richter to spend the night in her room. The next day she has to leave him there, going, as usual, to the rehearsal of her new play.

Adolf, a pageboy at the hotel who, at fifteen, has already spent fourteen months in Nazi prisons is also in the underground. He helps Richter hide in an unused elevator shaft; he tells him that he will get him out of the hotel. Then he can go to Adolf's home, where he will be safe, for a time at least.

Unfortunately Tilli Weiler, mistress of crooked Gauleiter Plottke, sneaks into Lisa's room to get a peek at Lisa's fabulous wardrobe. She finds among the gowns a man's dress coat! It is the waiter's jacket, discarded by Martin. The woman decides to report this to Joachim Helm, Gestapo commissar. . . .

Baron von Stetten informs von Dahnwitz that he must not leave the hotel; he offers to send him a lawyer so the general may leave his effects in good order. The general thanks him; he says that he has a luncheon engagement with Fräulein Dorn, other matters must wait. The baron murmurs, "You lucky fellow!"

IV

THE general stared with his unmonocled eye at the blurred figure of Doehneke, the lawyer. "I would prefer to sign the will today. It is possible that I will be called away before tomorrow," he said.

"I will try, I will try, your excellency. Shall we say this afternoon at four? If I can't come myself, I'll send it by one of our clerks."

"At four. Good," said the general. He took a breath after the lawyer had left and looked at himself in the mirror. Until four, then. It was not quite one o'clock. More than three hour's postponement. It seemed like a very long span of time as he looked down its stretch. Sometimes a battle was decided in less than three hours. He intended to spend every minute of it with Lisa. He picked up the telephone and asked the desk: "Has Fräulein Dorn returned from the theater?"

"Not yet, Herr General," the desk informed him.

"Will you be kind enough to ring me up the moment she comes?" he said and hung up, but his impatience mounted from minute to minute.

Three hours with Lisa, that was all that was left to him, and here he was waiting for her, and the time passed and could not be stopped, and passed and passed. At last he could not bear it any longer and went down to the lobby to intercept her there. He could not see any guards watching him, but he knew they were there.

A man in a tight blue suit who had been reading a paper near by, dropped it, took out a huge white handkerchief and blew his nose. Two guards in SS uniform suddenly materialized out of nowhere; one took his place next to the door, the other went outside on the street. It was at that moment that the general was hit by the full impact of the realization that he was a prisoner—a man sentenced to death. Suddenly he felt strangled, suffocated. As if the sawdust were running out of me, he thought unexpectedly. He left a message for Lisa at the desk and went into the dining room.

Time passed. Twenty-four minutes past one. Time chewed big hunks of happiness out of the bit of life that was still left. Gauleiter Plottke walked past, saw the general and stopped.

"Heil Hitler, General. How's your toothache today?"

The pox on you, thought the general. "Thanks. Much better. You must excuse me," he said, and got up. "Here's Fräulein Dorn. I'm having lunch with her."

NEVER had Lisa gone through a torture like this lunch. Never had the general known that being with the woman one loved could be such a hollow, aching pain. They went bravely through all the motions, smiling with their lips only, talking, choosing the dishes, selecting the wine, lifting their glasses and clinking them together and looking into each other's eyes as if they meant it and falling into sudden depths of silence and crawling out again with some bright remark between their teeth. And while they did all this, they were as lonely as oysters in their shells, each one locked tightly in an impenetrable casing of anxiety and despair.

The elevator was still out of order. As the general walked up the stairs behind Lisa's lithe figure he was suddenly overcome by a furious, brutal storm of desire such as only a soldier knows coming out of battle or going into it. He took the key of her room from his pocket. Lisa, walking down the corridor in front of him, heard the faint sound and turned around.

"May I come in with you for a little while?" he asked, his voice thick with excitement.

"Not now, dear. The chambermaid is cleaning my room," Lisa said as a desperate excuse.

"Then let's go to my room. I haven't been alone with you in months. I need you. You have no idea how much I need you. What has happened to you? You're holding me off at arm's length. Don't you care for me?"

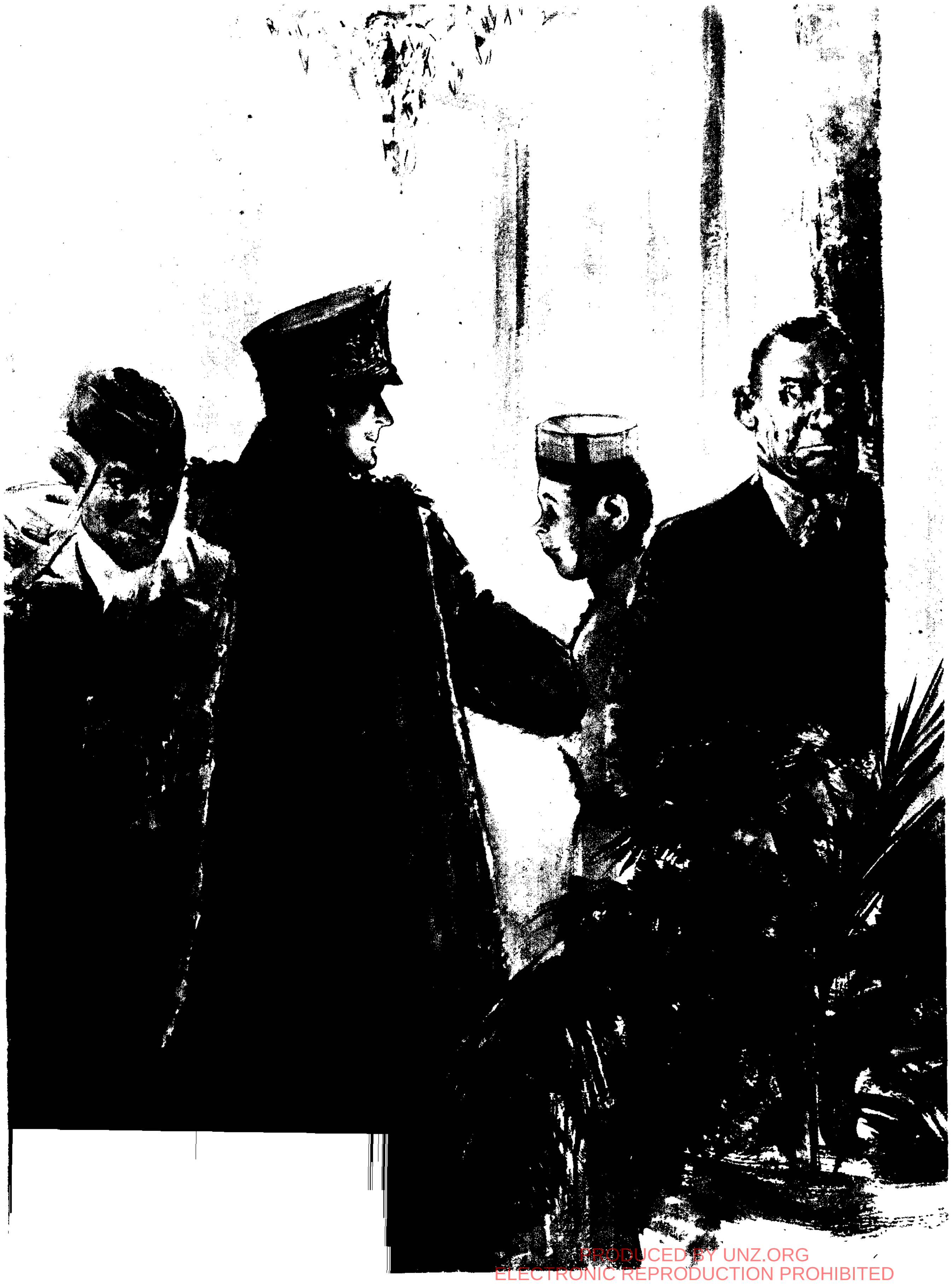
Lisa didn't know what to answer. "Of course I care for you. Don't be so possessive," she said, trying to sound whimsical like the girl she had been yesterday.

The general put his arms around her and pressed her against his hard, solid body, the body of an old cavalryman. It was not like him to make love in a hotel corridor. Not when he was sober, in any case. Before she knew what she was doing, she had pushed him away. He stared at her with an expression that frightened her. She laughed a little.

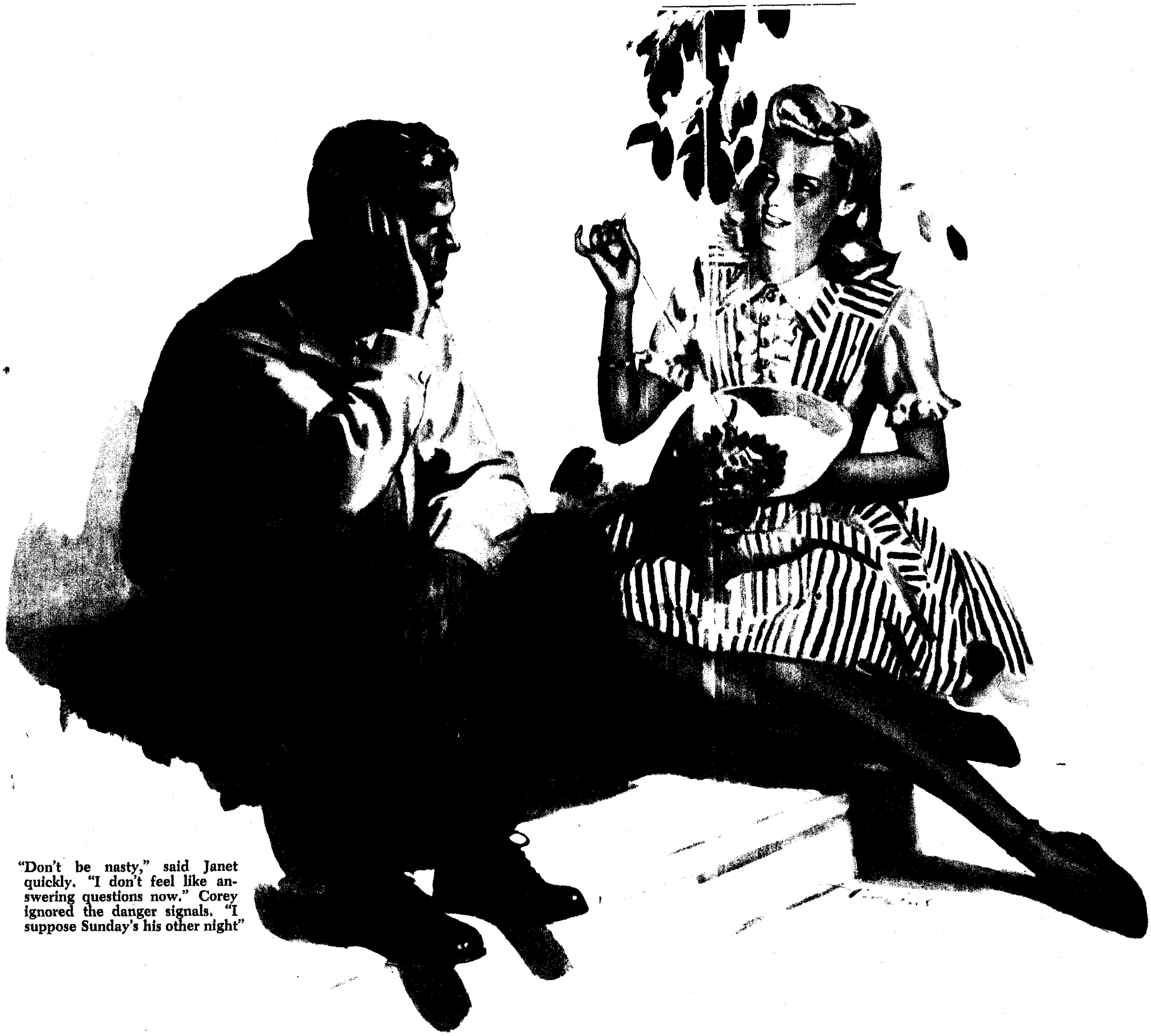
"You are not going to beat me up," she said, so afraid of him that it made her impertinent. "Not here. This isn't Kharkov, you know. You have to act civilized."

The general stepped back, struggling hard for countenance. "Forgive me," he said. "Forgive. I might not see you again."

(Continued on page 47*)*



Martin went toward the revolving door, and nothing happened. Pageboy Number 6 was standing there. Martin gave him a little jab, saluted him and walked out



"Don't be nasty," said Janet quickly. "I don't feel like answering questions now." Corey ignored the danger signals. "I suppose Sunday's his other night"

THE GIRL ON THE PORCH

BY THOMAS BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The way of a man with a maid—the way of a turret lathe with a man—somehow Janet Stowe got them all mixed up

COREY walked right into her. This part of Hillside Avenue was roofed with great trees that drowned the street lamps in foliage, so it was easy enough to run into someone, especially if the runner-into was feeling low, and the someone appeared as suddenly as though she'd stepped out from behind the nearest tree.

For a moment he held her, warm and pliant in his arms, and then he was backing away. "Gosh, I'm sorry! I didn't hurt you, did I?"

She patted herself here and there and said he hadn't. Corey hardly heard her because he was realizing with a little shock of pleasure that she was The Girl on the Porch.

To make sense of this, it is necessary to explain that about halfway up Hillside Avenue there was a very pretty little house, compact and painted white, with a white picket fence all around it; and most afternoons when Corey passed by on his way to a night's work in the plant, there was a very pretty girl indeed sitting on the porch steps.

Waiting for the bus at the foot of Hillside Avenue, Corey would think up possible ways of meeting her, but only one, so far, had the neatness, efficiency and dispatch with which Corey liked to do things. That was to march through the gate some afternoon and say, "Darling, I want you to know that just passing here every day, and seeing you, makes me feel good. On the other hand, not knowing you makes me feel bad. Couldn't we do something about it, like making a date for Sunday night, which is my only night off?"

Just what the girl might reply to such a proposal, he couldn't imagine, which was one reason he hadn't yet tried it.

So now, having not only met her but held her in his arms, he blinked a little, trying to regain his bearings.

"What did you say?" he asked vaguely.

"I said I didn't think you'd hurt me."

"That's good. I guess I was so busy thinking that I didn't watch where I was going. I'm sure glad I didn't hurt you."

"I don't bruise easily." Her face was a small oval touched with lipstick, as she looked up at him. Corey was a good head taller, and lean to match. "What were you thinking about?" she asked.

Corey smiled; and somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should fall into step and begin walking very slowly up the dark street.

"To tell you the truth," Corey said, "I was thinking that the worst part of going to the movies alone was walking home alone afterward—especially if you had to walk along a street like this."

"It's a nice street," the girl said. "I think it's just about the nicest street in Jefferson."

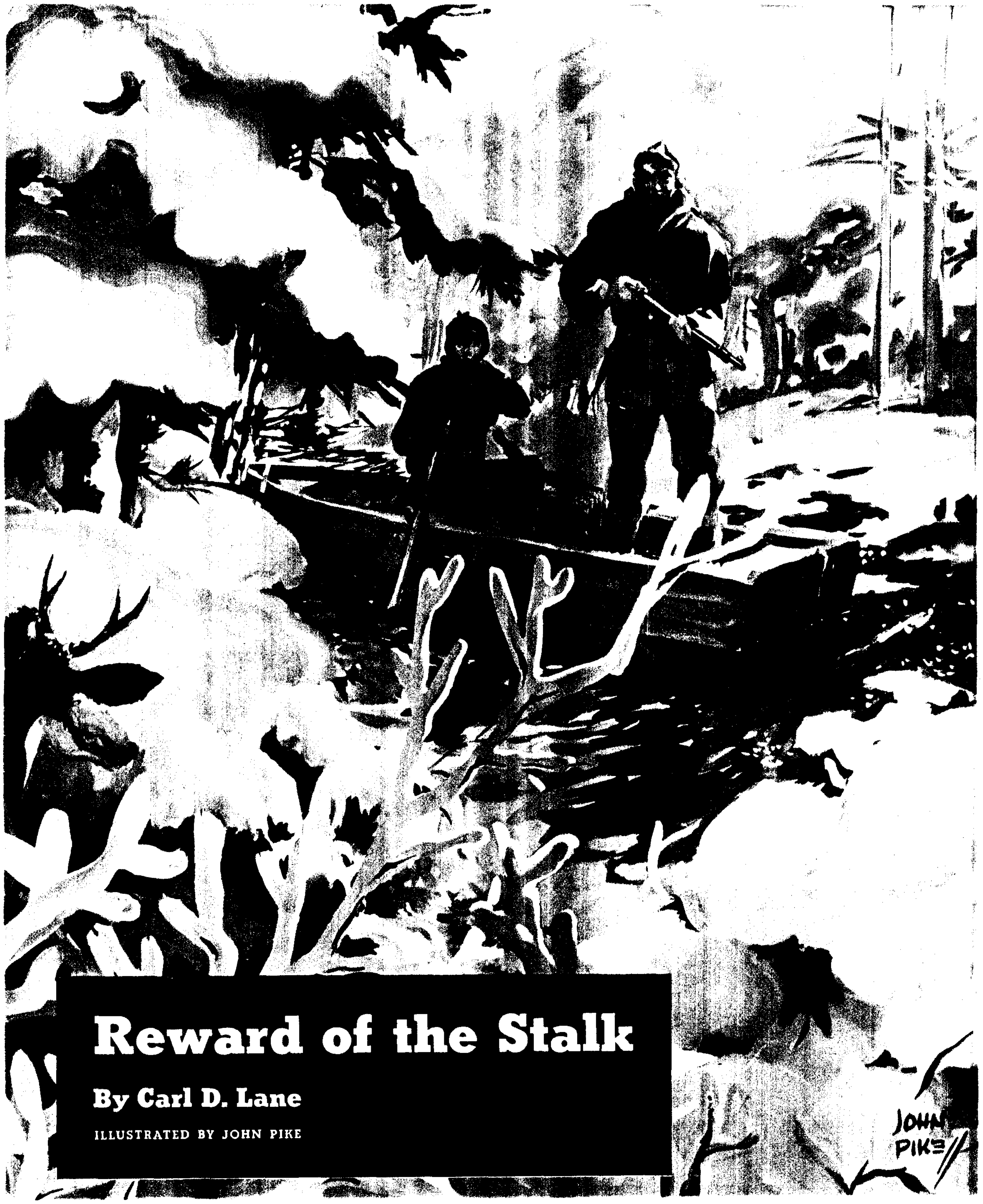
"That's part of the trouble."

"You're from out of town, aren't you?"

"And I guess that's the rest of it."

Cornfields had once bordered the western edge of Jefferson; now an immense war plant sprawled across the acres there, and Corey was one of the thousands who had come to tend its machines. Six nights a week he stood over a turret lathe, turning out precise and beautiful bits of stainless steel and aluminum, the ultimate use of which was no secret to anyone; the seventh night, Sunday, was his to do with as he pleased.

(Continued on page 64)



The Canuck had suddenly tensed and signaled for Bright to stop rowing. They listened to the crashing in the willows. Then he had slowly raised the rifle

Reward of the Stalk

By Carl D. Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The boy's desire was merely to own a gun, but if he had wanted a kingdom he could not have planned any better

BRIGHT MARTIN'S shooting stand was of logs and spruce boughs. It overlooked the deer run which traversed that dense swale in the shadow of the Green Mountains where the Mint Slang leaves Otter Creek to become the marshy lagoons at the Great Hemlock Swamp. Bright lay behind it now, waiting for his buck.

It was mid-November. There was frost in the dawn. It glistened on the pines and naked alder and on the steel barrel and breech of Bright's rifle.

Bright loved that rifle. It was a cheap battered .22-caliber, a boy's gun, but it was the only one which Bright had ever known. He couldn't begin to count the number of kills he had made with it.

Oddly now, waiting prone behind the loophole in the sweet-smelling evergreen screen, he remembered again Grantha Martin's challenge which had sent him to this remote spot in the deep woods.

"Varmints an' small fur is all right," the old man had said, rubbing his terribly crippling knee ague and trying to keep his eyes off the ten-point deer head which hung in the big farm kitchen. "You done handsome on 'em. But yer gettin' sizable now, Bright—nigh onto bein' a man. I killed him," he jerked his cob pipe at the trophy, "when I was your age exact. Ain't it time you hunted a man's game Bright?"

"Yes, sir," Bright had answered eagerly. "I wanted you to say that for a long time, Grantha. I—I got a deer rifle spotted."

"Well, I said it." Grantha had nodded from his rocker, his mild eyes proud. "Rastlin yer own gun is part o' huntin', part o' bein' a man."

That had been in August, in hot summer, when nobody but a boy of fifteen would begin counting the days to the deer season.

A pair of gray squirrels suddenly left off their dashing forays for butternuts and scampered, scolding, into the windfalls. Bright, scarcely breathing, reckoned he knew for what the forest waited.

He raised the gun, holding it upon the faint wood path which he knew so well. He squinted along the barrel; not daring to move. You didn't shoot at sound or vague movement. You waited, stilling your eagerness, until you saw your game plainly; then picked your shot. Bright knew that almost by instinct. Hunting and guns were in his blood, as they were in his father's and Grantha's, just as skiing or baseball was in the blood of his schoolmates.

He saw the deer then, a proud giant buck. It was his. He had found the secret runway months ago, built the stand from behind which he had watched so many times since, planning and dreaming.

The nicked gunsight found the heart, low in the forebelly, behind the front shoulder. He counted the spikes again. There were fourteen; four better than Grantha's head, and Grantha was the greatest hunter Bright knew—or he had been before he became so crippled. Bright's aim was steady, sure, following the huge buck as it loped along the run from the orchard country to its daytime bed in the security of the Hemlock swamp.

Gently, then, Bright let the hammer down and drew in the gun. The buck passed on, tail flag down, showing no suspicion.

"Tomorrow," Bright whispered, "the season will be open. I'll have my deer gun . . . tomorrow."

HE TOOK down the little gun and laid it on the frozen ground. From under a pile of balsam boughs, he drew a weathered store crate. There were things in the crate: a box of the now-scarce long rifles, a crow call, two muskrat traps, and a page torn from a gun catalogue. Over this page, Bright lingered, studying it with eager, shining eyes.

It showed in full color, a Dexter .32 special. A man couldn't hope to own a better gun than a Dexter. It was a beautiful weapon for deer—short, like a carbine for easy brush shooting, with a foolproof lever action and a burled walnut stock and a genuine Ezra McKimber barrel. Tomorrow he would shoot that gun.

It was not new. Mr. Tarbell had no new guns to sell since the war. But use never hurt a Dexter. It stood in the gun rack in the south window of Tarbell's store in Brandon, looking smooth and comfortable, as if the man who had owned it had loved it, as if with its purchase there came a trust, a tradition to live up to. Its blemishes, the worn spot on the stock where cold-toughened whiskers had rubbed, the two scratches on the bluing of the receiver were marks of honor to Bright. The price was forty dollars.

"Her owner's a soldier now," Mr. Tarbell had nodded gravely. "Forty's a bargain. But now we got the price settled, Albright, how you figure to pay me?"

"Well," said Bright, crossing his fingers in his jacket pocket and making toe circles on the floor, "you let me, I'd like to pay in muskrat skins."

"Dunno why not, boy." Mr. Tarbell spoke from behind his littered counter. "I trade regular in 'em. But they got to be prime."

"You won't have any trouble with my pelts, Mr. Tarbell. Grantha taught me to dress and cure when I was only a—a kid."

The storekeeper grinned. "Well, thirty prime A-one skins'll pay for the gun. An' you better get your traps set quick. John Coreau an' the market hunters has hired nigh every good rat meadow on the Otter."

"I got a meadow," Bright said. "Can I have the catalogue page—to kind of look at until I fetch the pelts?"

He folded the gun picture now and put it back into the crate. The last eight rat pelts were drying in the wire stretchers hanging against the low log bulkhead of the stand. After school this afternoon, Mr. Tarbell would have them, and the Dexter would be Bright's.

He did not look at the pelts too long. They aroused a dream, too, but not a pleasant dream. If John Coreau ever found out how he had taken those mushers, there would be trouble. They were not John Coreau's, not really, but in a troubling way, Bright recognized the Canuck's right to them. He told himself again that the meadow did not belong to John, nor did the creek. Game belonged to the man

(Continued on page 35)

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY PHILIP HARKINS

DRAWINGS BY FRANK H. NETTER, M.D.

A near-miracle ten years ago, today the transplanting of a cornea is almost a commonplace. The story of one of the century's surgical triumphs

A BLIND young Canadian, in perfect health except for the cornea of each eye, was brought to New York for an operation called corneal transplant. He would never see again unless a small section of cornea recently removed from a human being could be successfully transplanted from one eye to another.

About the size of a dime, the cornea is a transparent part of the coat of the eyeball. Its paper-thin layers curve over iris and pupil, acting as a window through which light flows to the retina. It is the only piece of human tissue which can be transplanted from one person to another and live.

But an eye with a perfectly clear cornea, suitable for transplanting, is not easily obtained. It can come from a person who has just died. Or a colleague of the eye surgeon might call up and say, "I have to remove a patient's eye this afternoon; it has a good cornea you can use." The eye might even come by air mail from another city if carefully packed in ice. Often one good cornea can furnish enough clear tissue for two blind eyes.

The blind Canadian had waited a long time for this operation. Now in a New York hotel he telephoned the surgeon's office every day to see if an eye were available. One day the surgeon reported that he had obtained a good corneal graft. Here at last was the tense, dramatic climax; the next few hours held the answer to the question that had tortured the young Canadian night and day for years: Would he be able to see again?

A Window to Perfect Vision

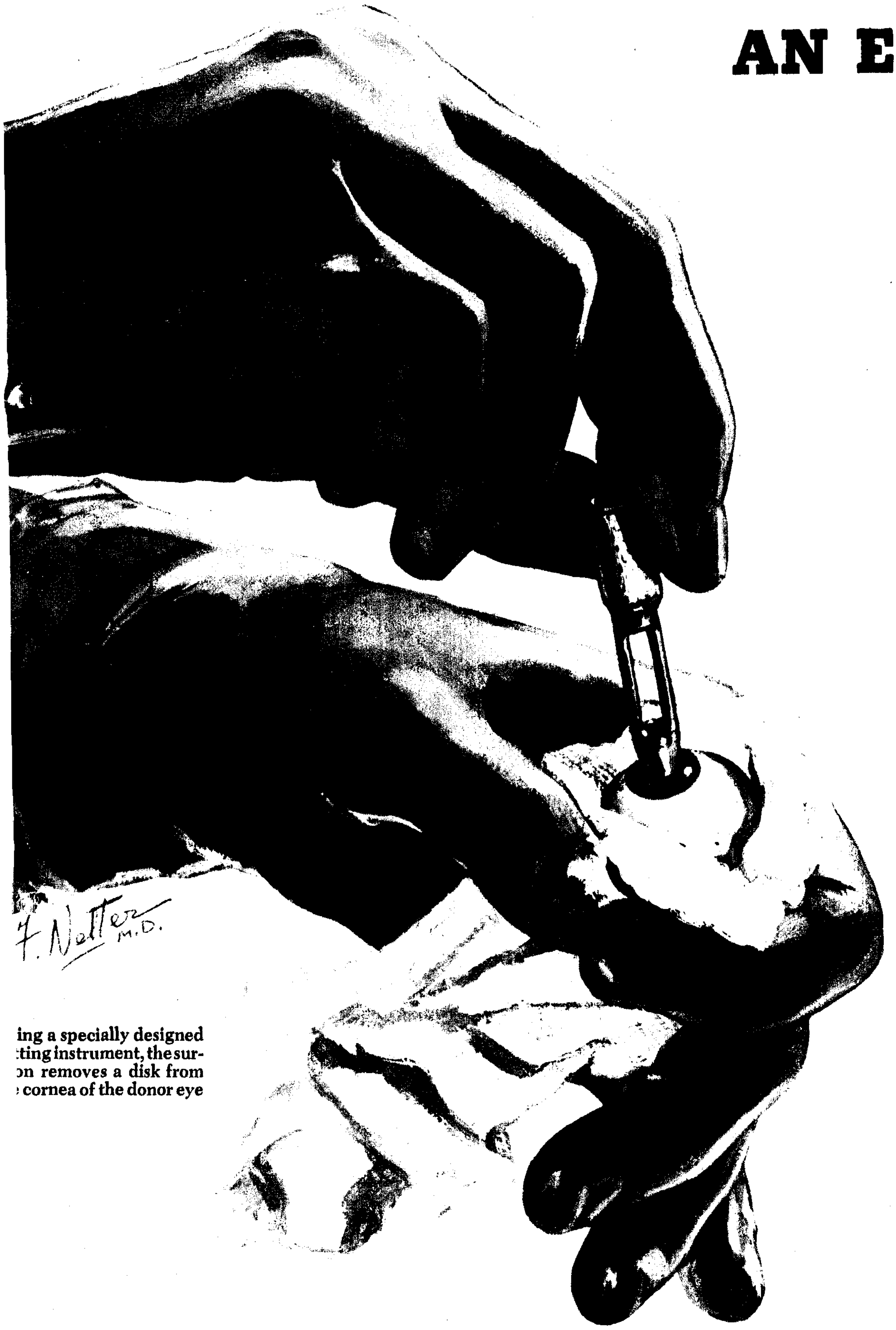
The first operation was over in 20 minutes. Two weeks later the bandages were removed. Through the small clear window which had been placed in one eye, the young Canadian could clearly see the doctor's finger held before him, the smile of triumph on the nurse's face. Home in Canada, the patient rested for a month. Then he returned to New York and the operation was repeated; a similar window was placed in the defective cornea of his other eye.

Three months later the eye surgeon received a Christmas card from his patient. It read: "Your operation must have been a great success. I have just passed the eye examination for the Royal Canadian Air Force."

The surgeon who performed this operation, Dr. Ramon Castroviejo, has done over 500 corneal transplants at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, New York. About 90 per cent of them have been successful.

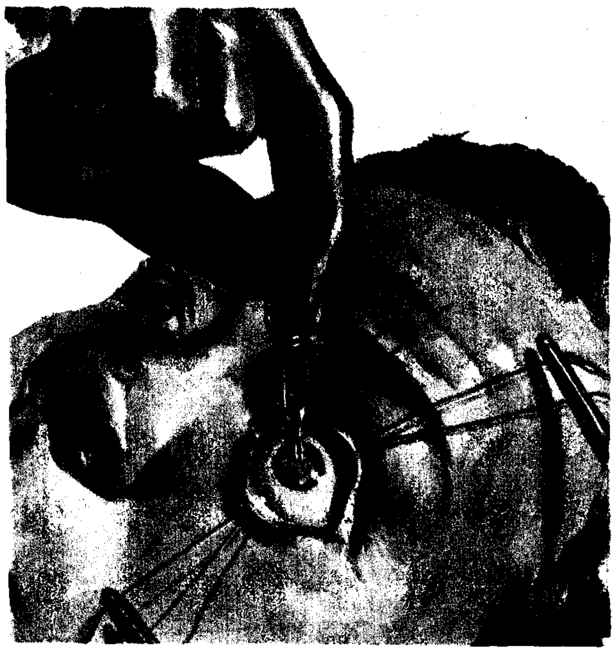
In every case where sight is restored by corneal transplant, the results seem miraculous to the blind patient and to the layman. I happened to be present when a shipyard worker returned to an eye surgeon's office for a routine examination several weeks after a successful transplant. This young fellow, still dazed by the result of the operation,

(Continued on page 62)

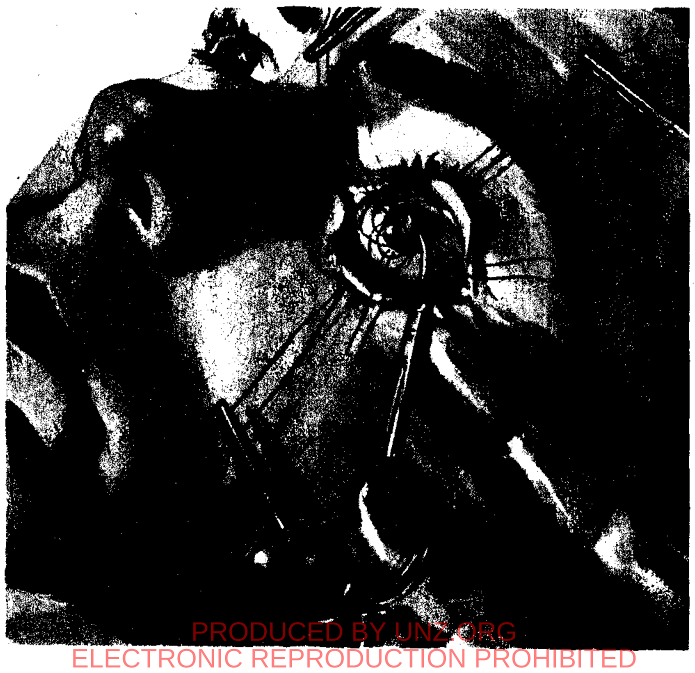


ing a specially designed
ting instrument, the sur-
on removes a disk from
cornea of the donor eye

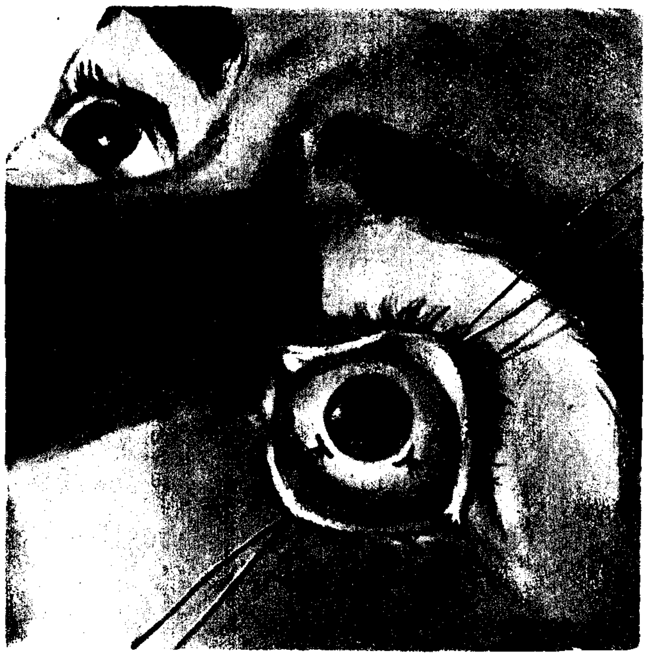
The surgeon has stitched through the part of the eye to be removed. Before cutting, he marks a ring the size of the graft, using the same instrument

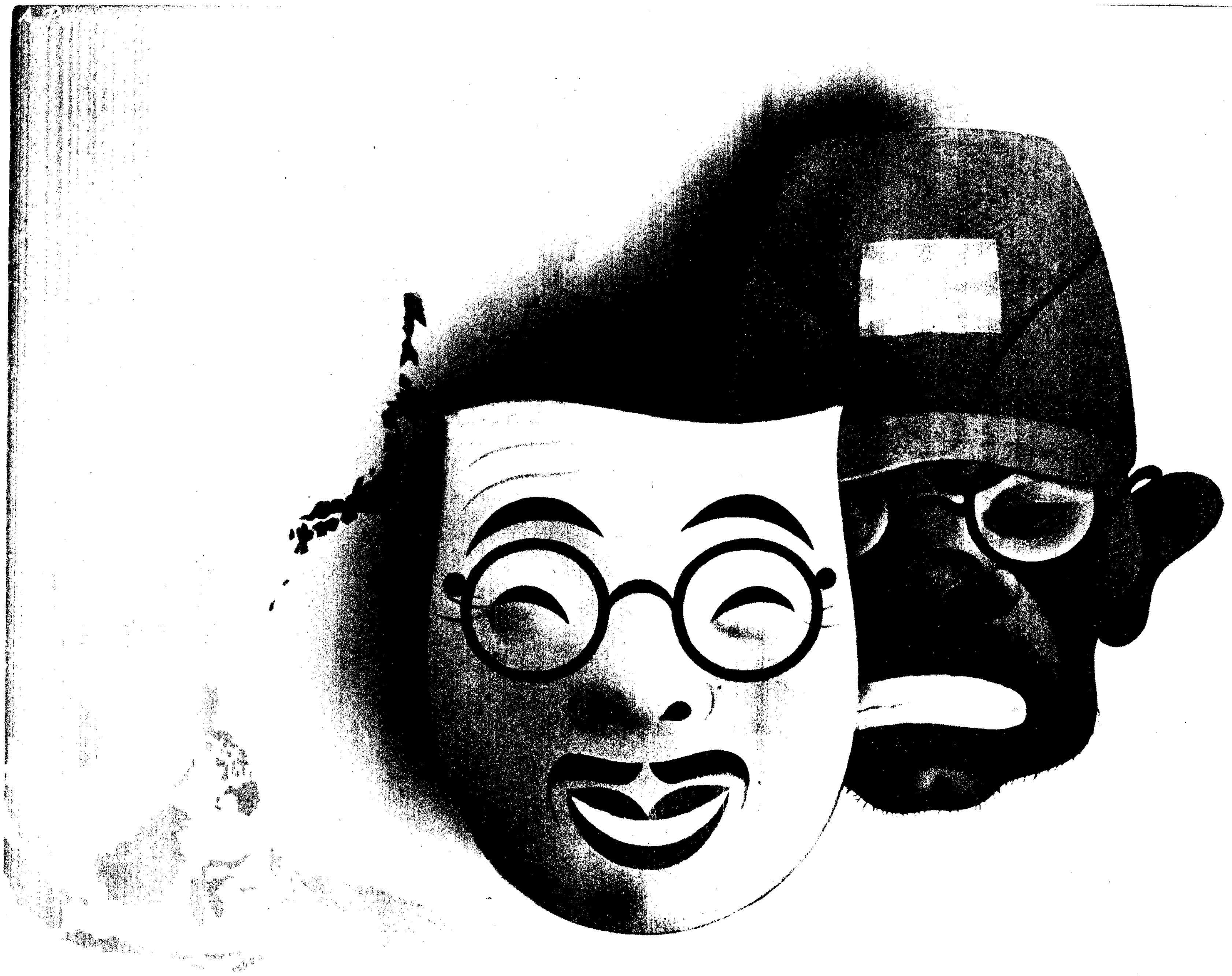


Here the piece of cornea has been cut through and is being lifted out. Note the network of fine thread which has been loosely stitched around the cornea



The disk from the donor eye is set within the hollow space, and the stitches are tied to hold the graft in place. They'll be removed when the eye is healed





JAPAN'S NEW POLICY OF CONQUEST

BY RAMON LAVALLE

DRAWING BY ANTONIO PETRUCCELLI

As a colonizing technique, the Japs first tried murder, rape, torture and terror. It worked none too well. Now they are trying "friendship," "home rule" and "generous co-operation." And the new method is proving ominously successful

WHO but the white men are your enemies? For decades, they have been exploiting you. Asiatics are members of one racial family; we must work together as brothers, to improve our lot. Now, thanks to Japan, you can proceed freely."

Colonel Hashimoto of the Japanese army, sent to the Philippines in September, 1942, as an agent of the Comforting Party of the Japanese House of Representatives, broadcasts this message two or three times a week from Manila. At least as often, radio listeners of the Far East hear the persuasive voices of Hori of the Board of Information and Hiraide of the Japanese navy, speaking from Tokyo.

Throughout the occupied areas, movie houses run films showing the defeat of the British and emphasizing the military prowess of the Japs, with titles and narrative in Thai, Chinese, French, Tagalog, English and a dozen other languages. From Peking to the Solomons, swarms of teachers, professors, language experts, religious and research workers, technicians, industrial tycoons, and settlers preach the Japanese gospel. All follow the same line, stressing racial ties and depicting the white man as a grasping and unscrupulous devil; they industriously till the soil fertilized by the Occidental's contemptuous treatment of the native.

They are more successful than the average Westerner cares to admit. Underestimation of the Japanese has already cost us lives, wealth and prestige, and we are on the point of underestimating them again, this time as colonizers.

The conviction that the Japs are inferior to us is difficult to overcome, but whether we like it or not, they are efficient, fanatical, hard-working, intelligent, tricky and resourceful. With antlike tenacity, they are building an empire of more than half a billion souls, possessing unequaled natural resources.

Dominating this empire, according to Tokyo statements, will be Japan-China-Manchuria, organized as a whole under which the rest of the Far East will work. Natives of China and Manchuria have been promised equality with the Japanese.

The Philippines have been granted "independence," and a new puppet government in Burma is described by the Japs as preparing the way for freedom. But the Japs don't expect their plans to mature overnight; Shozo Murata, one of their leaders, acknowledged to me that the eradication of Western influence may take twenty-five years.

The Japs have learned that death and violence do not pay. They make no more threats; looting and killing in occupied countries have ceased. Today the watchword is "friends," and the conquerors are exerting all of their energies toward winning the confidence of the subjugated peoples.

Elaborate ceremonies were held in various parts of China in August, 1942, when thirteen large factories, taken from the Chinese several years ago, were restored to their rightful owners. In Shanghai, three months later, during the celebration of Chinese National Day, Mayor Cheng Kung-po similarly transferred seven other factories which had been under Japanese control.

Business is Business

At the same time, the Japs and their adherents embarked upon a widespread campaign to induce Chinese businessmen and industrialists to join the Japanese on a fifty-fifty basis in the organization and development of new enterprises. The response to this campaign has been extremely gratifying—to the Japs.

In the Philippines, the Japanese began to make progress with their collaboration schemes as soon as the American forces had been captured or driven from the islands. They have disturbed the normal life of the Filipino to a remarkably small extent. Whoever wished to remain in power was bribed with a title and an official position, with the result that many of the principal politicians of the days of the American occupation are still in the saddle, though riding a different horse.

Now actively collaborating with the Japs are such influential Filipinos as Claro M. Recto, Secretary for Education and Welfare, and Benigno Aquino, Secretary for Interior. Once Recto wrote a book denouncing Japanese imperialism and advocating Filipino independence, but recently he joined with Aquino in declaring: "Everyone must do his best to bring about the welfare of the citizens. And the only way lies under the guidance of Japan. Asia must be for the Asiatics."

Down in the Malay States, as far as I have been able to learn, the Japanese have not made a single mistake; even the sultans have been permitted to retain their wealth and prestige and the same sort of shadowy rule they enjoyed under the British. When the Fasting Month began in Java, the Japanese went further in pleasing the natives than the Dutch had ever gone. Firecrackers were distributed all over the island, enormous quantities of clothing were given away by the Japanese army, salaries and wages were paid in advance of the holiday, and the Japanese branch banks arranged special loans for virtually everyone who applied.

In Singapore, after the first few weeks, the natives and Chinese businessmen were subjected to a methodical campaign of

(Continued on page 26)

NEAPOLITAN NOTES

RADIOED BY TOM TREANOR

THESE are days that are years. Even now, long after the Germans have fled, the minutes are heavy to the bursting point with savage and comic happenings. Since our Civil War there has been no period in America which could compare with this. The pattern of life has been exploded, and emotional sensations—events, tragedies and joys—have been whistling through the air like small shrapnel.

Two hours ago I was standing at the central station when a booby trap left by the Germans exploded a hundred feet away, tearing two children half to pieces. They had been playing in a heap of rubbish and tripped the trigger.

It seemed the mother was there in a moment. One of the mothers, at least—or perhaps they were both her children. I don't know. Then two white-faced American soldiers with a jeep were picking up moaning little forms. Before the mother knew what had happened, they were whisking them off to a first-aid station while she ran screaming after them, out of her mind.

Earlier there had been one of those crazy comedies peculiar to Americans. With the water system knocked out, the only way to flush the toilets in Naples is to empty buckets of water in them.

This morning Reynolds Packard of United Press flushed a toilet with a five-gallon container one of our soldiers carried up to him. Only it turned out to be a gasoline container. Packard burst out of the bathroom bellowing, "We'll all be blown up!" While a maid ran shrieking downstairs, "Criminals, even Germans never did that!"

And out on the street, G.I.s went in a snake dance of joy when they heard what had happened to a distinguished journalist—Author Reynolds Packard.

And then after luncheon I ran across a company of G.I.s who had just returned from being cut off for two weeks behind the German lines. A complete book could be written of their harrowing experiences.

A Providential Bomb Falls

Once the hand of Providence saved them when they were so weak from lack of food they could scarcely move. Some B-25s came bombing the German concentration near where they were hiding. One stray bomb dropped in the midst of a flock of sheep, killing a couple of dozen. That's only half the story. Of course, they wouldn't dare light a fire to cook the meat for fear of disclosing their position. But the bomb set some wood afire, and they ate roasted lamb until sated.

One night they thought they'd made their way through the lines to safety and approached the sound of voices. They were about to stumble up to the supposed Allies, when the voices went into a sort of rhythmic chant, concluding, "Heil Hitler!" Then *whong!* went a German 88.

The men crept forward and saw the German gun crew sending out a quick volley, shouting, "Heil Hitler!" each time the gunner pulled the lanyard to fire the shell.

They had two such weeks of adventures beyond belief. I asked them if any one of them previously had found his life in danger of anything more serious than an automobile accident. The answer was no, but they seemed completely unshaken by the experience apart from being very lean.

There didn't seem to be a frazzled nerve in this whole crew led by a couple of Texans: First Lieutenants William W. Kellogg, 21, of Houston, and Wesley Harris, 26, of Amarillo. One of their pastimes was to have "birthday parties." Three members of the company had birthdays during the ordeal. This succeeded so well they had further parties for birthdays: their wives', sisters', sweethearts', children's, etc. The parties consisted of eating a grape for each year. Just a gag to pass the time.

I left them, and half an hour later, by following my usual custom of looking the wrong way when so many things were happening, I missed seeing a near-miracle. But the R.A.F. crew with whom I'm attached described the scene to me, and I saw the consequences.

A Tree Was the Only Casualty

An aged and doddering Italian, in the midst of a crowd of curious Italians who swarmed over our jeeps, picked up a large hand grenade, which bears a remote resemblance to a water bottle. He unscrewed the cap, looked inside, saw it wasn't a water bottle and disgustedly flipped it over his shoulder.

The grenade landed at the base of one of those trees along the avenue where the soil is somewhat sunken beneath the sidewalk.

Whoom! went the grenade, completely uprooting the tree. With a surprised expression on his face, but unhurt, the aged Italian shuffled rapidly away, glancing from time to time over his shoulder at the smoke. Nobody was hurt although a few G.I.s and Italians had blood specks where they had been cut by minute fragments of the sidewalk.

From there I went to the AMG where a lieutenant colonel who used to head the foreign department of the Chase National Bank in New York tried to make me understand how a bank operates when its main office in Rome is in German hands and its Naples office is in American hands. I understood nothing, but it was comforting to talk to a banker in such a time of torn limbs and suffering.

He was able to reduce his problems to painless figures and bloodless auditing. I suppose there are many banking booby traps in an affair like this, but they only give grown men headaches; they don't tear little children to pieces.

While talking with the colonel, up came a long-time friend from my home in Los Angeles, Archie Glover, who said he had missed me by half an hour a year ago in Alexandria and by a day last month in Malta. We had a few seconds together, and then some major was tugging at Archie's arm and we were trying to say goodby and see you again, and the colonel was getting away from me before I had grasped how banks can operate when their head offices in Rome are in German hands and their Naples offices are in Allied hands, and someone else was saying that the new chief of police in Naples is a man who used to be a professor of criminology or something in California and would make a good story for my paper, the Los Angeles Times.

Then all at once I seemed to lose my grip and couldn't concentrate any more but went off to a black-market restaurant to see if I could get a dish of potatoes.

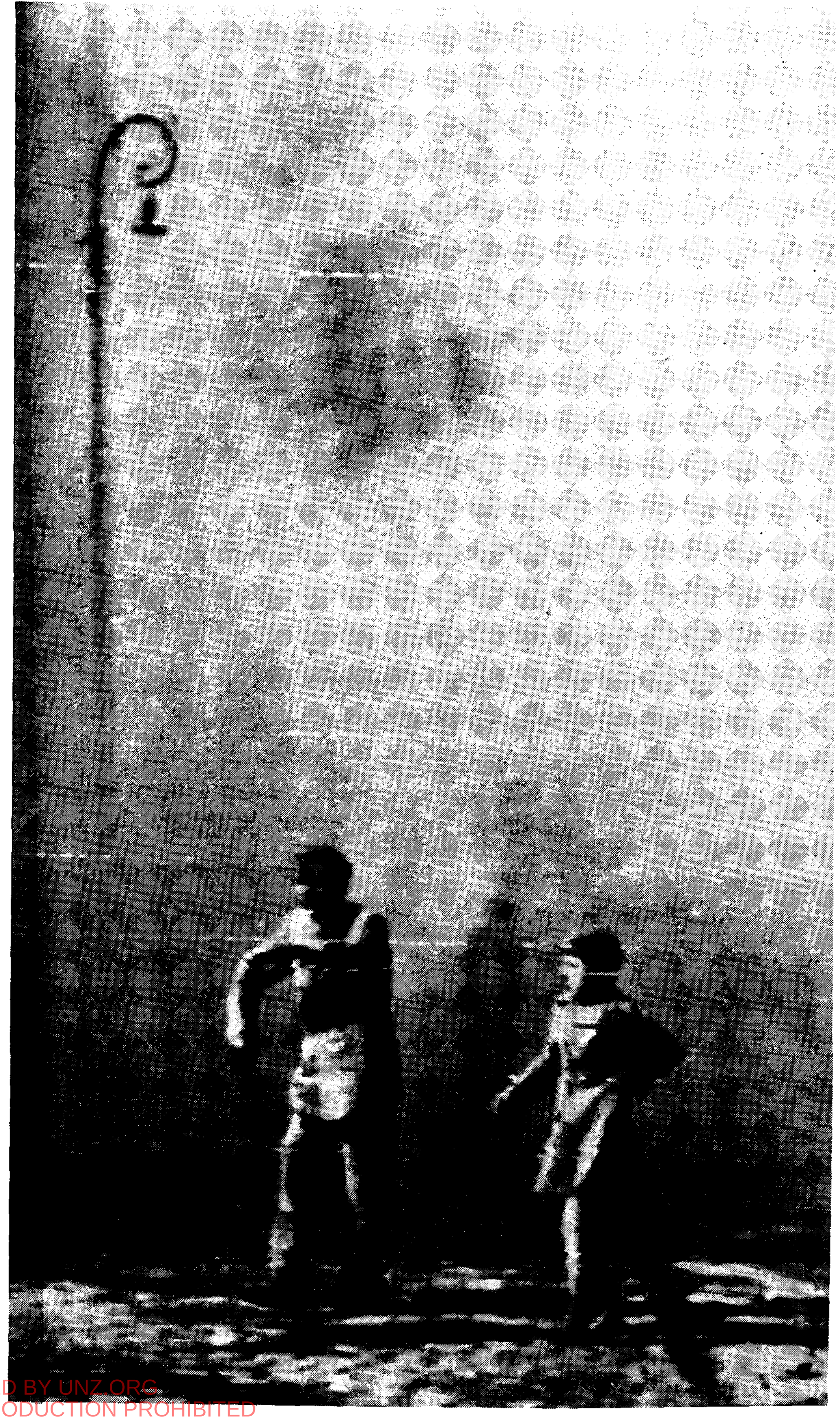
That's always a good thing to do.

I learned it from a British artillery officer who used to say, "I haven't the least idea what's happening, but I think I'll have something to eat." ★★★

ACME RADIOPHOTO

Our correspondent saw children blown to bits by Nazi booby traps. When the Naples post office blew up, hundreds of children and adults were killed or crippled

WIDE WORLD RADIOPHOTO



General Giraud gave Corps Commandant Henry Martin a battalion and a couple of antique ships and said: "Take Corsica." Martin, above, did as ordered. Below, a picturesque Moroccan Goumier studies abandoned Nazi artillery

How Corsica Was Liberated

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

LIAISON OFFICER WITH GEN. HENRY MARTIN

"It was with the liberation of Corsica that the liberation of France began." A distinguished author and soldier gives a firsthand account of how the first French soil was freed from Nazi domination

THIS is one of the most astonishing ventures of the war. It must be told very simply. The marvel is in the facts. It is not necessary, it would be harmful, to add to it.

The setting is admirable: a French island close to France, indented by deep bays, covered with mountains, carpeted by a thick matting of bushes, plants, and grasses, junipers, mastic, and briars, which is called the *maquis*. When Napoleon was on St. Helena he still recalled with emotion the smell of the *maquis*, which he remembered from his youth, the smell of resin and myrtle, the smell of liberty as well, for the *maquis* is a guarantee of independence to the Corsican. If he is fleeing from an oppressor, an enemy or the police, the Corsican takes to the *maquis* and disappears into it, aided, fed, and cheered on by all his relatives and friends.

Four sentiments dominate the Corsican soul: love for family; love for clan, which, as with the ancient Romans, includes friends as well; love for the little fatherland, Corsica, which binds its children for life by the austere charm of its countryside and customs; love for France, which is compounded of Napoleonic glories, of attachment to the liberties of the Republic and of that indefinable element that enters into the composition of all love. Italy has always coveted Corsica and maintained that it is Italian. But Corsica says it is French, and to that there can be no answer.

One may well imagine the feelings of the Corsicans when on November 11, 1942, their island was occupied by the Italians. And what an occupation! Eighty thousand Italians, followed later by almost 20,000 Germans, came and installed themselves with their cannon, their tanks, their airplanes, on an island which has less than 300,000 inhabitants, men, women and children, and which could hardly furnish more than 30,000 fighting men. It was a fine tribute to Corsican courage, and a merited tribute, for the Corsican has no fear of death. Proud, loyal, easily angered, he will gladly sacrifice his life to avenge an insult. If he fails, his family will carry on the vendetta until the day when a well-placed rifle shot finally wipes out the affront. But what can the bravest men do against an army of 100,000, when they themselves are without arms?

Nevertheless, it was by the liberation of Corsica that the liberation of France began. Just as North Africa has been a platform on the road to Sicily, Corsica provides an excellent platform on the road to France. It gives a means of attacking northern Italy on the flank. It is close to Livorno and Nice. Yes, it was necessary to liberate Corsica as quickly as possible. This was the sentiment of General Giraud when he took command of the new French army, and immediately, while he was still in the midst of the Tunisian campaign, he set to work arranging a landing in Corsica.

It was not an easy expedition. In order to succeed, it required first of all an expeditionary force provided with equipment as powerful as that of the enemy. With the aid of the Americans, the French General Staff undertook to create such a force. It required on the island itself the support of armed and organized patriots; it required, finally, the support of Allied air forces and fleets at the moment of landing.

There were two possible means of arming the Corsican patriots: by parachutes and by submarines. Both means were used. I saw the officer who was sent by General Giraud and who directed this huge and secret undertaking in which all concerned ran the risk of death at every moment. I found him on a hospital bed, exhausted by nine days of fighting, feverish, emaciated, but very handsome with the clear eyes of a mystic. His name is Commandant Colonna; his men in their secret code call him Hannibal—because he fought against Rome. This is what he said to me:

"The inspirer of this movement? No, it needed no inspirer. Please don't say that I was the soul of the uprising. Each one gave his heart and soul. My role was simply to arm them, to regiment them and, above all, to restrain them—to keep them from starting too soon and getting themselves killed for nothing. . . . It was a hard game.

"Remember that our country, which is not large, was policed by a hundred thousand enemies, that every Corsican was spied upon, that a passport was required in order to leave a village; that if anyone was caught, it meant worse than death, it meant torture. And, nevertheless, we succeeded in bringing in tons of Tommy guns, explosives, German machine guns captured in Tunisia, and ammunition for all these arms. Several men spent three days and three nights on a mountain peak waiting for an airplane that did not come. Finally, a parachute brought them a cylinder in which they found the arms. It was then necessary to bring them down on the backs of men and mules and to outwit the guards. One night I arrived with a large shipment on a submarine at a beach in Corsica. The patriots who were supposed to be on the dock were not there. I had to unload and hide the arms with the aid of the sailors, then find a village and arrange for transportation. Many of my men no longer had shoes and had to walk, heavily loaded, through the *maquis*, and the briar roots tore their bare feet. Many of our men were caught by the enemy; we saw friends shot and arms seized.

Ready for the Signal

"But, in the end, everything was arranged, and on the appointed day I had 10,000 patriots armed, disciplined, and commanded by a leader in each village, only waiting for the signal which was to come to them by the English radio. . . ."

As a matter of fact on the day after this interview, in a village perched on the precipitous side of a mountain, I was received in the house of one of those patriots who had waited at night on the mountaintop to receive the arms-laden parachutes. He showed me his arsenal: twelve rifles, three Tommy guns, a German machine gun, plenty of ammunition; all of this in the attic of an inn. The innkeeper looked on in bewilderment. He was my host's father-in-law and he himself had known nothing of what his house concealed.

At the beginning of September, 1943, the Corsican patriots were ready and the French Expeditionary Corps in Africa was being assembled when General Giraud received the news, as yet unofficial, of the Italian armistice. The situation had suddenly been transformed. The patriots' plan had been to attack the Italian lines of communication and arms depots. But what was the Italian army going to do now? Would it let the Germans take control of the island? Would it abandon Corsica without a struggle? The Germans, as soon as they learned of the armistice, demanded of General Magli, who was in command of the Italian forces, that he leave them a corridor on the east so that they could move freely from Bonifacio to Bastia and could keep control of the airfields. General Magli complied.

But very soon incidents arose between the former allies. The Germans, in order to make sure of the port of Bastia—the best in Corsica and the most convenient for their embarkation—after a skirmish, massacred the Italian guards. At another place, in order to seize an airfield, they drove out the Italians half naked and without even giving them time to take their baggage. In one village the Germans bound some Italian prisoners on a truck and drove back and forth in front of the Italian post, which opened fire on them. On both sides anger was mounting.

The Hour Had Struck

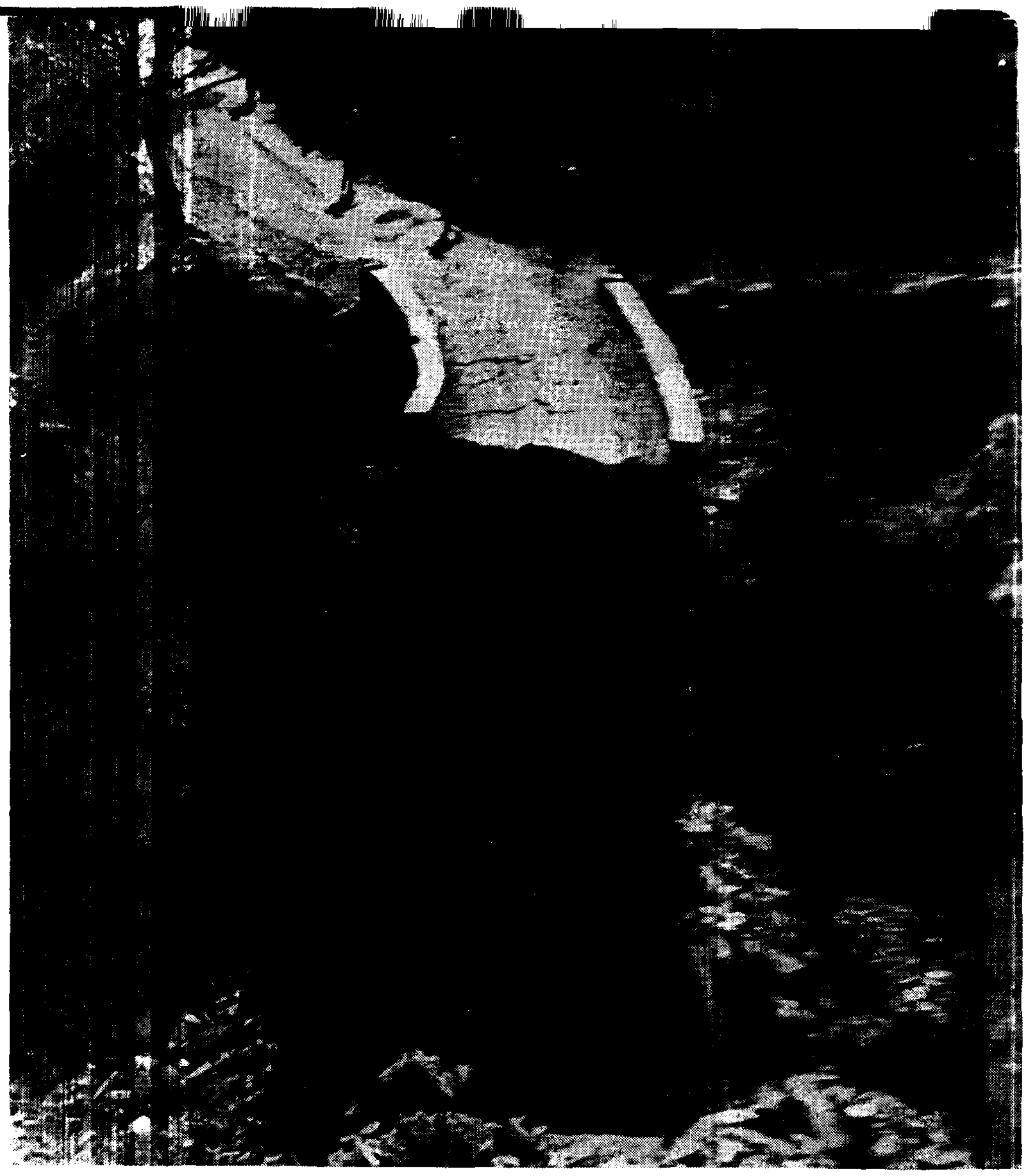
The Corsican patriots, observing this discord, thought a favorable moment had come, and on September 9th began their activities. They were dual in nature, military and political. At Ajaccio they appointed a local counsel. In many cities and villages new mayors were chosen by acclamation. German convoys were ambushed on the mountain roads, their drivers were shot, and the driverless trucks then plunged into the ravines with their occupants. Stores of food and ammunition were carried off. The courage of these partisans was what might have been expected from Corsicans. A boy of fifteen, armed with a Tommy gun and mortally wounded in battle, said: "I am happy to die for France." The unanimity and heroism of the Corsicans will show, as did the campaign in Tunisia, that Frenchmen are still worthy of the soldiers of Valmy and the Marne.

The battle was joined in conditions very different from those that had been foreseen. The partisans had been prepared for local guerrilla warfare; they had thought they would fight close to their own houses where they knew hiding places, springs and food supplies. They found themselves thrown into a war with the German army and against an army that was increasing, for an armored brigade and a whole division arrived at that time from Sardinia. They appealed for the aid of French troops.

To General Giraud this appeal presented a painful problem. The Americans and English, who were engaged at this time in a difficult action south of Naples, needed all their means of transportation, both by sea and air, to combat the Germans and could give no aid. In these circumstances was it wise to throw troops, which would necessarily be few in number, into a hazardous adventure? But, on the other hand, could one leave unanswered the appeal of Frenchmen who were ready to take part so courageously in their own liberation? If nothing was done, there was a great risk that the Germans would hold the island. If action was taken, our attitude might have a decisive effect on that of the Italians.

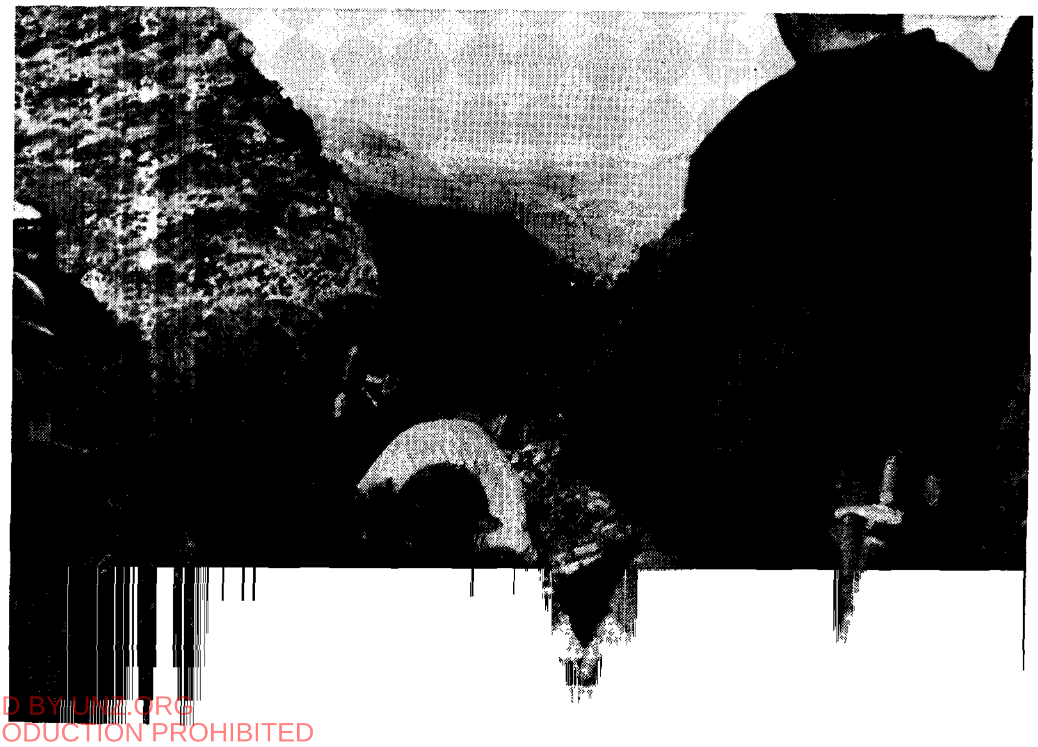
General Giraud summoned General Henry Martin, the brilliant commander of a mountain division, who had just been given command of an army corps. He said to him: "My decision has been made. I shall immediately dispatch the shock battalion and certain native North African

(Continued on page 77)



As the Germans retreated toward Bastia, they destroyed roads and bridges. The Italians didn't fight the Nazis, but loaned trucks and motorcycles to the French

No matter how fast the Germans ran toward Bastia, the Goumiers were never many kilometers behind. Below, a mortar concealed in the maquis before Patrimonio



POTATOES FOR 50
ONIONS FOR 50
CARROTS FOR 50
POWDERED MILK FOR 50
VEGETABLE STEW FOR 50
CABBAGE SOUP 50 PORTIONS
SPINACH SOUP 50 PORTIONS
SOYA SOUP 50 PORTIONS
BORSCHT 50 PORTIONS
1 DOZEN EGGS 50 PORTIONS

The small, lightweight packages before John C. Donnelly would keep a man well-fed for almost two months. The only important item missing is meat ration

MR. PERSISTENCE

BY BEN MERSON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

Would you spend a year in a library—and let the rent go hang—to find out something you wanted to know? John C. Donnelly did, and now his amazing "nutritional bullets" are helping to win the war

JOHN C. DONNELLY, the man behind "nutritional bullets," is a tweedy, pipe-smoking bridge addict who shrugs when you refer to him as a scientist. But he's the ex-railroad laborer, soldier, building superintendent and Hollywood extra whose invention of vest-pocket meals (compressed dehydrated foods) may be a major factor in winning the war.

Food chemists regard him as an outstanding authority in his field. Military strategists—both armchair and professional—sing the praises of his nutritional bullets because they increase a ship's food-carrying capacity 50 to 90 per cent over the 50 to 75 per cent already saved by the use of ordinary dehydrates. And that, according to the experts, is the solution to many problems, from the submarine menace, to feeding the United Nations, from saving essential metals, to nourishing the world of tomorrow.

Today Donnelly's nutritional bullets are considered so important to the war program that a Co-ordinator of Compressed Foods for Lend-Lease has been appointed. They are "accomplishing miracles in the field of ship saving," according to Representative Karl Mundt's speech in the Congressional Record. *Six boatloads of Donnelly's foods are equivalent to 25 of ordinary dehydrates.* Moreover, they require no tin containers, as many of the others do. The saving on this alone is estimated at 100,000 tons for 1943. They are heat-sealed in a special Cellophane film developed by the Du Pont Company. This protects them against germs, insects, moisture, water vapor and gas contamination. They will keep indefinitely in any climate.

Detailed statistics on shipments are withheld by the government. However, it was revealed that one firm alone—the Dry-Pak Corporation, of Lyons, New York—is producing 40,000 pounds of potato-soup "bullets" a day for the Soviet army. One pound makes two gallons.

"Scientist?" says Donnelly. "Whatever science I know I learned in Room 118 of the New York Public Library."

Today he is Director of Sales of the Food Division of the Auto-Ordnance Corporation. This is the firm which manufactures the Thompson submachine gun, and now is also turning out Donnelly's vest-pocket meals.

Neither this achievement nor his latest—solving a problem that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology abandoned as hopeless—can persuade Donnelly that he ranks with the textbook titans who venerate him. "Just common sense," he says.

M.I.T., however, thought it was uncommon sense the way Donnelly achieved what they could not. The problem involved a new Army field ration submitted to the office of the Quartermaster General.

Problem in Esthetics

"It was an excellent ration, with enough calories to propel a soldier on a forty-mile hike under full pack," Donnelly recalls. "It consisted of dehydrated meat and cereals—vitaminized and fortified. But it looked awful. Reminded the Quartermaster General of sawdust in which cats had slept."

The challenge lay in making the ration attractive to both eye and palate, while at the same time compressing it to the size of a pack of playing cards.

"It was simple," says Donnelly. "The M.I.T. scientists had neglected an obvious factor. They had been trying to compress the ration at ordinary temperature. This squeezed out the fats. I froze it and compressed it. Thus it remained compressed and looked good—like chopped liver."

The scientists had worked three months. Donnelly solved the problem in nine minutes. "Maybe if I had gone to school I could have solved it in three minutes," he says.

The remark is not entirely facetious. For despite the acclaim accorded him, Donnelly at thirty-nine still laments his lack of formal education. There is no suggestion of it in his demeanor, of course. He has professional poise, and his choice of language is pithy and descriptive.

Son of a wandering printer who dabbled—without much profit—in inventions, Donnelly was born on New York's lower East Side. His mother died when he was twelve, and he was forced to leave school in Toledo to care for six younger brothers and two sisters. A year later his father remarried, and young John got his first job—as a boilermaker's helper in a railroad foundry.

At fifteen, he joined the Army. Falsifying his age was easy. He was big, and his boilermaker's muscles set the recruiting sergeant agape. But they discovered his real age in the 17th Field Artillery at

(Continued on page 58)

These are hand grenades—country style

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

Your civilian table may be a bit bare these days . . . because food is the decisive ammunition in winning this war and the peace that follows.

In his race against time — to help feed the fighting and working free people of the world — the American farmer gets staunch support from Goodyear.

It was Goodyear that first equipped a farm tractor with pneumatic tires — a product that has stepped up efficiency of the farm tractor by at least 25%. And, through the years, Goodyear has continuously improved this tire. Recently, Goodyear developed "Solution 100"— a new method of filling tractor tire tubes 100% with special liquid . . . makes tractors pull better, ride easier, go farther on less fuel.

Many other Goodyear products help the farmer do a faster, better job. Goodyear tires keep all-important farm trucks and implements rolling. Goodyear belts and hose are busy — helping to thresh grain, grind feed, cut wood, spray orchards. Pliofilm, in post-war years, will help the farmer keep fruits and vegetables fresh.

On Goodyear farms and in the research laboratory, Goodyear specialists work day and night to aid the farmer . . . to help him meet the fateful challenge of this hour . . . to help bring new and finer meaning to future Thanksgiving Days.

A pioneer builder of tires — natural and synthetic — Goodyear also helps fight the war with its broad experience working with metals, fabrics, plastics, chemicals . . . each day finding new ways to serve you better when peace comes.

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Japan's New Policy of Conquest

Continued from page 20

flattery and bribery which produced at least a semblance of collaboration. Similarly, the Japs have made great headway in Burma, where, for the first time, a native bank has been established.

The Japanese negotiated a new trade and mutual-assistance treaty with Thailand a little over a year ago, and celebrated the signing of the pact by lending the Thailand government 200,000,000 yen. In Mongolia, a large loan was made to the Federated Autonomous government when Prince Teh was installed as puppet ruler of that country's seven million inhabitants. At the same time, weapons were issued to the Mongolian army corps, and the Japanese announced that students of the Mongolian military school at Kalgan would be sent to Tokyo to complete their training.

In remote eastern Manchuria, the number of Japanese settlers has increased from 200 to more than 56,000 in less than two years, and in scores of such areas, the Japs are pouring in to colonize, build, and develop natural resources.

In Formosa, where the natives have never enjoyed the privileges of Japanese citizenship, friction between the Formosans and the Japs has been considerably reduced by flattering promises of equality. In token of their intentions, the Japs have recruited a force of 500 Formosans and sent them to Tokyo for induction into the Imperial army.

Likewise in Korea, where a conscription law was put into effect in May of 1943, the Japs are raising an army, and a large one. Already more than 300,000 Korean soldiers are serving under the Japanese flag. In Burma and the Philippines, too, native troops are being trained.

Indo-China's Foreign Trade

Even Indo-China, which certainly will not be returned to French sovereignty if the Japs win the war, has begun to play its part in Japan's ambitious schemes. In August of 1942, a commission of Japanese experts urged a barter agreement which would make Indo-China's foreign trade exclusively Japan's business. It is quite likely that this treaty was signed, although no announcement of this signing has been made.

The Japanese are not only working hard on material things. Religion is being utilized to the fullest extent, with the general aim of putting all the sects and denominations of the Far East under the control of Shinto, the state religion of Japan. This does not yet mean changing basic religions and sectarian beliefs. It merely means devoting them, whatever they may be, to Japan's broader purposes.

In Manila recently, General Homma of the Japanese army demanded of the Filipinos "a spiritual revolution" which would give them "a fresh and vigorous spirit for the great work ahead," and Shozo Murata said that the Filipinos "must become Asiatics once again, and go forward with the Japanese hand in hand, materially and spiritually." In making these statements, both men were furthering plans made by the Ministry of Education at Tokyo, with the approval of the army, for the co-ordination by Shinto of the Moslems of Java, the Christians of the Philippines, and the Buddhists of Burma, Thailand and China.

In November of 1942, the Japan-Philippine Catholic Association was organized in Manila, and several meetings of Japanese and Filipino Catholic leaders were held at the Catholic Women's League. At these meetings, plans were evolved for dispatching good-will missions to Japan, for exchanging students, for interchanging religious ideas, and for forming mixed committees of Japanese and Filipinos to work together on "the best ways of applying religious principles to daily political activities."

During the summer of 1942, an extensive series of lectures was given in Manila on greater East Asia, the war and Religion, under the supervision of Toyosaburo Kikuchi, Vice-Minister for Education. At the same time, 700 Japanese Christians were being trained for missionary work in the countries of the South Pacific, to teach the idea that religion should be the basis upon which the Asiatic races should unify themselves. And according to an article published in the Japanese magazine Keikoku, more than 2,000 Shinto missionaries had been sent to occupied countries to study plans for "amalgamating all the churches and religions under a single ideal."

When I left Japan in January of 1943, arrangements were well advanced for a congress of Buddhism (with delegates from all the conquered countries) which had been summoned to meet in Tokyo in April. It was expected that this congress would be attended by U Ba Maung, the Burmese leader who was educated and trained in Japan against the day when the British would be driven from the Orient, and who became head of the Central Administration from Burma soon after the conquest of the country by the Japs.

COLLIER'S "We call her Old Plasma and Intestines" PERRY BARLOW

U Ba Maung recently started a vigorous campaign against the Burmese priesthood, declaring that "unless the Burmese follow the example of Japan and develop a strong spiritual life, we shall never progress. We must put religion on the same basis as it is in Japan. It must help the state, not destroy it."

In Java, the "spiritual rebirth" of the people is under the direction of Skaljo Yilyopranoton, the thirty-year-old leader of the Indonesian independent movement, who has forsaken independence in favor of collaboration with Japan. In September of 1942, Yilyopranoton told a reporter for Asahi, the largest newspaper in Japan, that he intended to compel the Javanese to abandon their lethargy and attain a spiritual awakening which would enable them to "follow the pathway of Japan with strength and vigor."

The Protestant denominations in Japan, as well as those in the occupied countries, have been merged into the Church of Christ in Japan, or Nippon Kirisuto Kyodan. In July of 1942, I met Mr. F, a well-known Japanese Christian worker whom I had known on my first visit to Japan in 1932. He told me that he had received very definite instructions about his sermons.

"From now on," he said, "they will sound like propaganda speeches."

A New Order of Christianity

Later, I received from Mr. F a copy of The Christian Periodical, which contained some details of the amalgamation and orders for the guidance of the Christians during the war. Among other things, they were told to:

1. Do their utmost as spiritual leaders in the construction of the Co-Prosperity Sphere.
2. Help establish a New Order in East Asia and subsequently throughout the world.
3. To observe the Day of Promulgation of the Imperial Rescript, the 8th of each month, and to hold Christian services offering prayers for the prosperity of the Imperial Household and the country.
4. To foster a right religious faith among the people and keep alive the indomitable spirit of endurance which will enable Japan to win final victory.

The development and consolidation of the occupied countries is mainly under the direction of the Colonial Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, called the Greater East Asia Ministry. The men in this department are the so-called "new men" of Japan, big business imperialists who are quite different from the type of Japanese financial tycoon known to Occidentals. They have been filtering into places of importance since the Kwantung army acted in Manchuria in 1931.

These men are realistic, bold and unscrupulous, and they have long since realized that the best method of developing the conquered countries is through co-operation with the people. They deplore the violence and excesses that marked the advance of the Japanese army; they hate the waste of time and money involved in operations against guerrilla bands and hostile natives.

We must not suppose that these men are inferior. Whatever opinion we may have about the Japanese in general, no one can deny that their leaders have always been extremely astute, intelligent and resourceful. They look forward always, and their plans are the result of foresight. They fought their way to high positions over many difficulties and much opposition, and only strong men reached the top.

They lack moral principles and retain a friend only so long as he is an asset. They betray and steal. They kill. They organize secret societies which are nothing but clubs of gangsters. They are greedy for money and power. But they have learned all the tricks, and are masters at misleading you, me, or anyone. When they become leaders, they are well qualified to lead.

Since all of the "new men" of Japan are men of business, they know the paramount importance of economics. Their main concern now is uniformity. They want a single currency, closely linked to the yen, throughout the Far East, with all matters relating to exchange rates and issues controlled by Japan.

Price Control vs. Inflation

On the heels of the army came representatives of the Japanese banks, which had already divided the conquered countries into "special provinces." For example, Burma is the special province of the Yokohama Specie Bank, while the Philippines were given to the Bank of Taiwan. In Singapore and Malaya, three of the largest banks have divided the territory. All these banks maintain a policy of strict price control which is rapidly growing in importance. In central and north China, they have fixed the prices of commodities and stopped all speculation and smuggling, and are spreading the glories of their system as a contrast to the inflation of free China. This stabilization of prices has helped more than any other one thing to strengthen the Nanking government. Curiously enough, it was undertaken at the request of Wang Ching-wei, the puppet ruler of conquered China.

The Greater East Asia Ministry is the center of all new schemes of development and exploitation. As fast as these schemes are approved by the ministry and the army, they are put into effect. Small manufacturing plants, for example, are sent to Manila, to Hong Kong, to Singapore, to Batavia, to utilize raw materials found in these areas and save time and shipping space.

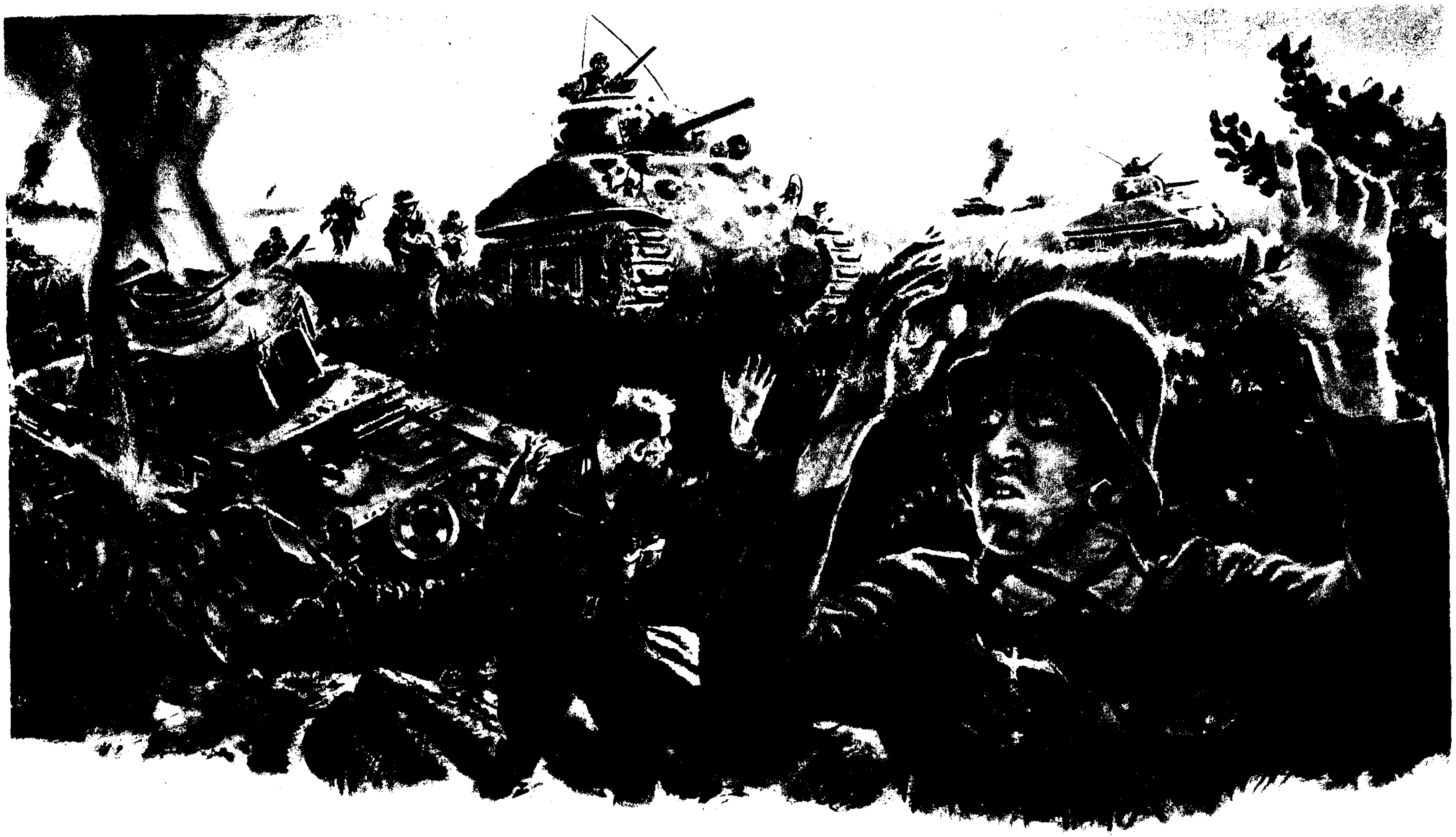
Factories throughout the occupied countries are being reopened and enlarged and, in the main, are being operated on a fifty-fifty basis with the original owners. In the winter of 1942, several high-ranking technical experts of the Mitsubishi industries were sent to the southern countries to work out plans for moving some of Japan's war plants.

In the words of Kamekichi Takahashi, chief of Economic Research, the ministry is trying to evolve a system to suit the conditions of each nation.

"Nevertheless," he said, "unification remains the basic requirement for the smooth functioning of the Co-Prosperity Sphere, because our objectives cannot be realized if each country is allowed to act without restraint."

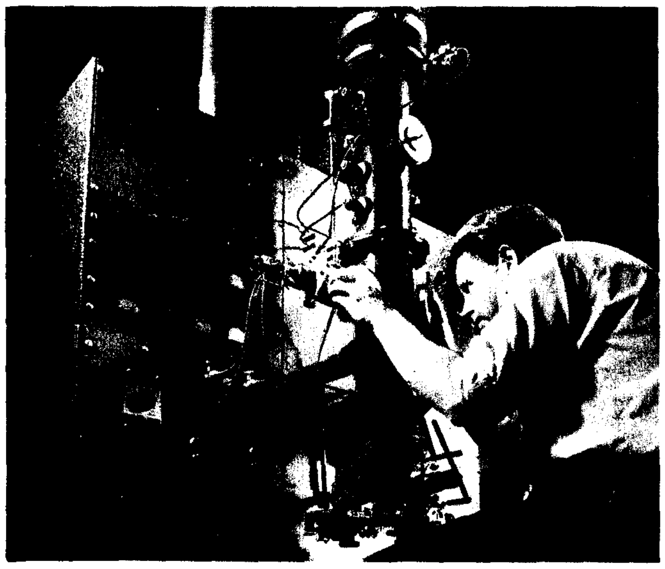
Thus for the first time Japan's leaders are basing their plans upon economic and financial considerations. They realize that they cannot succeed unless a sound economic foundation is established. And they are doing exactly that.

THE END



Westinghouse gives deadly accuracy to tanks in battle . . .

A special Westinghouse device exclusive to American tanks—a gun stabilizer—increases the accuracy of fire by more than 500 per cent. It enables them to fire, without stopping, as our tanks charge across even the roughest battlefield.

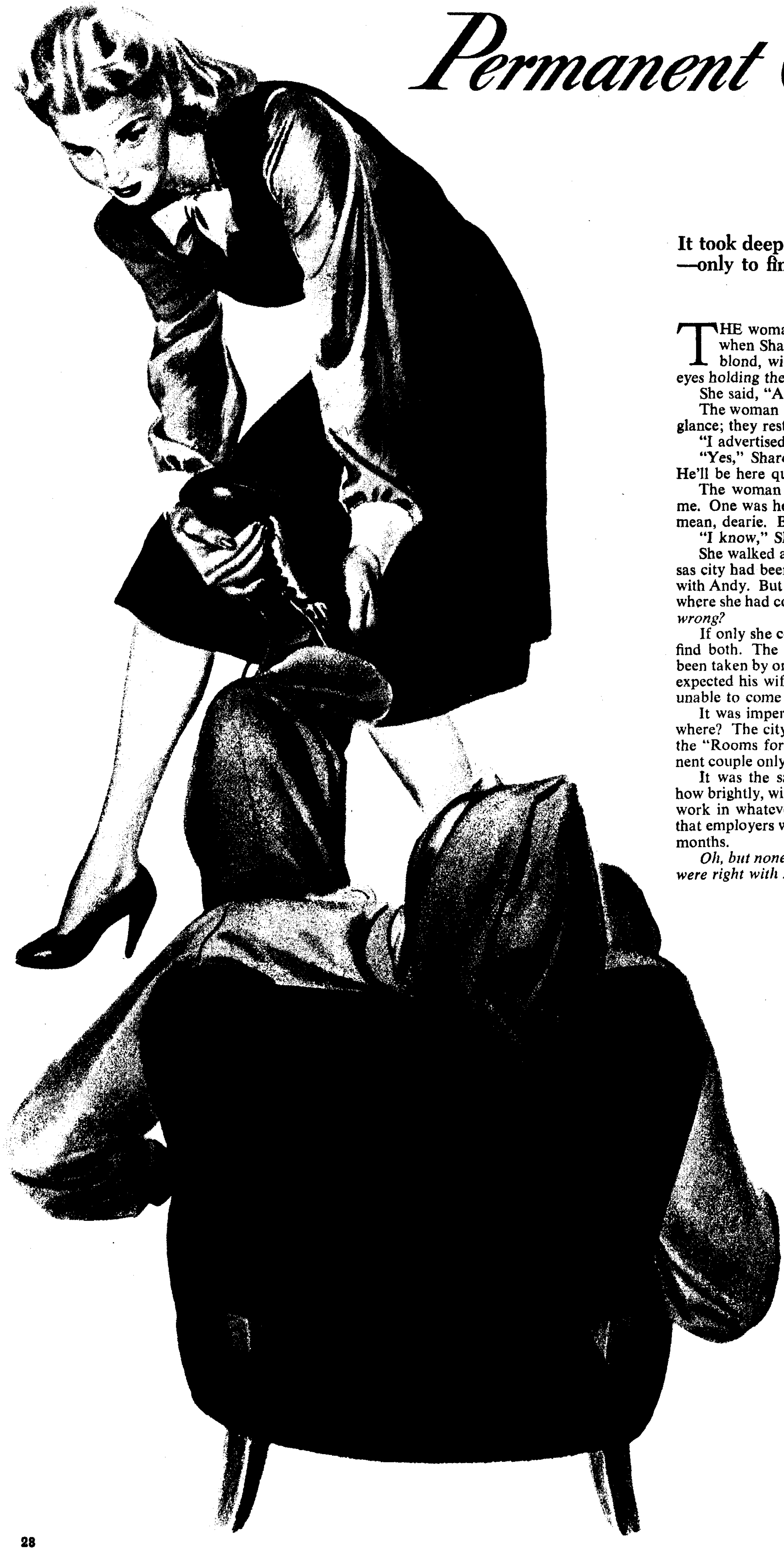


Westinghouse assures unerring accuracy of precision workmanship . . .

Accuracy to the five-millionth of an inch, to the millionth of a pound . . . checked and rechecked by the most delicate instruments known to science. Accuracy that helps give the American fighting man the best equipment of any soldier in the world.

Westinghouse wartime accuracy will build a finer peacetime world . . .

New standards of accuracy have grown out of the demand for *better* machines of war. The same new standards—undreamed of before the war—will mean far superior, longer-lasting equipment in your postwar home . . . even finer electric refrigerators, automatic home laundry machines, electric ranges and the host of other appliances that will make the name Westinghouse more than ever a household word for quality. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities . . . offices everywhere.



Permanent Couple Only

BY NANCY TITUS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

It took deep love to follow him to camp in a strange state —only to find that he was not the man she had married

THE woman in the hat shop was arranging new styles in the window when Sharon entered. Sharon stood by the door, a tall girl, slim and blond, with the tempered, bladelike slenderness of youth, her gray eyes holding the flash of steel blades in the sun.

She said, "About your advertisement for a girl . . ."

The woman did not straighten, but her shrewd eyes took in Sharon at a glance; they rested on the tiny service pin against the suit lapel.

"I advertised for a *permanent* girl. Your husband in the Army?"

"Yes," Sharon said. She added eagerly, "He's at the training camp. He'll be here quite a while longer."

The woman pursed her lips. "I've had two Army wives working for me. One was here six weeks and one only three. It isn't that I want to be mean, dearie. But I got to think of myself."

"I know," Sharon said wearily. "I just thought I'd inquire," she said.

She walked aimlessly along the street toward the bus stop. This Arkansas city had been new and exciting to her when she first strolled through it with Andy. But the newness had worn off. She hated the city now, this city where she had come to begin her marriage. *Andy, why has everything gone wrong?*

If only she could find a job—if she could find a place to live. She *must* find both. The room in which she now lived was only borrowed. It had been taken by one of the men in Andy's platoon, a Steven Hanson, who had expected his wife to arrive at the same time as Sharon. But she had been unable to come for another two weeks, and Steve had offered it to Andy.

It was imperative she find another room before the time was up. But where? The city was crowded beyond its capacity. Daily she looked over the "Rooms for Rent" column. But those which did not specify "Permanent couple only," were taken by the time she investigated them.

It was the same with jobs. "Permanent girl only." She remembered how brightly, with what certainty, she and Andy had decided that she would work in whatever cities she lived, following him. They had not foreseen that employers would be tired of help that came and went every two or three months.

Oh, but none of this would matter . . . it would all work out . . . if things were right with Andy and me. She had come with such high hopes to start their life together in this Army town . . . and found she was not as close to him as she had been before their marriage. The Army always lay between them.

"Sharon, I can't get in tonight. General inspection tomorrow. I have to clean my rifle and my shoes.". . . "I have to study the manual of arms. Can't make it tonight.". . . "I won't be seeing you tomorrow. I'm stuck with guard duty.". . . "Our platoon's been gigged. I can't get out for another four days.". . . "A shipment of men is going out this week end. We're all restricted to area."

How often did she see him? Two or three nights a week . . . for about as many hours. Only on Saturdays could he remain with her overnight. One night a week to capture, in an ugly rented room, the sense that they were truly man and wife. Sometimes she had the terrifying feeling that she did not know Andy any longer. Even his Army career was unreal to her. He talked of it incessantly . . . yet it was without form to her. Perhaps that was behind the quarrels that were beginning to spring up between them; those impatient, harsh little quarrels, flaring, dying, but leaving their mark. One could build nothing without the building materials. . . .

SHE climbed the worn, green-carpeted stairs in the dark well of the rooming house.

"Sharon, is that you?"

"Yes." She stopped in the door to the room next to hers. Lee Bennett was sitting on her bed, darning Army socks. She was the only friend she had had time to make, an older girl who had been married five years and whose husband was in Andy's platoon.

"Good news!" Lee grinned at her. She wore a gay flowered housecoat and her dark hair wound over plastic curlers. "Frost called, and

(Continued on page 72)

"I'm done in," Andy said. "We had that long hike today." . . . "Was it really so bad," Sharon asked. "Have you any idea how far twenty-two miles is?" he replied

QUIET, PARDNER . . .
About ships, troop movements, war equipment! Axis ears may be listening!

BEST BRAND IN ANY ROUNDUP

Corralling the prime ingredient of a Calvert Reserve highball may not be as easy as it used to be. For over a year, all our distilleries have been in total war production.

But whenever you *do* meet up with this thoroughbred brand, we think you'll enjoy it all the more . . . since every drop of Calvert Reserve *still* comes from the finest of our choice reserve stocks.

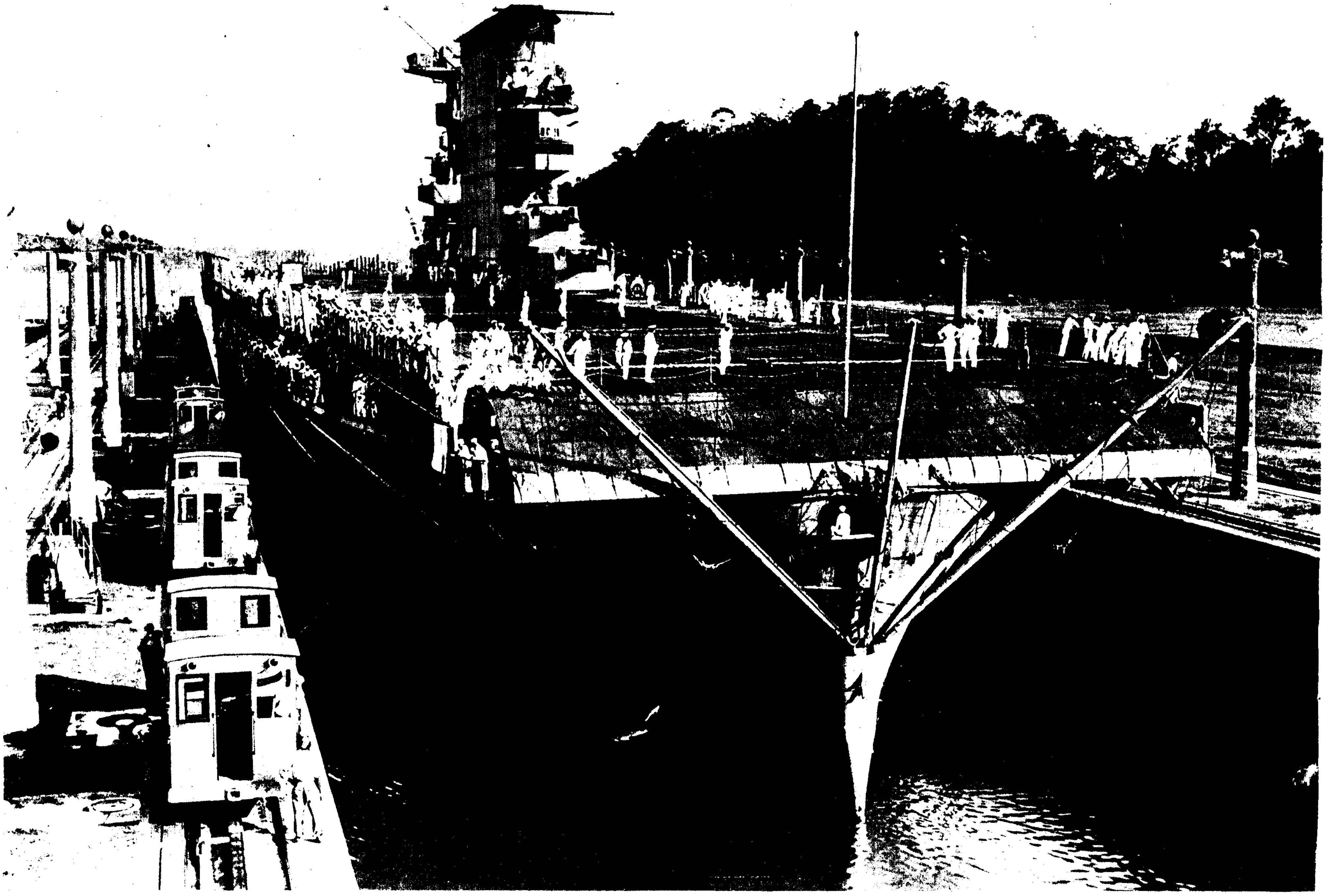
No wonder old hands prize its extra mellowness and smoothness as the "best in *any* roundup!"

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert Reserve

"THE CHOICEST YOU CAN DRINK OR SERVE"

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY: 86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. NAVY

A big carrier squeezes into the Panama Canal with no more than a coat of paint to spare. Everyone from Cristobal to Balboa breathes easier when she's through

SHORT CUT

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

To get a big airplane carrier through the locks of the Panama Canal is a ticklish job, requiring careful manipulation and expert knowledge. Our Pacific correspondent tells you just how it's done

ABOARD A U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER— Some of the boys standing at the bow life rail on the flight deck were skeptical. "She'll never make it," one of them said. "You can't get an open umbrella through a keyhole. Maybe we'd better go round the Horn after all."

Our carrier was creeping toward Gatun locks, front gate of the Panama Canal on the Atlantic side. It was not full daylight yet. The sun was still yawning and our approach was as stealthy as the homecoming of a poker-playing husband. Not that we were afraid of being discovered; the ship was too bulky and too spectacular to avoid that. The main concern, however, was how to squeeze all that steel bulk into the relatively narrow confines of the first lock basin.

Our ship's hull was slim enough for a comfortable fit, but the broad, overhanging flight deck and its fringes of catwalks and gun platforms—oi-yoi!—how could we ever make the transit without having hunks of them ripped off by the concrete walls of the locks? It would be a shame to ruin our new 1943 model carrier and waste all those millions the taxpayers had been glad to ante up to build it.

No help to us now were the antiaircraft and machine-gun emplacements and the steel-helmeted soldiers sprinkled about in profusion. The battery of electric locomotives waiting atop the lock walls looked powerfully efficient, but were they a safe enough escort for this lady with the big parasol?

"Right rudder, easy. . . . Right twenty degrees. . . . Rudder amidships." These orders, bellowed from the bridge, drowned out our worries. "Port locomotives start towing. . . . Keep that bow over. . . . Pull the stern in aft!"

There were many more of the same, all loud and vehement. The source, we discovered, was a bald, sharp-faced man sitting astride the starboard wing of the navigation bridge, Captain Howard Smithies, Canal pilot. Between shouts he chewed on a cigar stub and peered through his glasses down at the slice of daylight between our starboard side and the lock wall.

A Few Inches to Spare

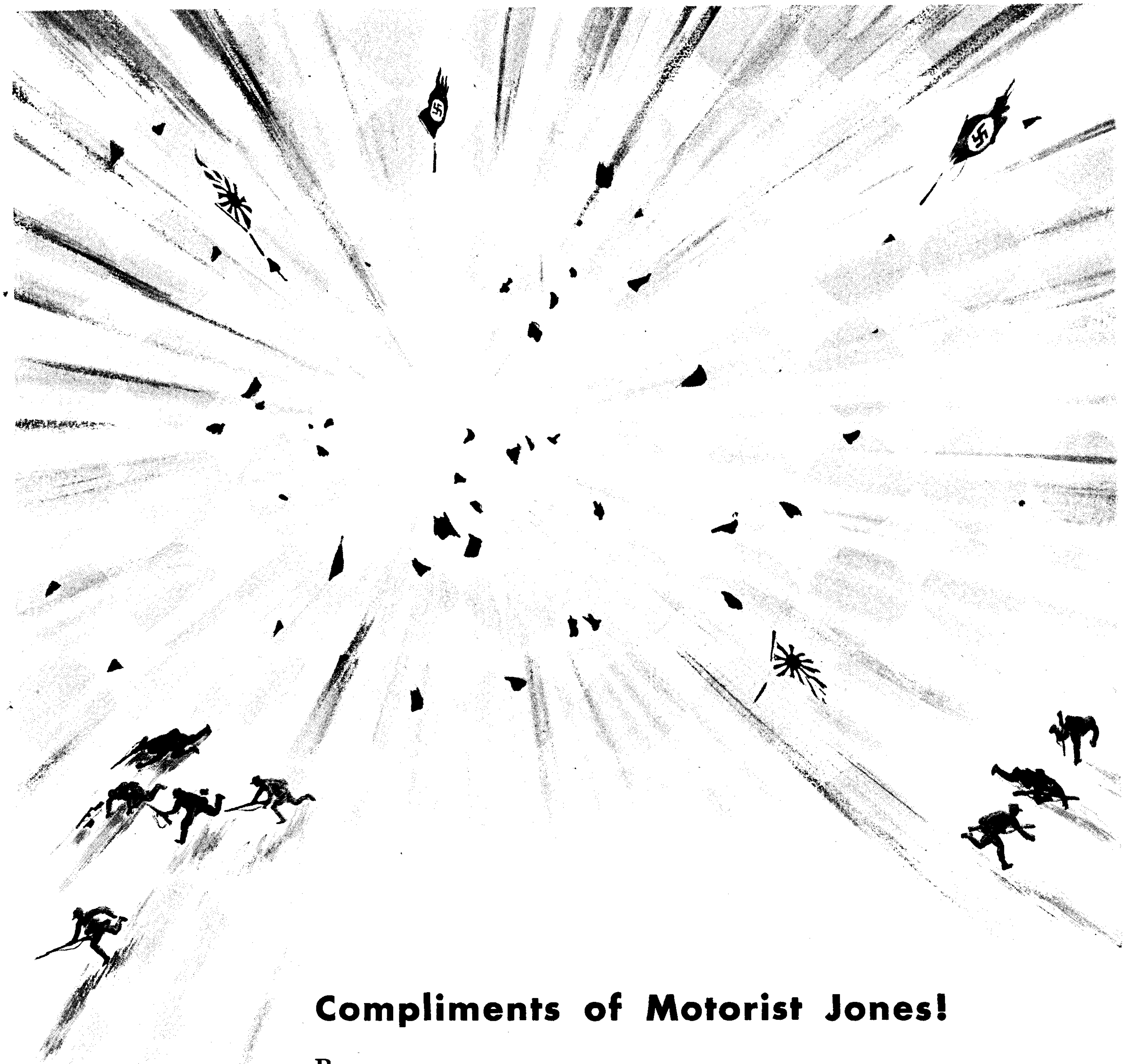
"How much room have we got to starboard? Not too many inches? Fine! Keep the ship as she is. How does she look back there, Mr. Donovan? Fine! Fine! Stop towing on port locomotives. Stop the ship! Is the gate closed? Fine! Well, I guess we'll give her the water now."

As the lock chamber was being filled "Smitty" relaxed for the first time in an hour. As a matter of fact he has found little time to relax in the twenty-odd years he has been shuttling ships from one ocean to the other. As one of the senior members of the Canal's escort bureau he has made the transit with sloops and battleships, tramp steamers and luxury liners, ore boats, banana boats and sub chasers.

This cumulative experience accounts for his vocabulary, as vast as a warehouse and with a special, well-stocked profanity department.

"Taking a ship this size through the locks would be easy if it weren't for all that gingerbread around the flight deck—those catwalks and gun platforms. If we let her get too far over to one side we're in danger of carrying away some of that stuff," explained the captain. We were rising slowly now in the first lock chamber, twenty-eight feet up to meet the water level of the next chamber. Then the gates between were opened and the locomotives towed us slowly inside. The gates closed after us, and we started another upbound trip in our water-filled elevator.

Smoke pouring from cook-shack chimneys told us the Army was getting up, hungry. The flap of an O.D. tent opened and a soldier, in shorts, strolled out, a towel thrown over his shoulder. We watched him hang a small mirror on one of the light standards lining the locks. Then he lathered up and shaved. In a field just



Compliments of Motorist Jones!

Block-busters that crash Axis morale, screaming shells that blast his troops and ships, "ash cans" that sink his submarines . . . all contain the explosive TNT, now derived from petroleum which might have been made into gasoline for your car.

In a great new unit at one of The Texas Company's refineries, vast quantities of the essential *toluene* for the making of high-explosive TNT are now being made from a part of the raw material that in peacetime would be made into Fire-Chief and Sky Chief gasolines.

So from petroleum comes this added fighting strength for our cause, along with great quantities of 100-octane gasoline and other fighting fuels and lubricants now pouring from Texaco refineries in an ever increasing flood.

The gasoline which you, "Motorist Jones," are doing without is being turned into war products to speed our fighting forces to Victory.

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

Not to be opened until Christmas (maybe)
BORN 1820...
Still going strong

THIS SEASON and every season the mellow warmth and well-rounded flavour of Johnnie Walker scotch whisky offer the utmost in friendship and cheer.

Due to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottles . . . but *inside,* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

JOHNNIE WALKER BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Black Label 12 years old • Red Label 8 years old • Both 86.8 proof.
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

beyond, a fat, white horse nibbled grass, paying no attention to anything else around him.

Within an hour we were through the locks and our bow was splitting the calm waters of Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above sea level. All Smitty had to do now was follow the channel and worry about the sharp, narrow turns in Gaillard Cut at the other end. His assistant pilots, who had been stationed on the flight deck as we negotiated the locks, now went below for a spot of coffee. They had been under heavy pressure since daybreak, helping squeeze the carrier through the Gatun locks bottleneck. So, to ease the strain, we started them on their favorite pastime, talking shop.

"There are thirty of us pilots stationed on each end of the Canal, but usually only twenty are available, what with vacations, sick list, etc. Our names are posted on a board and the first name gets the first ship. For a big job like this they need more than one of us, and Captain Smithies, being senior pilot of the ground, took over. Good man, too. One of the best pilots we have."

Our informant was Captain Cusack, himself a veteran of twenty-three years as a Canal pilot.

Sharp Eyes Needed

"As a rule, one pilot is enough for a transit, but a carrier is a problem child. There's nothing symmetrical about it, the bridge and superstructure all cockeyed on the starboard side and no matter how high the pilot perches, some part of the flight deck obstructs his view. And with all that overhang to watch as the ship goes up or down in the locks, we need a number of pairs of sharp eyes.

"Until carriers came along our biggest headaches were battleships and ore boats. A battlewagon's weight makes it lie deep in the water, creating a bank suction that, in turn, pulls the stern up. Then you really have a time keeping her under control. Or, take an ore boat, loaded with 20,000 tons and a draft of thirty-six feet. They're long ships, too, and their low-powered engines are not much help when we're trying to swing them around sharp, narrow turns in the Cut. That's why they go aground occasionally and have to be hauled off by tugs."

Over their coffee in the wardroom the other pilots, Captains Reid, Hudgins and Johnson, told us about the busiest two days they had ever experienced. It was back in 1934 when the bulk of the U. S. Fleet transited the Canal from the Pacific side in record time. The pilots worked day and night, took as many as four destroyers in a single lock chamber and, after it was all over, there wasn't enough damage worth recording. The whole maneuver was executed in strict secrecy. Officers and men on liberty in Balboa returned to the water front to find their ships gone and had to take the train across the isthmus to catch up with them.

The war has cut down commercial ship traffic through the Canal and revenue from tolls has decreased accordingly. Shipowners have to pay ninety cents a ton if the ship is loaded and sixty cents if it's in ballast. Average fee is $4,500. In one respect it's just as well the Canal isn't getting much commercial business now. Although all the locks are built in pairs, only one side is being used for the duration. There's a new canal under construction, and its locks will be almost half again as wide as those now in use, but don't expect to see it finished until after the war. Although most of the excavation has been done, there is still plenty of work ahead, so we'll have to get along with the Teddy Roosevelt model for a while.

To date there have been no bombing raids. A few years ago, before we got into the war, a German ship was entering one of the locks when someone aboard dropped a small bundle over the rail. The splash as it hit the water brought out the guard on the double. There was no explosion, except that created by Army officials after they had brought the culprit to justice—a much frightened cabin boy who had wrapped a flatiron up in cloth and tossed it overboard "to see what would happen."

CARRIER CHATTER

FLAT-TOP—Carrier.

AIREDALE—Primarily a pilot, but also used loosely to describe anyone in a carrier's air department—plane handlers, chockmen, etc.

DUMBO—Grumman Avenger, TBF torpedo bomber.

BERTHA WITH THE BIG BELLY—Torpedo bomber.

SCOUT—Douglas Dauntless, SBD scout bomber.

WIND WAGON—Plane.

FLOP BUGGY—Plane.

SEA GULL—Plane.

WRAPPING IT UP—Banking and turning a plane too tightly, especially when coming in for a carrier landing.

THE SKIPPER—A pilot's squadron leader.

AIR MARSHAL—Air officer, boss of the Air Department on a carrier.

TURF TAMPING—Impatiently marking time, doing nothing and hating it.

TINCUS—An honorary title meaning Tamper-in-chief, U. S. Fleet.

IN THE GROOVE—Plane making a landing approach from a point directly astern of the carrier.

SACKED OUT—Sleeping.

IN THE SACK—Sleeping.

CRAPPED OUT—Sleeping.

SACK PLOT—Where you sack out. Famous message: "Sighted Sack; Sank in Souse."

FLY FOUR—A limitless expanse of water astern of the carrier. The flight deck is divided into Fly One (forward), Fly Two (amidships) and Fly Three (aft).

SQUARED AWAY—All set.

FOULED UP—All wrong.

BEATING HIS GUMS—Squawking or idle chatter.

CHOPPING HIS TEETH—Squawking or idle chatter.

JEEP—Small escort carrier.

MULES—Flight-deck plane handlers.

EGG BEATER—Plane propeller.

BULL HORN—A superloud-speaker that can be heard over the roar of plane engines.

FISH—Torpedo.

FLAG WAVER—Landing signal officer.

STORK CLUB—Pilots who are new or expectant pappies.

NATIVE—Boy with an ultrashort haircut.

SNAFU—Situation normal, all fouled up.

TARFU—Things are really fouled up.

FAT, DUMB AND HAPPY—Applied to a smug, stupid or careless pilot, usually one who is about to meet his Maker.

STICK AND THROTTLE BOY—Fighter pilot.

THE COACH—Fighter director who is stationed on the carrier and supervises by radio the combat actions of the fighter pilots in the air.

PREGNANT BATHTUB—The new Grumman Hellcat, F6F fighter plane.

RAIN MAKER—Aerologist.

The Army still takes no chances with ships, American registry or otherwise, using their ditch. An armed guard is placed aboard with its men stationed on the bridge, in the engine room and at other strategic points to make sure there is no monkey business. And no enemy alien, even though he is a resident of the United States, is allowed to ride a ship through. Before the ship starts the transit, aliens are taken off and shipped across the isthmus by train.

The wardroom Kaffeeklatsch broke up about an hour before noon as our flat-top entered Gamboa Reach, the mouth of Gaillard Cut. The tug Trinidad had us on leash now to help the ship negotiate the narrow, tortuous channel. Captain Smithies shifted his observation post to a trestle erected athwartships on the flight deck. Sitting on a high stool straddling the centerline of the ship he squinted through his glasses at range markers on the green hills flanking the Cut.

Splashes and dots of brown mottled the green hillsides—O.D. tents and troops shouldering Garand rifles. We couldn't see the muzzles of the AA guns or the machine-gun nests, but we knew they were there, plenty of them.

"Twenty degrees right rudder. . . . Full right rudder. . . . Ease to fifteen. . . . Rudder amidships!" Our pilot, hunched forward on his stool, kept the helmsman busy as the ship slewed around the eight sharp turns in Gaillard Cut. The sharpest, having an angle of sixty-seven degrees, would worry even the most reckless (prewar) Sunday driver.

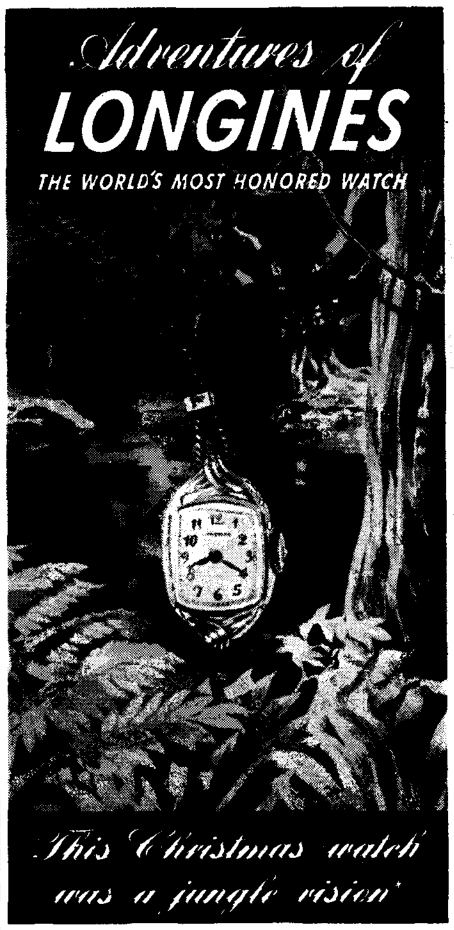
"Steady as she goes. . . . Steer 160½ degrees." Rounding a bend we started through another green-swarded valley. From the hilltops on either side slender waterfalls cascaded down. From a distance they looked like silver ribbons on a Christmas package.

Crossing the Divide

A few miles beyond, the dredge Gamboa (made in Bucyrus, Ohio) was doing janitor work, keeping the channel swept clear of rocks and silt. Above us towered Gold Hill, loftiest peak on the route, birthplace of many a landslide, and the sacroiliac of that terrestrial backbone known as the Continental Divide.

Before long, the carrier was going downstairs in Pedro Miguel locks. Here is the greatest single drop—or lift—in the Canal. The difference in water levels is thirty-one feet. Once enclosed in the lock chamber, our bulky ship sank lower and lower between the concrete walls. It was no place for anyone susceptible to claustrophobia.

Smitty apparently had used a shoehorn to get us inside. When the ship was halfway in, he called for clearance measurements, and one of his assistants reported the



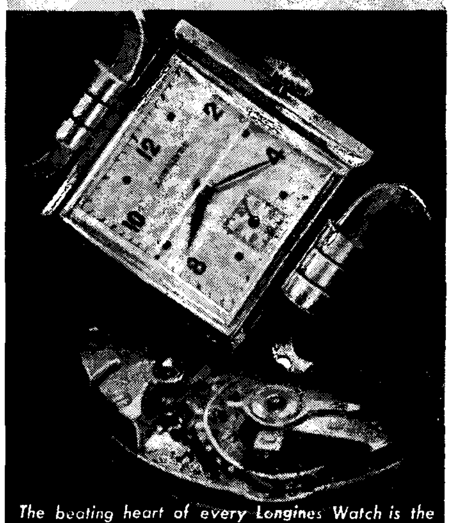
To a Longines jeweler in a Southern city came a V-mail letter from the South Pacific. In it a Navy Seabee wrote in part: ¶ "I suppose it is a little early to think about Christmas presents, but when you are 10,000 miles away, I don't imagine it hurts to be ready. ¶ What I had in mind is a nice watch for Isabel. I realize that this type of jewelry is hard to get but hope you can fill my order. Since my Longines watch has kept such good time in the heat and dampness of the tropics and the salt air, I would prefer her having one. ¶ I would appreciate it if you would have her come by the store and let her pick one out. Say 'hello' to all and tell them I hope to be back soon". ¶ The Christmas Longines watch that was a vision in the jungle has been selected. We know that this Seabee and his companions-in-arms the world over will be joined in spirit to their "Isabels" on Christmas Eve.

*Based on documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"Buying *more* War Bonds, Bob?"

BOB: You bet, Jockey! They're the safest investment I know. That Morgenthau signature is backed by the United States of America!

JOCKEY: That's right, and millions of people are sacrificing a great deal to collect that "autograph". You know, Bob, signatures have always meant a lot to Americans. They're symbols of security—of good faith.

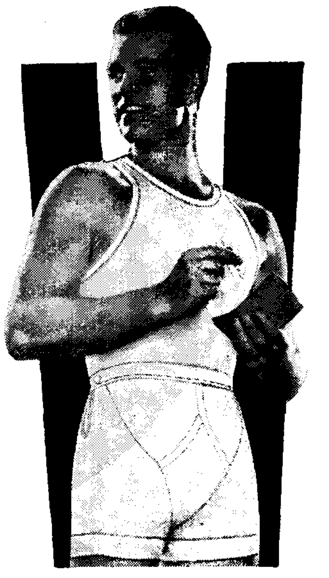
BOB: Like the trade-mark on an automobile, or any other brand of merchandise?

JOCKEY: Exactly. Now take *me,* for instance. Millions have come to know me as the trade-mark of Jockey Underwear—they know that I mean satisfaction.

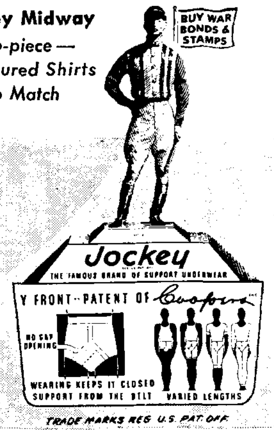
BOB: I know, because I'm a Jockey wearer, too—but I'm certainly having trouble *finding* Jockey!

JOCKEY: That's because Uncle Sam rightly has first call on all raw materials. But keep looking, Bob—you'll find Jockey Underwear somewhere. It still retains the famous Y-front with its unique comfort advantages, but the war has made other temporary, minor changes necessary because not all of the materials we should like to use are available today. By ingenuity and diligent research, Coopers has produced a garment that I know will win your approval, and they back it with their signature and my picture. They won't break faith with their customers—the American people!

BOB: I believe in that principle! And I'm willing to shop around for Jockey and other branded products. But I'm glad to know that *War Bonds* can be purchased almost everywhere!



Jockey Midway
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match



Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S.I.

starboard side of the hull amidships was exactly six inches away from the lock wall.

This margin soon dwindled to three inches and, a half minute later, came the news: "Starboard side scraping."

That announcement didn't bother Smitty at all. He knew he had a fairly strong wind on his starboard beam which he could use as a buffer so it didn't matter if a few square feet of paint were scraped off the hull. Wooden stringpieces lining the inside of the chamber walls absorbed the punishment on that side, so there was no danger of damaging the locks.

It is only a mile across Miraflores Lake to the last locks, also named Miraflores. Two more steps to go down here, and we took them in our stride. When the gate of the last lock opened, we were only a half-dozen miles from the open Pacific, but Smitty kept us waiting a full twenty minutes before he would let the ship venture out of the chamber.

"When this lock is closed," he told us, "it's full of fresh water. The minute that outside gate opens, salt water from the Pacific starts to pour in and, being heavier than fresh, it surges along the bottom, forcing out the upper layer of fresh water. Now if the ship were to start out as soon as the gate was open, that salt water coming in underneath her hull would pull her back with a force that even her powerful engines couldn't match. That's why we have to wait twenty minutes, the time it takes to fill the lock up with salt water."

Captain Smithies brought the carrier smoothly alongside a naval pier in Balboa Harbor, tied her up and turned her over to her regular skipper. "Fastest, smoothest transit we've ever made with one of these big fellows," Smitty announced proudly. "The lock supervisor at Miraflores told me, as we went through, we had set some kind of a record!"

An official car was waiting on the pier for the pilots. "Tivoli Hotel," Smitty told the driver.

Just then a messenger came running up. "Which one of you is Captain Smithies? You are? Well, they want you to phone Cristobal right away. Your wife was taken to the hospital this morning, after you left."

At the Tivoli, Smitty waited anxiously in a phone booth for his call to go through. The lines etched on his face by the ordeal of bringing the carrier through were even deeper now. A bell jingled and he picked up the receiver. Several minutes later he stepped out of the booth, looking somewhat relieved.

"She's all right now," he reported. "Touch of ptomaine. Sorry I can't have dinner with you boys, but I think I'll take the early train back."

Learning About Canal Pilots

The other pilots filed into the hotel bar and ordered tall glasses filled with ice and stuff. Another pilot, Captain Alan Wallace, who had brought our destroyer escort through, joined the party and, curiously enough, the conversation got around to the public and private lives of Canal pilots. They talked. We listened.

We learned that it is strictly a one-way profession. Atlantic-to-Pacific escorts never bring another ship back through the Canal, except in an emergency, and the same applies to the pilots stationed on the Pacific end.

Canal piloting is a popular job. Only recently there were two thousand applicants waiting for one of the sixty pilots to retire or die. To qualify, a man must have been a licensed officer in the Merchant Marine for ten years, including one year as master. Then he must serve six months as a pilot in training, making a transit every day with a regular pilot. During the following year he is a probationary pilot, starting with small vessels, and gradually the size of his charges is increased until he has become experienced enough to handle a ship of any tonnage.

The salary for a pilot in training is $3,600. A probationary pilot draws $4,200 and, when the year is up, that is increased to $5,040. After five years' service he gets another raise to $5,280, after ten years he gets $5,520 and if he sticks it out for fifteen years this is upped to $5,760. All pilots get a vacation annually with pay.

A harbor or river pilot acts only in an advisory capacity in the navigation and movement of a ship, but the Canal escorts have absolute authority over a merchant ship, its crew and captain.

The skipper of a small freighter, transiting the Canal a while ago, found that out forcibly when he first questioned, then countermanded, orders given by the pilot. It was apparent that the freighter captain had been tapping a bottle and was in no condition to con the ship even in less-congested waters, so the pilot summoned the sergeant of the armed guard.

"Take this man below to his cabin and lock him in," he advised the sergeant. The rest of the transit was made in peace.

Wanted—a Thin Man

Every vessel passing through the Canal must have a pilot, and this rule brings up an occasional freak transit. There was the honeymoon couple from California bound for the East Coast—in a canoe. At Balboa they asked for a pilot, a thin pilot please, they said, since the canoe was then loaded to the gunwales with a tent, camping gear, food and themselves. Captain Mickey McKay's name was first on the list that day, but when he saw the cockleshell, Mickey, a portly gentleman who had never turned down a friend or a meal, abdicated in favor of one of his slimmer colleagues.

The late Richard Haliburton didn't have a pilot when he made his famous swim through the Canal some years ago. They showed him a map and then put him on his own—after collecting a transit fee of eighty cents.

There were enough Atlantic-side pilots in the Tivoli bar now to make a quorum, so it was voted to adjourn to the dining room for a meal on the government. That's another pilot rule—if the transit is completed before 10 P. M. the pilot is allowed expenses for dinner. Should he arrive after ten his night's lodging at the hotel is paid. Usually the pilots get in early enough to enjoy their dinner and catch the ten o'clock train back to Cristobal.

Our pilots tonight were looking forward to that train trip, for it would give them a chance to do some real Monday morning quarterbacking on the day's operations. Every detail of the transit would be hashed over again in this nightly forum, as old as the Canal itself. As they left the hotel, Captain Reid paused long enough to tell us the pilots' classic story on themselves.

One of the clan had just brought a freighter through the first set of locks one day when he suddenly was taken violently ill and collapsed on the bridge. As the freighter's skipper hurried over to assist him, a man who had come aboard with the pilot took over the latter's post. While the regular pilot was recuperating in the captain's cabin, the newcomer expertly guided the ship through Gatun Lake, around the tricky turns at Cucaracha, Gold Hill and LaPita in Gaillard Cut, and he brought her down through the last two sets of locks without a single hitch. When the ship had been docked at Balboa, her skipper turned to the man responsible for her safe passage.

"Thank you very much, Captain," he said, "for taking over. That's a smart idea to send a spare pilot along."

"Captain? Pilot? Hell—I'm not a pilot. Just came along for the ride. I'm the conductor on that ten o'clock train from Balboa. Been listening to these birds do this for years. Nothing to it."

THE END

Reward of the Stalk

Continued from page 18

who took it. But there was an unwritten law, an understanding among hunters, a kind of a man-to-man agreement. . . .

Bright circled the swamp well downwind, so the buck would not take his scent and scare. He didn't know what he'd do if, after all these weeks of stalking and planning and preparing, he should be cheated of the kill.

So carefully and slowly did he work out of the swale that he was almost late for high school.

BRIGHT never went to the stand in the afternoon. The buck left the swamp by another run for his nightly feeding in the orchards. Bright dashed from the last class, almost upsetting Mord Tatro the janitor, in his eagerness to reach the hardware store. The Dexter still stood in the rack gleaming in the slanting sunshine, whispering its special promise to Bright.

Inside, the store smelled of sweaty hunting khaki and gun oil and strong tobacco. It was noisy with deer talk.

"I'll bring the rest of the pelts right over, Mr. Tarbell," Bright said. "You won't trade the gun before, will you?"

Mr. Tarbell laughed heartily. "By snum, boy, you're anxious. No, I won't trade her. I reckon the Dexter's yours sure enough."

Old Man Dilby, who was seventy and still shot ball and patch for the city venison buyers, hooked a horny thumb in his cartridge belt. "Got a buck spotted, hev ye, Bright?"

"Yes, sir. A fourteen-spiker," Bright said proudly and added cautiously: "He's mine."

"Course he is; iffen ye drap him fust. But I 'low you got him to rights. I d'clare you Martins is all smart hunters."

Bright reckoned it was the nicest thing that had ever been said to him. He wished only that his father or Grantha could have heard it. Somehow it wasn't the hunt or the kill that really counted. It was living up to what they expected of him and wanted for him.

He went to the stand for the cured skins. They were dry and soft, the silky fur turned inside. At home he threw the string of pelts conspicuously on the kitchen drainer, wanting Grantha to admire them. Then he went to his bedroom to change into his denim chore clothes.

"Bright!"

He slid into his blanket jumper, left his cowhide boots unlaced. "Yes, sir," Bright said in the kitchen.

Grantha sat straight and grim in his rocker before the kitchen range. The pelts were in his lap. Bright noticed then that the old man was not alone. At the side of the stove, puffing gravely on a curved gourd pipe sat John Coreau, the trapper. The gray pipe smoke hung thick about them as if they had not moved for a long time.

"Bright," Grantha croaked without preamble, looking into his eyes, "where'd these skins come from?"

"South meadow," Bright said steadily. He could never lie to Grantha, no matter what the cost. "I trapped them."

"You know I let John here trap south meadow this year."

"Yes, sir. But it's our meadow. It's the best one on the creek. I—I just had to have those skins, sir."

Grantha rocked hard. "John's tally stakes were in the runs, weren't they? Seems if you took what wasn't rightly yours. A harsh man could say you poached, boy."

Bright knew that he had done a terrible thing. It had not seemed so awful at the time. The Dexter, the deer it would kill, the fellowship it would open for him with the big-game hunters, the proudness and approval it would bring to his father's face when he came home, very soon now, had seemed worth everything.

"Huntin', boy," Grantha said and drew savagely on his cob, "ain't jest killin'. It's bein' fair an' hon'rable to your game an' your fellow hunter. The kill, Bright, is only the reward o' the stalk. You didn't stalk. Jest it bein' our meadow don't signify. 'Twas John Coreau found out the rat holes an' bucked the wicked creek current in the bitter dawn a-tendin' 'em. 'Twas his limbs ached come night, his time an' money. An' John makes his livin' a-trappin'. The kill is rightly his. Bright, you done him a hurt."

John Coreau sighed and shuffled his feet. "Ah don' lak mak de trouble fo' Bright," he said. "Ah jes' want mah skins. She is mine, by gar, Gramp, suh."

"Take 'em, John," Grantha said and tossed the pelts to him. "Bright," he said, ceasing his rocking, "you owe John time an' money. You got to make it up to him."

"Ah t'ink Bright she do him no mo', suh," the trapper mumbled and tamped his pipe.

"No; he won't. An' he'll know why. Bright, commencin' tomorrer at dawn an' fer a hull week, you're goin' with John on the trap line. You're goin' to do his chores. I reckon then you'll know what you took from him."

"The deer season opens tomorrow. I've been waiting—" Bright began.

Grantha tossed his white head with impatience. "Don't I know it opens!" he growled. "Oh, don't I, though!" He rubbed his knee ague and did not look at the ten-point head. "Bright, fer you, you got to earn your right to shoot a man's game. So far, you ain't. Now get at the chores, boy."

Bright stumbled to his room. He did not want them to see that wetness in his eyes which he had almost forgotten could burn there. He sat, hunched and staring, contemplating this awful thing which had happened.

IT NEVER occurred to Bright to disobey Grantha Martin. When his father had left to train Commandos in woodcraft for the Army, and his mother had gone back to nursing to help out, he had told them goodby and promised. He could not break that promise now. His father's last letter had hinted that he'd be home for a visit, sometime soon; it had wished Bright good hunting, and Bright could almost read between the lines the yearning for a week of shooting again. But he was glad that his father was not home now. He could not bear to see the shame which would be in his eyes.

He tried to close his mind to his disgrace, as he dressed in the dark the next morning. John Coreau waited for him on the bleak, cold creek. A fine snow had fallen. Tracking would be perfect.

The trapper, small and wiry, smelling of onions, was huddled into a sheepskin coat on the stern thwart.

"Row," he said, " 'way 'long to de sou' meadow."

Bright tried to make himself feel glad that he was rowing, keeping warm instead of inactive and freezing. The boat was waterlogged and ancient. It was a long aching pull against the current.

John Coreau from time to time took a bracing nip from a flask, then breathed vapor into the frosty dawn air.

"Stop!" he commanded after twenty minutes. "Firs' tally dar, him. Boy, pull hup de trap."

John held the boat against the withered brown bank. Bright cracked the edge ice

Doctors report on
PHILIP MORRIS:
PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING
TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!
—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
Finer flavor . . . less irritating . . . America's FINEST Cigarette

GIFT GLOVES

by Albert Richard

There's at least one man on *your* Christmas list who'll say "thanks a million" for a handsome pair of Albert Richard gloves. These fine leather gloves look better . . . fit better . . . wear better because of Action-Fit*— a special tailoring feature found only in Albert Richard gloves which gives full finger freedom and perfect fit!

Your Albert Richard dealer now features many new styles in soft, serviceable leathers . . . moderately priced. See them today.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★ **Men and boys everywhere** wear and admire Albert Richard Action-Fit* Coats and Jackets, tailored with the same precision as the apparel Albert Richard makes for our Armed Forces.

★ *Buy only what you need. Take care of what you have. Invest your savings in War Bonds!*

Action-Fit*
Coats Jackets
Gloves Mittens
ALBERT RICHARD

DIVISION OF FRIED, OSTERMANN CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

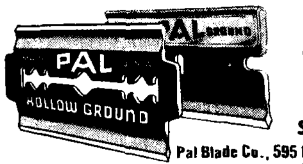
A Testimonial
for a Razor Blade
FROM A WOMAN!

My husband never looked shaved. One day I brought him a sample Pal Blade. Now he uses them all the time - gets the best and cleanest shaves he ever had.
Mrs Lennon Chapman
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

PAL BLADE
FLEXIBLE
in razor
USUAL BLADE
RIGID
in razor

The Secret! HOLLOW GRINDING for "FEATHER-TOUCH" shaving.

PAL
"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single Edge
Pal Blade Co., 595 Madison Ave., N. Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades - They Last Longer

and pulled the set. The trap at the end of the chain was unsprung. He reached into the frigid water and reset it in the muddy prepared niche, placing a carrot bait beyond the steel jaws, nervous under the Canuck's scowl. He was glad of the warming exercise again.

"Ah t'ink de rat she go from dat hole, him," Coreau said. "Ah t'ink ah know where she go. Poach is bad t'ing, Bright Martin."

Bright did not answer. John Coreau was considered a mild, inoffensive man, one of the best of the market hunters, harsh only when he had a drink in him. There were not many of his kind left in the woods. Most of the hunters now were sportsmen from the cities.

With the sullen sunrise, their shots commenced. Bright listened with bitter resentment, the efficient snap of the high-power .32s, the vicious blast of .45-70s and, occasionally, the mean sting of the little .22-calibers.

Around Mr. Tarbell's stove they called the .22s "wonders." Bright reckoned that, no matter what, he would never shoot at deer with a .22.

He muffled his oar strokes and listened intently. But he could hear no shots from the direction of Mint Slang where his buck would be passing now. There was a warm promise in the silence, an assurance that all was not lost. The open season was one day longer than his punishment. He had one morning—if he could somehow get the Dexter. Deep down, he felt a faint hopeful something, almost an idea.

They took five rats. Coreau's farewell at the schoolhouse-road ford was kindly. But Bright had no ears for it. He hated the Canuck with all his heart.

MORD TATRO, hiding the quid which he was not supposed to chew when the kids were in the schoolhouse, left off sweeping Frosh B. He cocked a chinless head, like a robin listening for lawn worms, and gave consideration to what Bright Martin had asked him.

"Dunno," Mord croaked. "Like you say, the trustees 'low me ten dollars the month fer help. I s'ppose you could broom an' such after school an' Sat'days. I'd sure admire the time to get me after a deer. That was your strong argument, Bright, you cute un. Trouble is payin' in advance. I ain't got no expense money comin' till next Thursday."

"It would be all right," Bright said, fighting down his eagerness. "There'd still be one more day in the deer season."

"I might've knowed there was huntin' behind it," the janitor nodded. "I got a famous buck located myself, Bright."

"Where?" Bright was immediately worried.

"You know better'n to ask that," Mr. Tatro chuckled. "Broom her good, Bright, you want to be certain o' that money."

It made him late for chores. But by hurrying and wasting less time than usual playing with Catamount, he managed to reach the supper table in time.

He was dead tired and almost sick worrying about his buck, the memory of those surrounding shots in his brain. But he did not whimper. Grantha's punishment was hard but it was fair. In a way, taking your medicine when you were wrong was part of being a man, too. He avoided Grantha's eyes, not wanting to see the barrier which he knew must be there. He was glad only that his father was not at home. Somehow he could not have stood that.

"Good hunting," his father had written, "good hunting, Bright. There is a deer swale on Moosalamoo that I've saved for just us. When my job is finished, son, it will be a proud day. . . ."

Each night of the deer week, Bright lay sleepless in his bed trying to convince himself that no one would find his remote deer run, that the Dexter would wait for him until Mr. Tatro paid over the school-chore money. The janitor, though he hunted each afternoon, had not killed his buck yet.

John Coreau brought his rifle each morning now. It was an old Army model, shooting shells which were unobtainable since the war. John had had to load his own shells, and he did not think much of them.

Once, near the end of the trap line, the Canuck had suddenly tensed and signaled for Bright to stop rowing. They lay in the current, listening to the crashing in the willows. Whatever it was, it was big—big as a buck—and they were not far from the Mint Slang. Bright had almost screamed when John had slowly raised the rifle.

But it was not Bright's buck. It was a spikehorn.

John shot and missed. "Ol' ca'tridge Ah mak no good, him," he grinned wryly, "but Ah t'ink mo' buck near. Ah reckon Ah get me good gun sometim', wit de bullet Ah can buy."

One afternoon Bright hurried his school work and raced to the stand. He had to know. But he found no hunter's tracks leading into the swale. And in the soft snow carpet on the runway, pointed daintily toward the swamp, were the cloven hoofprints he knew so well.

His heart welled within him. On Friday he would be free; he would have the gun. He would come here on that last morning, lie prone behind the screen, aim carefully, quietly.

He took the catalogue page from the crate. It was crisp in his fingers, had weight and heft almost as if it were the gun itself. He reached for his belt knife and with it stuck the gun pictures to the log wall. Then he sat back, hands clasped over his knees, and just looked at the catalogue page. . . .

Bright worked hard all the next afternoon. There were windows to wash and ashes to haul. He could hardly wait for Mr. Tatro. But the janitor came at sundown, looking sour, his gun broken and cased.

"A feller from Middlebury got my buck," he growled, "not twenty rods from my stand. Here's your money, Bright. I should've stayed put here an' saved it."

Bright forgot to say his thanks. He took the ten dollars and ran to Tarbell's store. The hunters would be congregating, living the day again around the stove. He would march in, proud, trying not to whoop. With a gun like the Dexter, he would be a man. Men did not whoop. In two days, at gray dawn, the gun would do the whooping.

He laid the money on Mr. Tarbell's worn counter, annoyed at the Ripton man who haggled over the price of tin stovepipe.

"Here's the rest for the gun, Mr. Tarbell."

The storekeeper regarded Bright quizzically, muttering to himself.

"Land o' Betsy, boy," Mr. Tarbell said, sort of quietly, "you didn't show up last week. So—Bright, I sold that Dexter rifle."

"Don't ride me, Mr. Tarbell," Bright grinned. "Not about that."

"I swear I ain't, boy. Look in the winder."

Bright ran to the store front. The gun rack was bare. He did not go back into the store, not even when Mr. Tarbell called, wanting to explain. He couldn't, he just couldn't.

Grantha was waiting for him at home, his old eyes alight and excited. A letter lay on the table beside the rocker, and Grantha was smoking one of the cigars which Bright's father had given to him last Christmas.

"Guess what?" the old man cried.

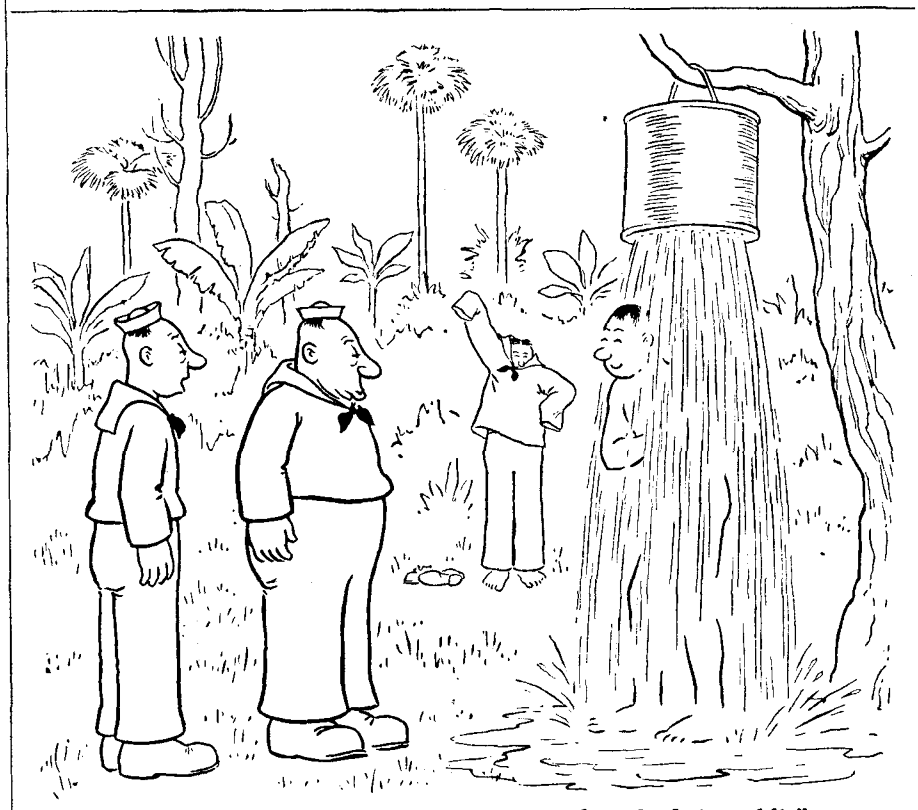
Bright did not even try to guess. Grantha gave him no time.

"Tomorrer," Grantha croaked jubilantly, "tomorrer, Bright, your dad's comin' home on leave. Bright, your dad, my boy . . . he's comin' home."

Bright did his chores. But he could never remember doing them. There was a point beyond which you could not suffer and have feeling, like the body-freezing that the old woodsmen described—a dull state of living in which motion was mechanical and there was no thought, no hope at all.

IT WAS not quite true dawn when John Coreau and Bright reached the end of the trap line the next morning. Seven rats lay in the boat, almost a ten-dollar catch. Coreau was pleased. His family could live for a whole week on ten dollars, and there were many weeks of cold winter ahead. He extinguished the pale lantern, and the forest blackness of Mint Slang seemed to

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



COLLIER'S "Alfred, I tell you, it's *not* indecent to take a bath in public"

"I'm all tuckered out—telling Motorists how to

Get up to 10% More Miles this Winter!"

Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

SEE YOUR MOBILGAS DEALER—
Change now to clean, tough Mobiloil Arctic—*Winterproof* your car—Saves Wear, Helps make your Car Last!

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

- Your gasoline savings *alone* make Mobilgas Dealers' Winterproof Service worthwhile!...
- With clean, free-flowing Mobiloil Arctic, the world's favorite winter oil, in your crankcase—plus an expert check-up of your battery, tires, spark plugs, oil filter, air cleaner—you may save as much as a cupful of gasoline on every cold start; *get up to 10% more miles from every precious ration coupon!*

SAVED!

As much as a Cupful of Gas on every Cold Start!

- In addition, Winterproof Service protects every vital part of your car against wear and repairs . . . radiator, gears, chassis . . . parts that are practically irreplaceable.
- *It's lots cheaper than repairs—lots better than walking!* If you want your car to last for the duration—*Winterproof now*—at the Sign of Friendly Service!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corporation of California

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast—10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

SAFE SURE PROTECTION
THERMO ROYAL
ANTI-FREEZE
Play safe! Get Thermo Royal Anti-Freeze into that precious car of yours, *right away*. Be sure of positive protection. Be free of worry with Thermo Royal.
Publicker Commercial Alcohol Co., Philadelphia.

move close and hover over the little boat.

"Skin de rats, Bright," John grunted. "Den Ah shoots dat venison fo' Gramp'. Ah been stalk, me. Is twenty-fi' dollaire, ho!"

"I—I left my knife somewhere."

"Dat nice leathaire-handly knife? Tak John's, boy. Today, Ah got de gun what no miss de buck, ho-ho!"

Bright commenced the dressing, working fast before the soft fat bodies froze. Coreau took another nip from his flask and poled the boat to the bank of the slang. Then he took his gun from the canvas case.

In the growing gray light, Bright could make out the gun which would not miss. It was the Dexter .32 special. He could never forget that worn spot and the scratches in the bluing. His hatred of the little Canuck flooded him again with blinding bitterness. The onion-smelling trapper personified everything that had come to defeat him, to cheat him of his gun and now of his buck. For Bright reckoned he knew where the shooting stand would be. They were on the edge of the swale. John Coreau was a good woodsman. Nothing ever escaped him.

THEY lay on spruce branches bedded on the soft new snow. Bright could just distinguish the familiar details of the stand, the old store crate and the catalogue page, fluttering against the bulkhead. A squirrel searched under the leaves; chickadees grubbed and chirped in the birch and bush hazel.

The Dexter lay cradled in the trapper's mittened left palm, covering the deer run. Bright prayed that the buck would not come. It was his; the kill was his. But no matter what, Bright knew that he would not let this man, whom he hated so, shoot his deer.

"This is my stand," Bright said.

Coreau corked his flask and breathed a sour breath. "A-r-r," he growled and wiped his mouth with a bunched mitten. "Ah t'ink no! You poach de rat. Ah t'ink you tell de lie too."

"You're the one that's poaching," Bright said stubbornly. "I found this runway and built this stand last summer."

"Tak de medicine lak de man. Don' be mad wit' me, boy. Is yo' Gramp' do this. Don't spoil mah shots. Is livin' fo' John, boy."

Bright kept sullenly still then. It was light enough to see the gun picture now. It hung above the trapper's woolen-sock hat, crushing against it as Coreau peered over the leveled gun. But the picture evoked no dreams, no anticipations now. The Dexter belonged to another. He would have to watch while another killed *his* game with *his* gun. But he had no intention of letting that happen.

He reached under the crate where the ground was not frozen. He scratched the cold earth and found a small stone. His mouth was grim and tight. John Coreau would not shoot his buck. Bright had only to toss the stone or to cry out. Deer scared for less than that.

A squirrel chattered madly and vanished.

"Shh! De buck, she come," whispered Coreau and swung the gun up the runway.

Bright could see his deer then. It was suddenly in the forest blending with it, its tail quivering, picking its way daintily toward the stand. The catalogue page fluttered into Coreau's vision. He batted it away. "Fou'teen points," Coreau chuckled jubilantly. "Ba gar! Mah fam'ly live good dis winter, yes, suh!"

The buck had paused, browsing at a black birch. It stood square before the muzzle of the gun. The catalogue page fluttered again. The trapper reached for it, making a small hiss of annoyance. Bright had only to toss the stone to really annoy. But, oddly, he could not throw it.

Something held him back. His brain was pounding with strange thoughts, with familiar words: "Take your medicine like a man." "Huntin', boy, is bein' fair an' hon'rable." Yes, that was it. That and something else. John Coreau was a market hunter. The buck was, to him, not a trophy, but food and clothing and security for a few more weeks of the long winter. Coreau, in a way, was poaching now. But Bright reckoned that his dad, or Grantha, wouldn't call it poaching. "You done him a hurt, Bright. You got to make it up to him."

Gently, then, Bright dropped the stone into the snow. He lay still beside John Coreau and closed his eyes. He did not want to see the kill. *Shoot, oh, shoot, John Coreau!* He felt very miserable. There was nothing pleasant in the whole world save perhaps remembering the good thing which he had just done. He braced himself for the shot which should have been his, which he had so desperately wanted to tell his father and Grantha about. He did not see John Coreau's eyes dart to the dropped stone or his bare trigger hand reach in annoyance for the knife which held the catalogue page to the bulkhead.

John Coreau was suddenly whispering imperatively in his ear. The Dexter was sliding suddenly into his grip, pressing against his shoulder as he had always dreamed it would.

"De knife she say you not lie, boy," Coreau whispered. "Ah t'ink dat buck yours, Bright Martin."

"No," Bright said. "No, John, your family. . . ."

"Coreau she poach never," the trapper grunted with fierce quick pride. "Shoot!"

Bright gave himself to the Dexter, became part of it. He lined the sights on the great buck. You did not shoot at vague movement or at sound. You waited, stilling your eagerness, picking your shot. He knew these things by instinct.

The buck tossed its antlers and sniffed the crisp forest air. Its tail flag was lifting. That strange strong death smell assailed it once again. Suddenly it bounded to the retreat.

Bright pressed the trigger. The Dexter whooped.

There was a brief thrashing on the floor of the forest; then quiet. The squirrel advanced cautiously again to its nut patch. Bright hefted the Dexter with lingering reverence, as if to impress its perfection upon himself forever. Silently he passed it to the trapper.

"Your buck," said John Coreau. "De perfect shot, dat."

But nothing had changed. The buck was John Coreau's. It settled a debt, sort of, a debt that a man would want to pay. Bright stood up. There was a footpath away from the forest beyond the swale. Oddly, he did not feel miserable or dejected as he strode away.

BRIGHT was deep in the swale brush, walking with a new pride, when John Coreau caught up with him. There was puzzlement on the trapper's face, a dawning light in his eyes.

"Ah buy de Dexter gun fo' Gramp' when de knee don't let him walk," John Coreau said. " 'Fo' man Ah know,' Gramp' say, 'de gun fo' man Ah know.' Ba gar!" Comprehension suddenly flooded Coreau's face. "Ba gar! Fo' *man* Ah know! Boy, Ah see you drop dat stone. Ba gar, Bright Martin, Ah reckon I got you' gun, suh!"

Bright let the Dexter cradle into his bent arm, thrilling to its perfect balance. He did not go back to the buck. The reward of the stalk was not always the kill.

John Coreau could sell it anywhere for twenty-five dollars. Grantha's buck would come from another place, a kind of a saved place on the other side of Moosalamoo, where two men would be hunting perhaps this very afternoon.

THE END

"Burlesque is Dead"

Continued from page 15

one, by Hollywood and Broadway. But burlesque was not prepared to see chorus lines siphoned away by war plants, straight men jump into uniform, and comics, like Hank Henry, become tough sergeants. Today chorus girls are virtually on a priority rating. They no longer travel, for the circuit, deferring to the Office of Defense Transportation, moves only the featured strippers, comics and other principals, but they are usually well costumed and earn $35 or more a week. Even so, you seldom see a complete line. Usually one or two are missing, and others are faking the steps because they're so new.

Down to the Bare Essentials

This brings us to the strip-tease, and, Mamma, you won't know the old homestead. The strippers don't strip as they once did. It is true that they take off the costume they appear in, but in most cities they end their acts wearing net pants and brassières. A few years ago this would have been regarded as fully clothed. The big change is that there is little teasing and not so many belly bumps or grinds. But the fishtail, a wiggling of the hips, has survived in full vigor. One operator explained it this way: "The strip-tease, as she was, had to go." It was a fad which caught on, lived a while, and then died out.

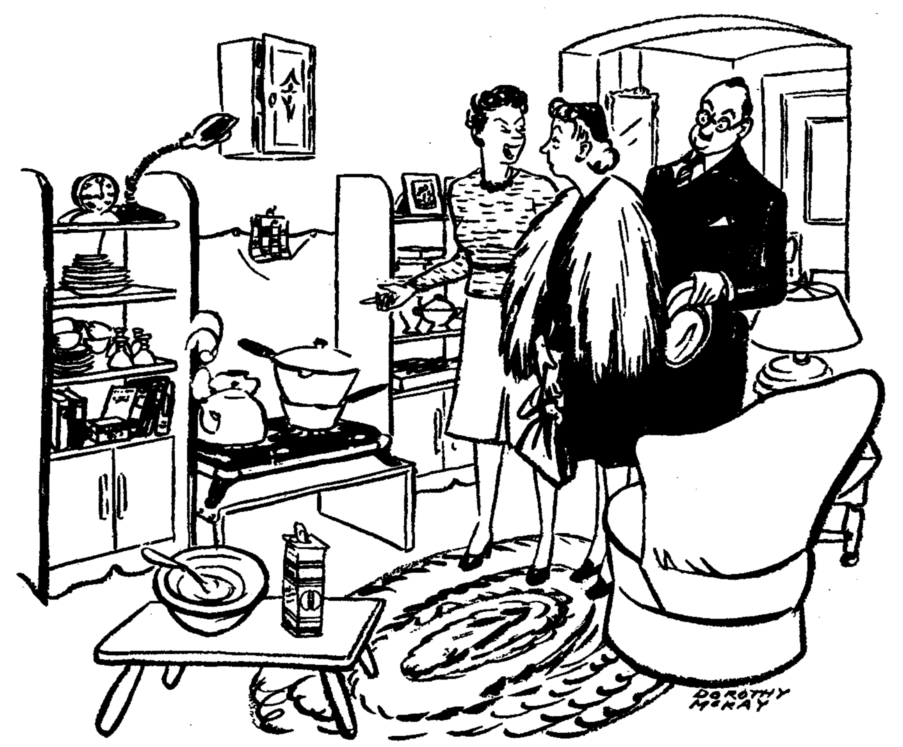
In our travels through the burlesque jungle we found that most of the strippers are a nice, intelligent bunch of girls. But they are also performers and very jealous of applause. They religiously watch the other girls work. If a girl gets what seems to be an extra handful of applause after a few bumps, the other girls will set out to belly-bump her out of the audience's mind, and the only thing that can stop it is a scream from the manager. At the same time we can report that the most disliked person in burlesque is the girl who persisted in working "hot" despite repeated warnings from other strippers, and whose didoes eventually resulted in the banning of burlesque in New York.

Where the old-fashioned strip-tease is going strongest is in the night clubs, especially those of the wartime honky-tonk type. Though there is only one circuit burlesque theater in Chicago, it is the center of the strip-tease industry. It may be a little hard to visualize it as an industry, but it is. There are probably more strip women working in the Chicago-Detroit area than in any other region of the country. Hundreds of wartime honky-tonks have sprung up to catch war workers' dollars in and around both cities. They feature "continuous entertainment," and this consists of a Pal Joey emcee who has more wind than wit and whose job it is to fill in long waits between strippers. Most clubs have at least a half-dozen strippers, and some have as high as nine. They all work "hot," which means as many bumps and grinds as a girl can slither into two choruses of A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody.

In the theater the toning down of the strip-tease has been accompanied by the addition of vaudeville acts to the bill, so that burlesque begins to resemble the shows of 25 years ago. The money that used to go to the name strippers now pays for dog acts, jugglers, magicians, tap dancers, acrobats and singers. This is part of a general policy on the part of most operators. They are trying to attract what they call "the family trade." Most of the jokes have been cleaned up enough so you could bring your cousin from Dubuque, Ia., if not your aunt, and there is lots of solid slapstick, with guys being hit on the head with bladders and doctors being worked on by patients. The number of strippers has been reduced to the point where there are seldom more than two on a bill and most of the acts would appeal to anyone capable of a belly laugh.

This broadening of the type of entertainment has brought women to burlesque theaters in droves. At night there are almost as many women as men in the audience at the Hudson in Union City. In Chicago the Rialto matinee audiences, particularly on Saturdays, are largely women, mostly because one of the city's largest department stores is across the street, and after the girls finish shopping, they take in the show. In Boston the Globe and the old Howard are heavily patronized by women and the same can be said for almost any burlesque theater. Seeing all these women in the audiences reminds us that when we asked Jean Bedini what killed the old burlesque show, he replied: "The short skirt."

THE END



COLLIER'S "This is the kitchenette—kitchenette-ette, really" DOROTHY MC KAY

Can your scalp pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?

1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!

2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS with Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Gives you well groomed hair without that slicked down look. Contains no alcohol. Made with soothing Lanolin*. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

Try it today!

NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

GROOMS THE HAIR . . . RELIEVES DRYNESS . . . REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

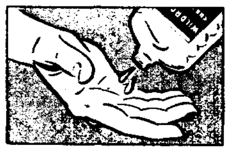
Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin* removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

*REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

contains LANOLIN ★
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
CONTAINS
Distributed by
WILDROOT CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N.Y.
CONTENTS 5 FL. OZS.
WILDROOT

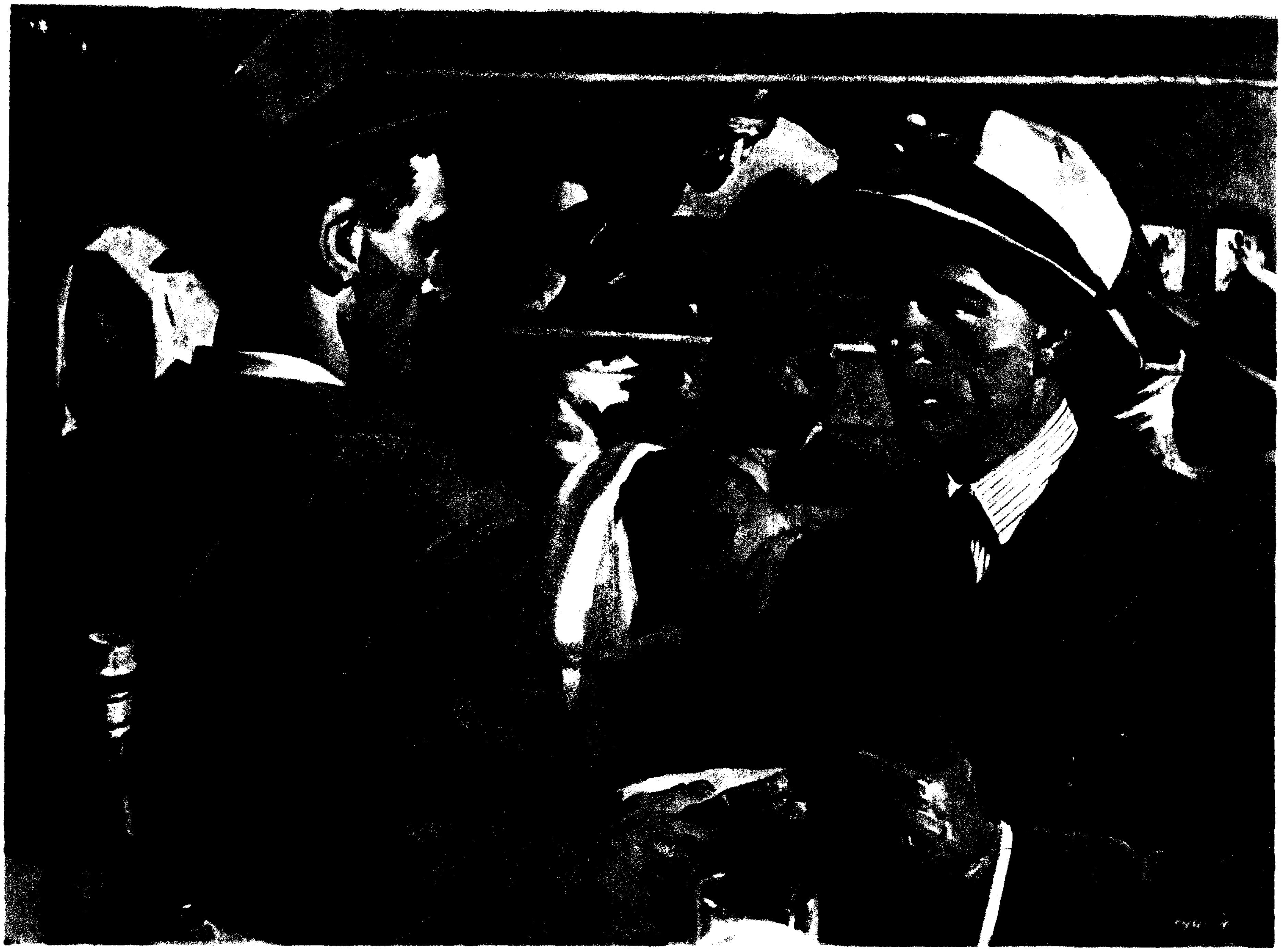
EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!



Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.

Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS



Jasper Feeney walked toward the lunch counter. "Lefty," he said, "bring your sandwich over here. I want to talk to you"

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN

BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Lefty was cute—but when he fought Romero in front of a home-town crowd he learned that he didn't know all the answers—even about himself

LEFTY RIGGS said, "You ask me why? Because I'm taking care of number one, that's why. I'm too old to fight Romero. I only fight bums, Jasper, and Romero's no bum."

He left Jasper Feeney standing there. He went over to the lunch counter in the corner of the gym and had a bologna sandwich and a glass of milk. He watched Romero in the training ring, working with the big gloves on, against the colored man. Romero had a Dempsey kind of hook and a body twenty-two years old. I want no part of him, thought Lefty to himself.

Jasper Feeney walked toward the lunch counter, his eyes set steadily on Lefty. "Lefty," he said, "bring your sandwich over here. I want to talk to you."

Lefty didn't like Jasper Feeney, but neither did anyone else, which made no difference in the little man's prosperity. His thin hand remained on Lefty's sleeve until they were safely aside. "All right," said Lefty, "what?"

"You can't afford to pass up ten grand with Romero."

"No? Well I can't afford to let that 125th Street Gaucho beat my brains out either. I'm not a boy."

"You've done business before," Jasper said slowly. He lit a cigarette while saying this. His eyes watched Lefty over the cupped hands that applied the match.

"When have I done business?"

"In Cleveland you done business," Jasper said. "You went off the board for Frankie Grimes. You got thirty gees for doin' it. Marty Shreever handled the dough."

Lefty didn't bother to deny this.

"You done the smart thing. This time you get ten grand an' everything's made comfortable for you. Ten grand is a lot of salami for a fight in a little ball park out of town."

"Out of what town?"

"Up in Bridgetown, Mass. They got a war plant an' some Polacks an' there'll be maybe a three-dollar top. Nobody's gettin' rich. Ten grand's a nice big piece of it."

"Say that town again."

"I said Bridgetown, Mass. You heard of it? You know somebody there?"

LEFTY'S stomach turned once, and then again. "I heard of it," he said, "but I don't know anybody there."

"You'll take it? You'll box my boy?"

"I'll let you know when I get around to it," Lefty said. He walked away. Jasper called after him, "Hey!" but Lefty kept on walking. He went out the door and down the steps from the gym. On the sidewalk he met Moe Brown. "Hello, Moe, where you goin'?"

"Upstairs—lean against a wall. Where else do I go these days?"

"Come with me, I'll buy you a drink."

Moe came along with him. Moe was a skinny man of undetermined years who handled fighters for his daily bread. His trouble was there weren't any fighters any more. "Just you an' Romero and them bums what can't write their names. Who else?"

"Jasper wants me to fight Romero."

"For how much?"

"Ten grand."

"It's not enough."

"You don't think I can beat Romero?"

"The way you are today? I don't think you could scratch his back with a ten-foot rake."

"The fight would be in Bridgetown, Mass."

"Where? That's on a river, isn't it?"

"It also happens to be where I was born. It's a town of a hundred thousand population, anyhow, and they've got the war plants going now."

"I thought you was from Boston, like Sharkey and Maloney."

"That's what I always said. Account of I didn't want to be an orphan. My name was Murphy, until I got to fightin' for a living. There was too many guys fightin' by that name."

"I don't get it," Moe said. "When your

Write Lockheed for free color reproduction of this illustration

Illustration from Walt Disney Production "Victory Through Airpower"

Victory through Airpower . . . Peace through Airpower

LOOK TO **Lockheed** FOR LEADERSHIP

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION · VEGA AIRCRAFT CORPORATION · BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

ENRICH
YOUR SOUP
THIS EASY WAY

Add a spoonful of Lea & Perrins Sauce! It gives a rich, full-bodied flavor to any kind of soup you serve . . . clear or creamed, homemade or canned. Try it!

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
The ORIGINAL Worcestershire!

Beware the Villain in TOILET FILM!

Unsanitary film collects constantly in toilet bowls. Toilet germs may lurk there. But don't worry. You can clean away both film and germs quickly and easily—without rubbing or scrubbing. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week. Removes stains, incrustations and a cause of toilet odors. No need for a cleanser *plus* a disinfectant when you use Sani-Flush for toilet sanitation.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

name is Murphy an' you're from Bridgetown, you're an orphan, but when your name is Riggs an' you're from Boston you're somebody else? It don't make sense. Why be ashamed? There's better orphans 'n you."

"Well, Moe—it's hard to say. It's like—well, look, I'm an orphan because the house burns down. As far as I can tell, that's how I lose my folks. So I'm an orphan. So they send me to a home for kids. Don't anybody give a damn? Don't I have an uncle or an aunt? I got nothin'! Then after the orphanage I get clapped into a reform school."

"Why?"

"Because I stole a car with some kids."

"What did you expect?"

"I don't know. I just feel I was a bum. I just like to skip the whole thing. I say I'm from Boston. It makes me feel better. You understand?"

"Yeah—because you're just not a bad guy, I suppose."

THEY stopped for their drink at a place called Rocko's Restaurant. But it was more than that. It was a great big place that served a ninety-cent lunch and in the evening had an orchestra and dancing with the three-dollar dinner and a girl named Doris, The Dreamboat Girl, who sang.

This was the middle of the afternoon and the tables were fixed for dinner and there was hardly anybody in the place except the waiters, who were sitting down, and the fellow who played the piano, and Doris, who was rehearsing some songs and trying to improve her voice, no little job. She stopped when she saw Lefty at the bar.

He could see her coming toward him. He got all warm when he saw her doing that. She couldn't sing, but she was beautiful.

"Hello, meatball," Doris said.

"Hello, yourself. Where's Rocko?"

"Somewhere around. What difference where he is?"

She ran her fingers along the lapel of his jacket. Moe Brown discreetly talked with the man behind the bar. Doris said to Lefty, "Why don't you come around more often?"

"I come to see Rocko; he's a pal of mine," Lefty said.

"You came to see me. You know I love it."

Lefty turned to Moe. "Let's get out of here," he said. He picked his change up from the bar. He said to the bartender, "Tell Rocko I was askin' for him." He went outside with Moe.

"Well, what was that all about?" Moe asked.

"The dame. She drives me crazy. I'm wild for that dame."

"She doesn't seem to mind."

"She's Rocko's girl and he's a pal of mine. She just—it's just she does weird things to me. I think sometimes the world is crazy, Moe. Everything is crooked. Everything is lousy. She's Rocko's girl an' she'd cheat on 'im for a dollar watch."

"There's some nice people left."

"Who for instance?"

"You for instance. For a bum, you've got noble instincts."

"Me? Don't make me laugh. I'm goin' to play dead for Romero."

"You really gonna dive?"

"Let's not put it that way," Lefty said. "Let's say I need the dough an' some other slob'd get it if I didn't."

"Five years ago you would've chased Romero back to South America."

"Five years ago I could've done a lot of things. That was before I dove for Frankie Grimes. You knew I went off the board for Frankie, didn't you?"

Moe nodded his head. "You could've been a big guy, Lefty. You could've been all right."

"Well, that's the way it goes. It's hard—it's very hard for a guy to make himself clean all over again. I mean—well, to be clean, you got to start at the beginnin', and it's kind of late to start when you're thirty-one years old."

LEFTY felt better on the train to Bridgetown. He sat looking at a girl named Mary Sarowski, who had been his friend for an hour. She was a good-looking girl in a two-piece summer dress and she was middling young and her smile was like the summer sun that came in through the windows of the coach. They had switched one of the seats around so that she sat across from him, with a box of things to eat set on her lap. Next to Lefty, sound asleep, was Lefty's other friend, Moe Brown. The train was rolling fast along the shore.

"I never even met a fighter before," said Mary, "no less a famous one."

"That's because you lived in Bridgetown all your life."

"There's nothing wrong with Bridgetown," Mary Sarowski said. "Never you mind, New York's not everything." Her eyes were large and soft and very honest, Lefty thought. "Will you have another sandwich?" Mary asked.

"I've already had five."

"There's plenty more. That's the way my aunt in the Bronx is every time. 'Don't eat in the dining car. It costs too much in the dining car.' Ideas from the old country, I suppose."

She gazed out the window. "Everyone at the plant is excited about the fight," she said. "We've never had a big one in Bridgetown."

"The plant? That's where you work?"

"That's where nearly everybody works."

"What plant is that?"

"Central Aircraft, of course. Don't tell me you never heard of Central Air. You'll tell me next you never heard of Bridgetown."

"I heard of it. Sort of passed through there once when I was a kid."

Their bodies rocked with the motion of the train. They sat and looked at each other and now and then they'd smile. The sun was warm and friendly through the glass. It was a friendly place to be. They talked of many things.

"I like Gary Cooper," Mary said.

"He's good all right."

"I like what's-his-name, and I like Clark Gable, too."

"You like the big strong type," he said.

Moe Brown opened an eye. "Shut up, the two of you," he said. "The big strong type! You make me think of heavyweights—them bums!"

But they were excellent friends in a little while and the train got to Bridgetown at half past five in the afternoon. There was a surprising crowd to greet them at the station. There was Harry Myers, the promoter of the fight, and there were the local press and a delegation from the Central Aircraft Corp. In addition, and highly puzzled by events, were Mary Sarowski's ma and pa to meet her at the train.

Harry Myers shook hands with Lefty and Moe. As the promoter, he was delighted to have one of the principals in town two weeks before the fight. "It's good for the build-up," Mr. Myers said, "and it's nice for the town. It was darned considerate of you boys."

"We just figured we'd like to look around an' see the town," Lefty said. "It's nice to have a change."

Moe inquired, "Is there a place for him to train?"

"A place to train? How do you like that? That's what the boys from Central Air are here to talk to you about. They figured it would be kind of nice if maybe Lefty did his boxin' every day at lunchtime at the plant. You know, like they sometimes have a band and vaudeville at the plants—for the next two weeks just give 'em Lefty and his sparrin' mates."

Moe said, "Why not? Okay with you?"

"It suits me fine," said Lefty. "Sure. Do anything to help the boys."

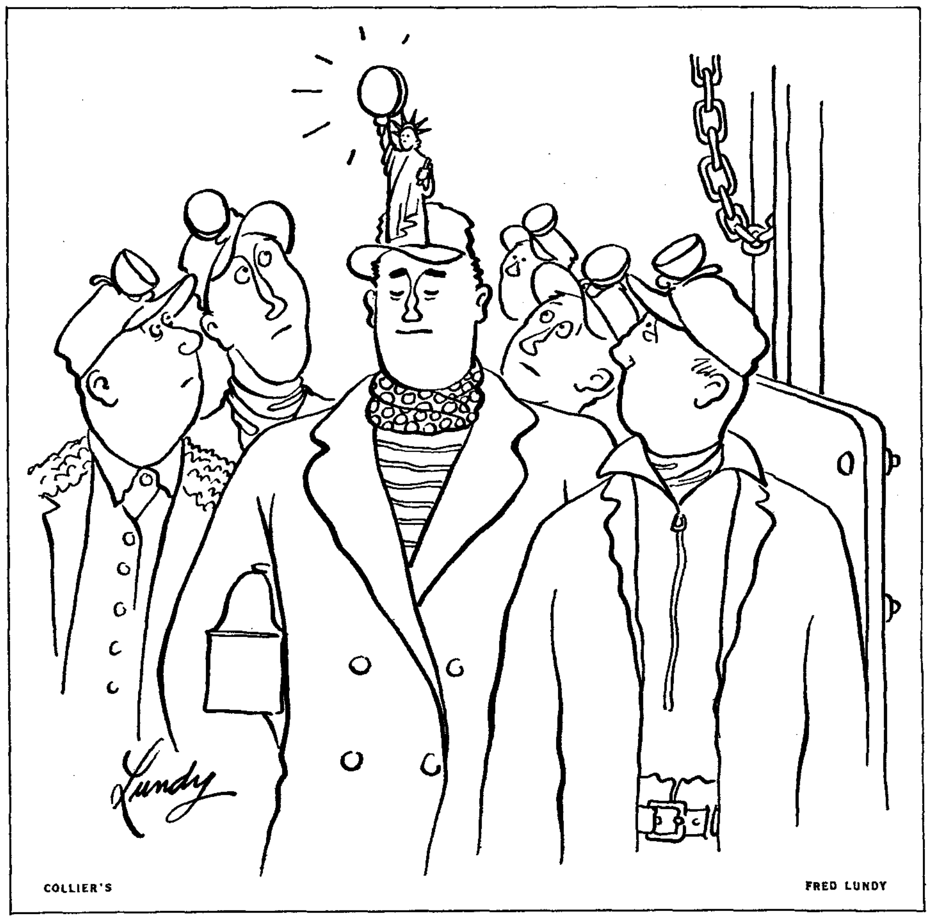
MARY, meanwhile, through no fault of her own, remained wedged between Lefty and Moe. She said timidly, "I'd better go."

"Go where?" Lefty asked.

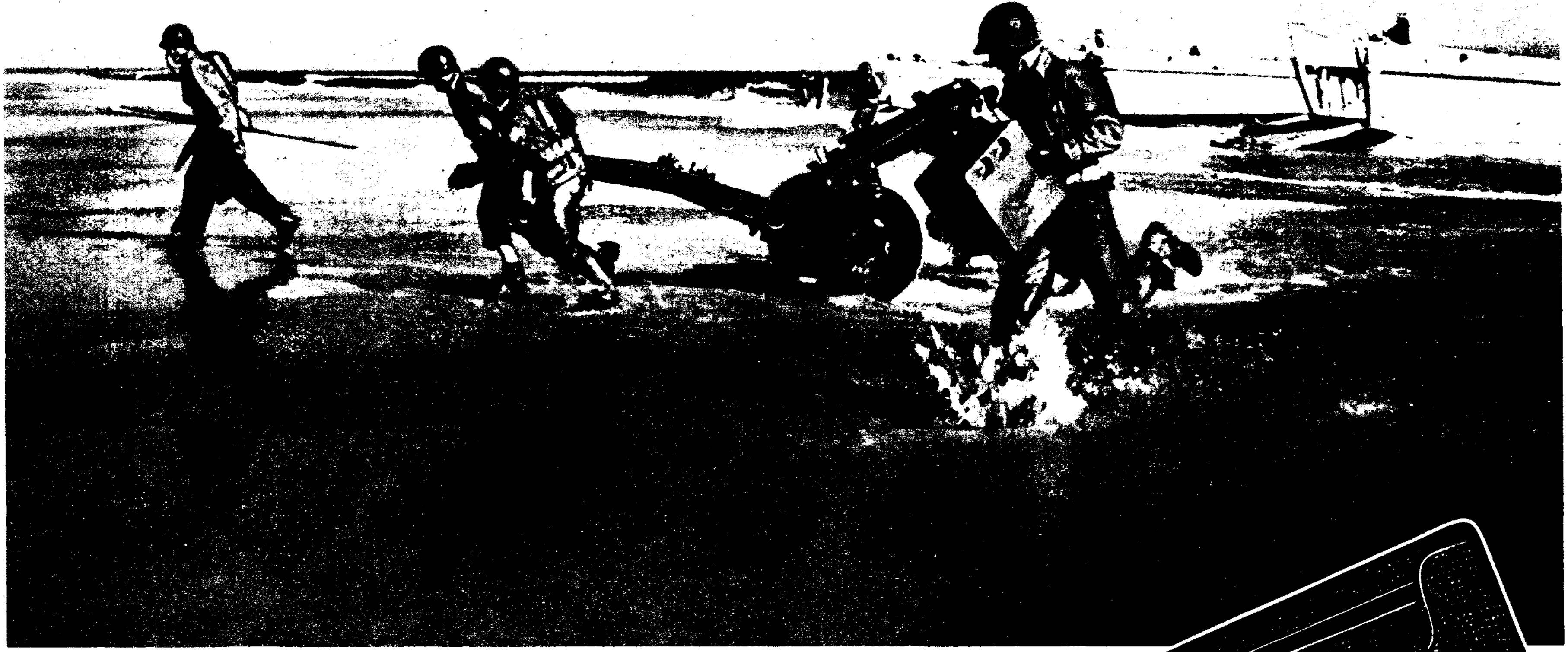
"Home. My mother and father are waiting for me. They're right over there. They must be wondering what it's all about."

Lefty moved through the crowd, acquiring Mr. and Mrs. Sarowski. He brought them back with him. They were sturdy, good-looking people. Mrs. Sarowski looked like Mary. Mr. Sarowski had a big mustache and was about the same size as a horse.

"We can take care of you fellows at



Wet and sweat—his STITCHLESS BUXTON can take it!



It's STITCHLESS—and guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself—or a new billfold FREE!

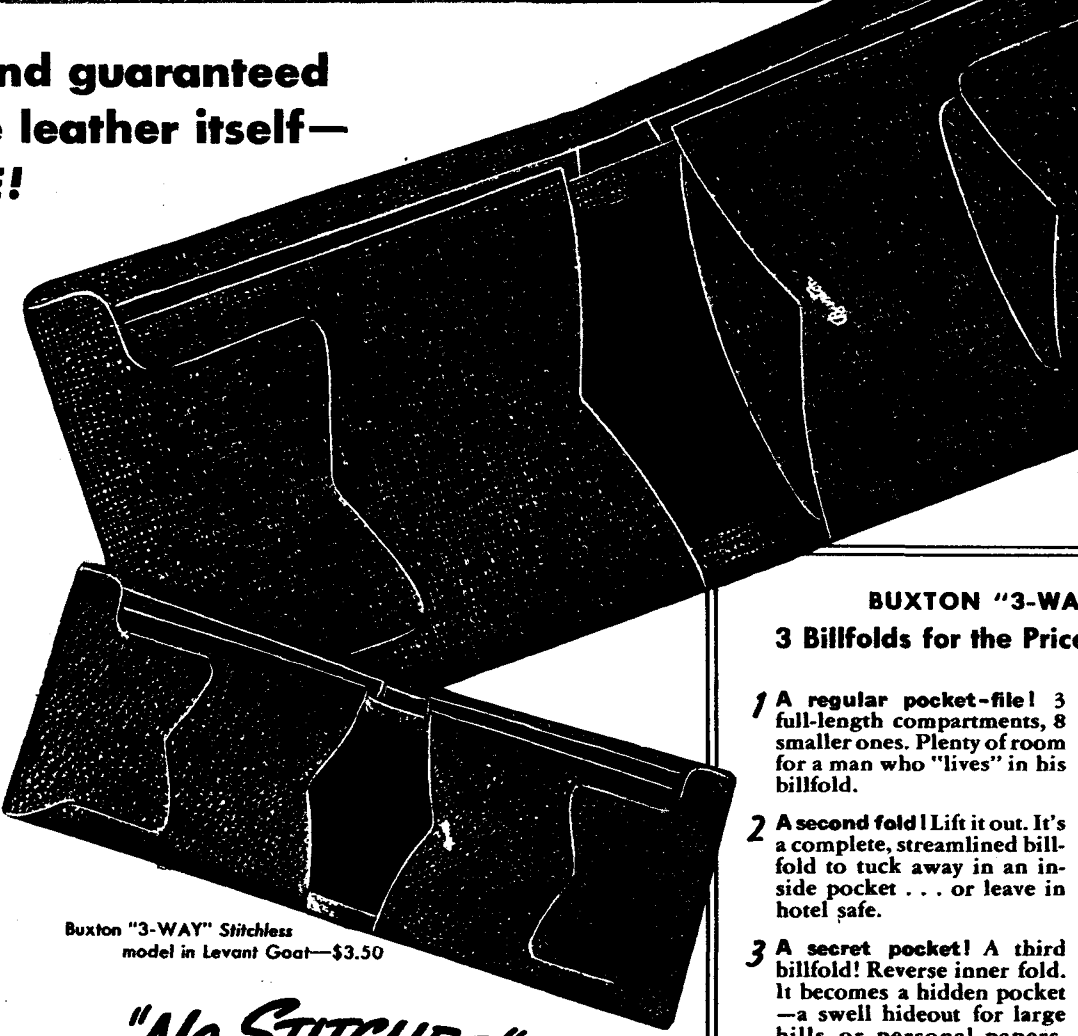
● Whether it's racing ashore from a landing barge . . . taking a drenching in a PT boat . . . or wading a tropic stream—that's the kind of punishment a service man's billfold has got to take.

Remember, a service man's billfold goes everywhere he goes and ought to be just as strongly built as the rest of his equipment. That means a billfold without *stitches to rot or rip.*

For a service man—*or any active man*—choose a *stitchless* Buxton billfold. Buxton's *patented* ONE-PIECE interlocking construction depends on neither stitches nor glue to hold together. A *stitchless* Buxton is guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself!

You'll find Buxtons on sale at better leather-goods counters. Buxton, Inc., 4352 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. V, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

If your dealer is sold out of Buxton Stitchless Billfolds don't blame him . . . they are the first choice of so many of his customers.



Stitchless Buxton "3-WAY" in India Goat—$5.00

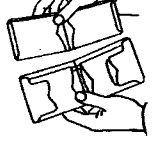
Buxton "3-WAY" *Stitchless* model in Levant Goat—$3.50

BUXTON "3-WAY"

3 Billfolds for the Price of ONE!

1 **A regular pocket-file!** 3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones. Plenty of room for a man who "lives" in his billfold.

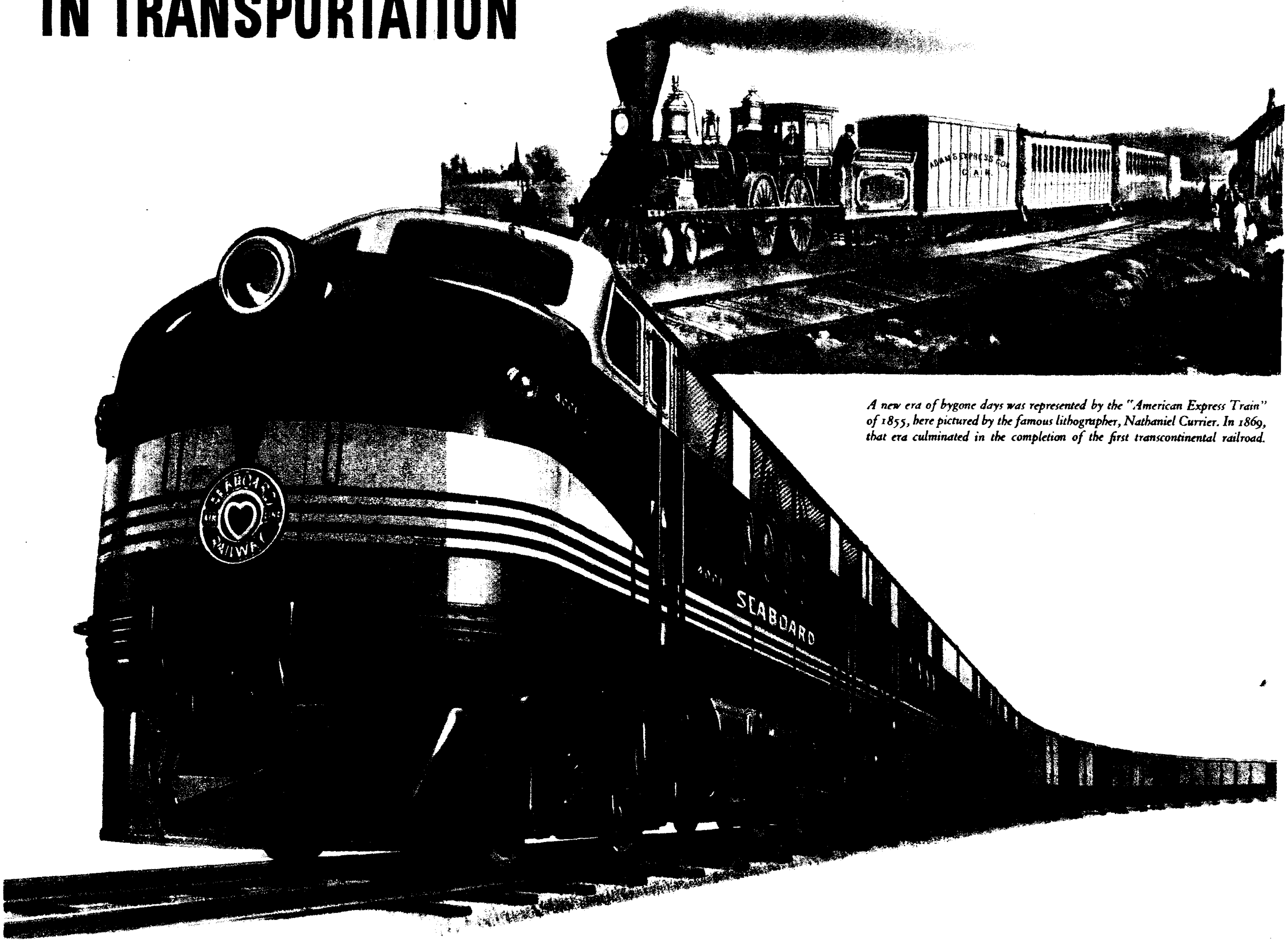
2 **A second fold!** Lift it out. It's a complete, streamlined billfold to tuck away in an inside pocket . . . or leave in hotel safe.



3 **A secret pocket!** A third billfold! Reverse inner fold. It becomes a hidden pocket—a swell hideout for large bills or personal papers, snapshots, etc.

BUXTON *"No Stitches"* (SELF-INTERLOCKED)

WRITING A NEW CHAPTER IN TRANSPORTATION



A new era of bygone days was represented by the "American Express Train" of 1855, here pictured by the famous lithographer, Nathaniel Currier. In 1869, that era culminated in the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

Railroads are facing their biggest test in moving today's record volume of freight. GM Diesel freight locomotives are helping the Seaboard to do its part in meeting this emergency.

THE war record of the railroads is a remarkable story of transportation. And potent new factors in writing this story are General Motors Diesel Locomotives. Tough, tireless freight Diesels are hauling war loads faster, and with rare economy of precious fuel. They are adding a new chapter to America's story of railroading, and demonstrating that today's achievements are the first great step in a new era of transportation.

★

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

Reconstruction and new construction are going to need plenty of this hard-hitting, easy-on-fuel power. With normal refinement and development speeded up by war, with production expanded, GM Diesels will be ready to serve in more fields and in more ways than ever.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVES..................... ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

ENGINES. . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio

ENGINES. . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.

the Dodge Hotel," Harry Myers remarked.

"Mary!" Mr. Sarowski's voice was no small affair. He spread his arms like the limbs of a tree. "Bring your friends home to the house for supper. I like to find out what kind of people you meet on a train."

Lefty looked at Mary. "It would be awfully nice if you came," she said. She pressed his arm. He thought how nice it was to be standing next to her. He said of course they'd go.

THEY were good to Lefty at the Central Aircraft Corp. The training ring was pitched in a large rectangular space that was bordered by the mammoth structures upon whose window sills and rooftops perched the lunching workers who did not sit in the temporary stands that were erected around the ring. Lefty, at half past twelve each afternoon, would climb into the ring and edify these faithful followers by punching several meatballs to and fro. These gentlemen were imports from New York, with the exception of a volunteer named Danny Daw, who not too many years before had been a first-rate heavyweight. Although Danny worked at the plant an average ten hours every day, he didn't seem to begrudge the time he allotted Lefty for the combing of his ears.

Lefty was very nice to watch. A practiced journeyman, he was, for five or six rounds, quite as able with his hands as any other man alive. He was an orthodox, stand-up fighter of the classic type, and many years before had tossed away the southpaw stance from which he got his name.

But five or six rounds of sheer fanciness, he knew, were not enough to stack against Romero, if you lived that long. He had seen Romero fight.

"Anyhow," Moe said, "these chumps at the plant believe in you."

"That's their fault, not mine. I only wanted to see the town. I didn't think I was gonna train here at the plant."

"They're bettin' their dough on you."

"Why me? There's two guys in this fight. They bet on me they oughta get their heads refitted in the shop."

"You're their boy. Romero's not their boy."

"Romero would be my boy," Lefty said. "If I had any dough to bet I know where it would go."

JASPER FEENEY came up from New York to see how things were going. "What's the idea comin' up to this place to train?" he wanted to know. "What's the matter with New York?"

"The boys seem to like it, don't they? It isn't goin' to hurt the gate."

"Don't let them cheers go to your head is all. These guys just want to be amused. Don't get ideas."

"Like what?"

"Like never mind. Just don't get cute."

"I was out to the ball park," Lefty said. "That's a nice plant, don't you think?"

"It's all right for a bush-league park."

"It'll hold twenty thousand people for the fight an' that's not bush-league any way you look at it. You an' Harry Myers should do all right."

"So what?"

"So I'd like to get paid in advance, so's I can do all right. I want those ten gees now. Tonight."

"You get paid when everything is over. When it's all wrapped up."

"Supposin' I say no."

"You can't run out of it now."

"Meantime," said Lefty, "you've got your pirates layin' dough all over town on Romero. Maybe I'd like to get my ten gees down."

"On who?"

"On who do you think—on me? What kind of a slob would I be then?"

"You're kind of sensible at that," said Jasper, reassured. "I thought for a minute maybe you was havin' notions from all those cheers seepin' through that perforated vegetable of yours."

"You can figure it out for yourself," Lefty said. "Just lemme have the dough."

Jasper and Harry Myers delivered the money at Lefty's hotel room. Lefty counted it, then put it safely away. "You're doin' the smart thing," Jasper said. "No reason why you shouldn't double your dough."

"Well, Jasper, you should know about the smart thing. Now suppose you blow—get out of here. Moe and I were havin' a game of dominoes."

Jasper and Harry Myers left. Lefty paced around the room. Moe said, "You don't look happy."

"Why should I be happy? Look at the kind of business I'm in. All those poor guys bettin' dough on me tomorrow night."

"This is a nice town, Lefty. There's nice people here. Just like today, at a diner, I had a chicken pie. It was full of chicken. What do you think of that? That's the kind of a town it is."

"It's funny, ain't it?" Lefty said. "This is the town where I was born." He reached into the inner pocket of his jacket. "You see? Look here, it's like I told you, the baptismal certificate . . . Francis Xavier Murphy . . . that was me . . . baptized May 26, 1912, the son of George and Grace Murphy, at St. Gabriel's Church of Bridgetown, Mass. . . . signed Matthew McGinnis, pastor. It's a small world, Moe. You think it's not?"

"It's too much for me," Moe said. "You're on the level now? You're out to win?"

"Yeah, I'm tellin' stories to myself. I'm havin' dreams. I can't stand the thought of Jasper cleanin' up all the dough the boys at the plant are gonna bet on me."

"You gonna bet those ten gees you just got?"

"I'm gonna bet it," Lefty said.

"I'm proud of you."

"Don't be a chump. Go bury your head. I'm goin' over to see Mary now."...

Lefty sat in a wicker rocker on the Sarowskis' front porch, with his long legs stretched before him and his heels hung on the railing. They could smell the lilacs in the yard and see a firefly every now and then and smell the old man's pipe like a pair of burning overalls.

Mary put her hand on Lefty's wrist. "It's half past nine," she said. "You'd better get plenty of sleep tonight. You'll need it."

"Maybe I'll get plenty of sleep tomorrow night if Romero connects with my chin."

"Ha!" said Mr. Sarowski. "Make a joke when I bet two weeks' pay. Ha! It's no joke." Mr. Sarowski got up from the steps. "Good luck, boy." He shook Lefty's hand, then went into the house.

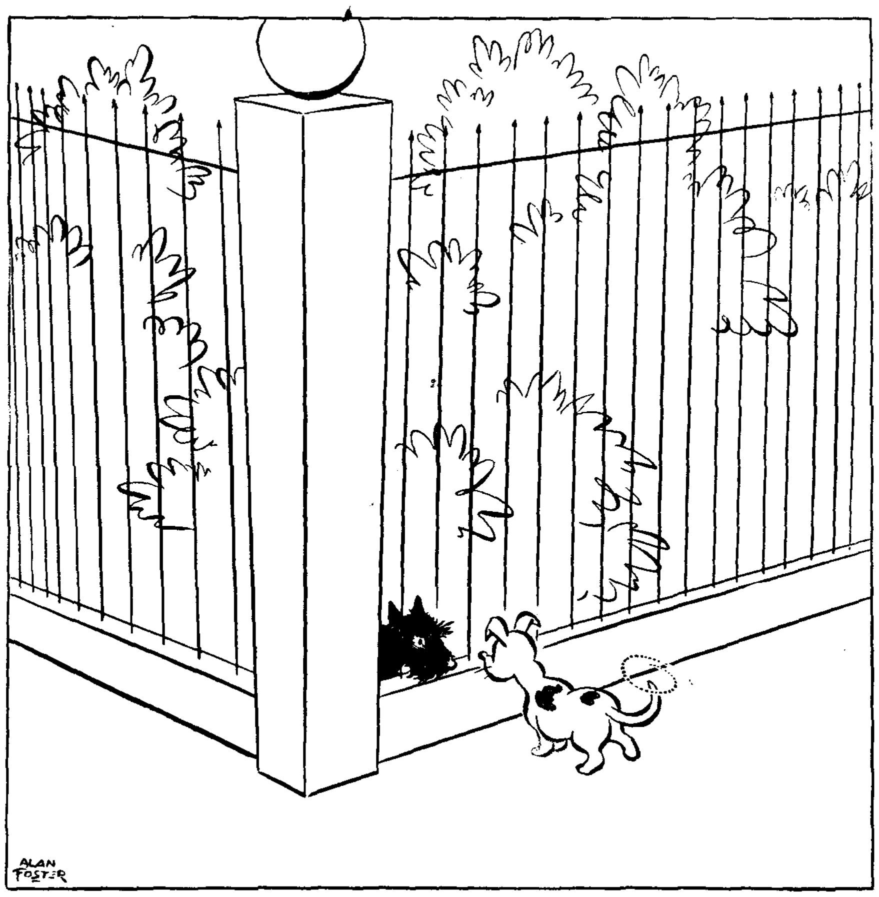
Mary walked down the steps with Lefty. "I'll say a prayer for you," she said.

"Well, thanks. That's somethin' new."

"It's something old, and better than you know."

"You've been awful nice, Mary."

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



"Sometimes all I want is a quiet corner, as far from politics as possible"

COLLIER'S

"Have I really? It's been easy then. Everybody likes you, Lefty. Good luck." She held his hand. She kissed him quickly on the side of his face.

Lefty glowed within himself. He laughed. "Nobody told you to do that, did they?"

"Nope. Nobody told me. It—just means good luck!" Then she hurried back into the house.

LEFTY walked around the town. It wasn't quite ten o'clock. He chewed some gum but wished he had a big cigar. He breathed in the night air and could not express to himself the things he felt. He asked someone, "Is that St. Gabriel's Church—the big high one?"

He walked around the church. It was dark and silent. But in the rectory there was a little light. He climbed the steps and lifted the knocker at the rectory door. In a little while he could see somebody coming to the door.

Monsignor Hagerdy was a good man and a merry one. "I've seen Romero fight," he said. "Perhaps you would like to see the undertaker in advance?"

"I don't think the guy will kill me," Lefty said.

"I don't think so, either," the monsignor said. "But what I can't understand is why you ever changed your name from Murphy. That's a grand old name."

"I know, Father. I was always sort of a zombie, though. There isn't much you can do with me. But what I thought—well, after all the things I told you—you won't tell anybody what I said?"

"What do you think, Lefty?"

"I should know better, shouldn't I? Well, thank you, Father. Just one thing more—I wonder could you tell me from the records where my folks lived at the time of the fire. That's somethin' I don't know."

"That shouldn't be very hard. The records are all available. Excuse me, please."

Lefty sat and twisted his hat and looked at the portraits of distinguished churchmen on the walls. He could hear the monsignor's footsteps in the hall. He bit his lips with anxiety. The monsignor came into the room.

"Well, Lefty—this is really better than we might have imagined. After the story you told me—"

"You mean the place where I was born?"

"The address. Your home—your parents' home, as you can see here, was at 321 Clove Avenue. That's at approximately Clove and Adams avenues, although the address is no longer there."

"It's not there now?"

"No, it was some time before I came to this parish, but I imagine the fire swept most of the district, and then that area was rebuilt. What they erected there was the Bridgetown Baseball Park—where you fight tomorrow night."

THEY called them out of their dressing rooms at ten o'clock. Romero went up first. Lefty could see the big man climb into the ring and dance around in his crimson bathrobe there.

Lefty walked in his fighting shoes across the thick green sod of the outfield. He wore a white robe and he kept tossing little punches as he went along.

Moe Brown and Danny Daw were with him. Moe had the gauze and the collodion and things, while Danny had the pails.

Lefty could hear the mob come alive and roar for him as he got close to the ring. He responded, raising his gloves in the air for them. Then he climbed into the ring and rubbed his soft shoes in the resin and he thought: I'm home.

Funny he had never felt that way before. Not ever in his journeying or in a hundred fights had the faces around a ring meant anything to him except the dollars in the till. The times that crowds had yelled to him, "Go home, ya bum!" it had seemed to him no more than slightly funny, so that in impudent response he'd put a gloved thumb to his nose for them or make a strange sound with his mouth. But should Bridgetown ever stand up on its feet and shout to him, "Go home, ya bum!" he did not believe he would be able to endure it.

Moe said, "You take it nice an' easy, boy. You stuff this turkey full of long left hand. You do the best you can."

Lefty nodded. But the best that I can do is only pretty good, he thought. It's not enough. I wish it was. But wishing isn't punches in the nose. Then the bell rang and Romero came at him.

The same Romero. Very strong. He dug that hook into Lefty's ribs. He clopped it home. The leather made a big noise on the flesh. It hurt. Then Lefty moved out of the clinch that followed. He divined the pattern of Romero's march. He punctured the sleek man's method of attack. He tantalized Romero with his left. He made him miss. He hit him with a nice

WORK . . .
PLAN . . .
SAVE . . .
FOR VICTORY

Jayson
SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
SPORTWEAR

F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • Makers of Excello Shirts

straight punch, but a punch that was launched from strategic retreat. Romero was a sponge for punches of that kind. He didn't blink an eye. He came anew. He poured it on, and Lefty thought: You can't be fancy with this bum. You either fight him or you run away. You can't win fights when you just run away.

So in the second round he said to Moe, "Here goes!" He went out fast and whipped a short left hand that caught Romero coming in. Romero's pants bounced off the boards. The crowd exploded from the seats. Lefty walked away and heard the referee say "One!" and "Two!"

Lefty looked at Jasper Feeney, who had his head between the first rope and the apron of the ring. He saw the ashen, stricken look on Jasper's face. It occurred to Lefty: This way is better, cleaner. Jasper's bum ain't hurt too much and Jasper knows the score. This is a reasonable notice of the kind of fight it's gonna be!

Romero got up at "Five!" Romero calmly looked around while the referee wiped resin from his gloves. Then his gesture to the referee was "Get away!" He came at Lefty very fast.

When Lefty hit the floor, he bounced. He got up at "Six!" It was not so easy getting up. He went into a clinch and held as fiercely as he could, and then the crowd was almost silent while he took his beating on the ropes. He clinched again and shook his head and Moe kept motioning to Lefty, "Easy now."

Romero bucked and surged for freedom from the clinches. In his impatience he brought his head up, butting Lefty severely. Lefty broke away and then ducked under Romero's desperate right-hand lead. He stamped a foot down on Romero's instep when they were close together, in fair reprisal for the butt. When they broke apart, he saw Romero limp, preoccupied with temporary pain. Lefty crowned him with a strong right hand in that convenient interval. Then they stuck their heads together and punched it out and Lefty gulped the night air and kept on punching with both hands, even after the other man had stopped.

THEY were in the fifth round. Lefty *thought: I'm gonna die. This is no* joke. Romero ripped him with the laces of his gloves. Lefty responded gladly with illegal tactics of his own, trusting his experience would serve him in this test of wretchedness. He didn't hate Romero, but Romero hated him. And since he didn't love Romero, he was anxious to survive.

They broke apart and the noise in the night was a solid thing that didn't diminish and couldn't increase. Lefty wiped the perspiration and the blood from his face. Romero stood there heaving behind his upraised hands. Lefty said, "Come on, you bum!" and Romero, who was a brave man, tried.

Lefty could keep his left hand extended no longer. The arm was too tired. It wouldn't stay up. He switched around into the southpaw stance of his youth and filled Romero's profile with his outstretched right. Romero couldn't understand such things. There are no southpaw heavyweights. No good ones, anyhow.

Lefty thought of himself as pretty cute. Lefty told himself: It's now or never, pal. He kept his left glove folded on his chest. He let its battery recharge. He fended with his right. Romero tried again. He leaned in with the attempted punch. Romero's weight was forward when Lefty pulled the trigger on his resuscitated left. He let it go. He felt the contact of Romero's chin with his glove, the shock that vibrated through his arm. He turned away. He heard Romero fall. He didn't bother to look back. He walked over to Moe and Danny Daw. He said, "Now whatta you think of that?"

LEFTY stayed in the shower for half an hour. He liked it so much he sat down on the tiled floor of the shower stall and let the water beat down on his head. Moe said, "Come out of there before you drown!"

Lefty said, "You better lift me out."

They lifted him out and stretched him on a table where they let him rest. "You're a pretty wise guy, eh?" Moe said. "You turn yourself around. That southpaw stuff is pretty smart."

"That was because I couldn't hold the arm up any more. I'm not so smart. There's better ways to make a livin'."

"How?"

"At the plant, with Central Air—those guys are my pals."

"You're all right, Lefty. You're nobody's chump. With the dough you win you can afford to retire."

"What dough who win?"

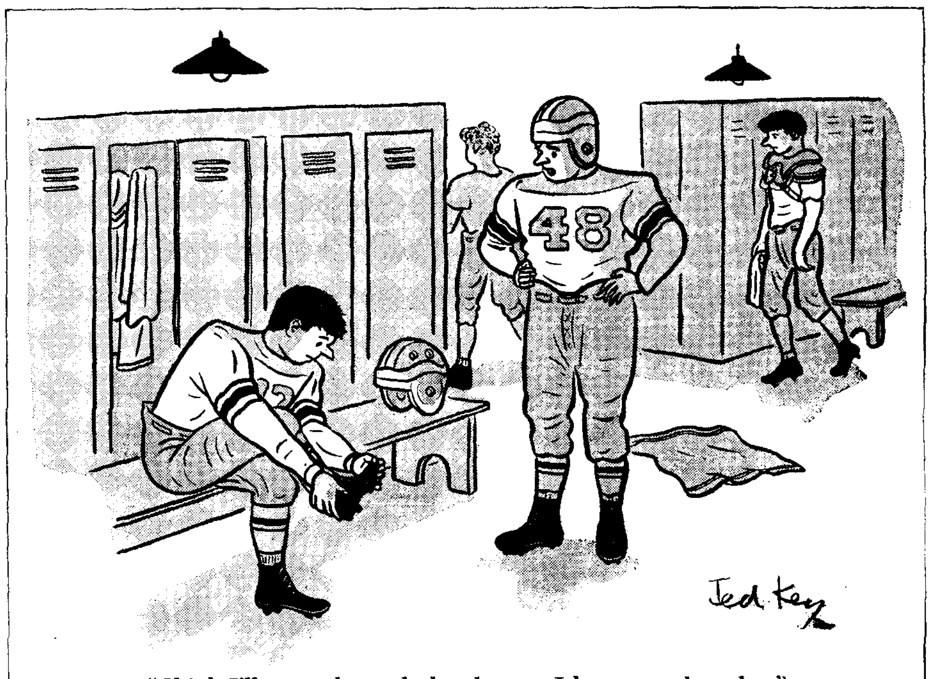
"The dough you bet."

"You think I bet it on myself? Look, Moe, I'm not that stupid. Money is money. I bet it on Romero. I wasn't gonna let Jasper collect all that easy dough himself."

"An' still you lay the bum out like a rug?"

"Because I'm an honest man. I'm right back where I started. I'm home. But I never let sentiment interfere with how I bet my dough."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Think I'll wear these clothes home. I have to take a bus" TED KEY

Hotel Berlin—1943

Continued from page 16

"Forgive me, too. You must know that I am of no earthly use before a performance. I'm sorry, Arnim. Do you want to come to the theater with me tonight?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes. Tonight. Merchant of Venice. It's a good performance. I must leave here at six, if you want to take me there."

"I'm afraid I have another appointment," the general said. "But maybe I could arrange it."

"Yes, do, please," said Lisa, who couldn't wait for the moment to break away from him and search for Martin. "*Auf Wiedersehen*, then."

THE general saluted, and she went into her room. He stood there another moment, stiff as a post, and then he turned on his heel and marched down the corridor, down the stairs to the second floor and into his room.

"Heil Hitler," somebody said, as he opened the door. The general adjusted his monocle, which the excitement of the scene in the corridor had dislodged, and examined the unexpected intruder.

"Ah, it's you, Helm," he said. "How did you get in? With your jimmy?"

Helm decided to ignore the insult. "I thought you would like to know a few things," he said, stretching his long legs and leaning back in the big chair.

The general remained standing. "For instance?"

"For instance, that you can save yourself the trouble of telephoning Tempelhof Airfield. We arrested your pilot. And don't bother about your orderly either. He was sent back to his regiment."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. Something else," Helm said and now he got up and stood close in front of Dahnwitz. "Listen well, Dahnwitz. We have been extremely pleasant so far. But we can be extremely unpleasant. Also, our patience is about exhausted. My chief expects me to report that your case is closed."

"You can report to your chief, on my word of honor, that the case will be closed before midnight."

"I'm here to make sure that you keep your word of honor."

The general drew himself straighter. "I suppose you and your chief do not know what a word of honor means."

"My chief and I don't believe in the word or the honor of a traitor."

This was more than two men and two enemies lashing out at each other. This was the latent distrust and contempt and hatred of one military body for the other, of the army which belonged to the country against the SS which was the personal tool and Pretorian guard of the Fuehrer. Here were the two rivals for power which would tumble Germany into civil war if the war were lost. Here was what always lurks at the bottom of the German character: The seed of fratricide, the raging darkness, the tragic urge to beat and strangle and kill one's own kin. . . .

"I will be generous," Helm said. "You expect to sign your will at four o'clock. At four-thirty, I will be back. That gives you two more hours. You know what you have to do if you don't want to be arrested. Heil Hitler."

General Arnim von Dahnwitz, strangely enough, spent the last two hours of his life trying to write a love letter. He took off his coat and, in his shirt sleeves, he went to work. He labored over it as he had labored as a little cadet over difficult equations; he sighed and moaned, he peered through his eyeglasses at the words he had written and tore up sheet after sheet, threw them in the wastepaper basket, paced up and down the room, kicked the furniture, sloshed cold water over his shaved head, drank the last of the cognac left in the bottle and settled down at the desk once more.

In this hour, it seemed all important for many things to be brought to Lisa's attention. That he loved her; how much he loved her. That he loved her not the way an officer and nobleman usually loved a pretty actress. That he loved her more than he had ever loved his wife, or any other woman. Also, it was necessary to explain to her that his suicide was not committed for cowardly but for honorable and compelling reasons.

"My love, when you receive this letter I will not be among the living." No, that was the way a lovesick governess might announce her end. "Dear child, conditions over which I have no command compel me." This sounded dry as sand.

"Dear Lisa, the hour has arrived when I must part from thee." No, this wouldn't do either. He threw a furtive glance at his wrist watch. Three twenty-one. Time was running out.

He tore another sheet from the pad of writing paper and wrote hastily: "This is to say goodby and thanks for everything and God bless you. Forgive me for leaving you to join my sons who went ahead of me. . . . Arnim von Dahnwitz."

As he put it in an envelope without reading it over, the telephone rang and announced a gentleman from Doehneke's office. He had him sent up, and there appeared a gray mouse of a man with shaky fingers, a rusty voice and a nervous drive to talk incessantly.

"It's going to rain," he said, clearing his throat and peering out the window. "Yes, it's going to rain. If it would only rain real hard—I mean all night long. If we could get a real, good, hard, long rain! If your excellency will kindly sign here—that's correct—and here—right—and initial every page. Thanks most obediently, your excellency. I understand it is your excellency's wish that we keep the document in our safe awaiting further developments. My deepest respect, your excellency. Yes, if it would rain tonight that would be a godsend."

IT WAS four-twenty as the clerk left. Now everything was in order. The general looked around and was pleased with the flawless condition in which he left the room. He wrote Lisa's name on the envelope and then took off his eyeglasses and dropped them in the wastepaper basket with the crumpled sheets. Now I don't need them any more, he thought.

There was a queer small relief in that thought and, from the eyeglasses, that relief spread out and took in more and more territory. No more eyeglasses and no more need for self-discipline and no more humiliating dealings with the *Piefkes*. From now on, the *Piefkes* would have to carry the responsibility for the mess on the Eastern Front.

Let them try to organize the retreat. Let them decide whether to throw in the last reserves on a gamble or whether to admit defeat and pull the troops back all the way. Let them go begging for an armistice when everything is lost. And when the civil war comes, let them fight it out among themselves. He, General Arnim von Dahnwitz was well out of it. It's really a bargain, he thought almost gaily, as he got up and took the receiver off the hook.

"The desk, please. Porter? Yes, will you send me a pageboy, immediately. He must be here at once. Thanks. And connect me with Baron von Stetten, at the Foreign Office."

"Sorry to disturb you again, Stetten,"

THE YEAR'S GREATEST EVENTS
IN ONE HOME MOVIE

Own CASTLE FILMS'
"NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR"

8 mm.
16 mm.

OWN ALL THIS IN ONE FILM!
★ Mac Arthur's Smashing Offensive!
★ Battle For Italy!
★ Hull in Moscow!
★ Bombs Blast Germany!
★ Russia's Might Astounds World!
★ French Scuttle Own Fleet!
★ Normandie Raised!
★ Battling The U-Boats!
(Subject to change)

DON'T DELAY! See Your PHOTO DEALER or Send the Handy Order Form below TODAY!

OWN the only complete and authentic home movie record of the entire year! Show on your own screen the blazing record of war on land, sea, and in the air! See famous battles! Historic meetings! Liberated peoples! Allied victories! Living history—filmed as it happened! A movie every projector owner will treasure! Own it! Give it to friends!

FREE! New DeLuxe Castle Films' Catalog describing 98 thrilling home movies! Historic war films! Sports! Thrills! Adventure! Travel! Fun cartoons! Profusely illustrated. A thrill in itself. Use it as your shopping guide this Christmas. Send coupon for it now!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK 20
FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO 3
RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO 4

ORDER FORM

8 mm.	
☐ 50 feet . . .	$1.75
☐ 180 feet . . .	5.50
16 mm.	
☐ 100 feet . . .	2.75
☐ 360 feet . . .	8.75
☐ Sound, 350 feet	17.50

Send Castle Films' "NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR" (1943) in the size and length indicated.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________

Remittance Enclosed ☐ Ship C. O. D. ☐
Copr. 1943 Castle Films, Inc.

Send Castle Films' FREE De Luxe Catalog ☐ C-11

Smartly STYLED for SERVICE

by Rumpp

The best way to remember and to be remembered — Give a Rumpp Leathergift.

WALLETS—Designed to end "handbag clutter"—with pockets for cards, identification, bills and a handy change pocket.

WRITING CASE—"Desk space" for stationery, correspondence and a blottered flap for easy writing—all in one case. It's light as a feather and compact as a ship's galley, too.

"The Sterling of Leatherware"

Rumpp Leathergifts are sold at all leading stores. Look for the Rumpp name. If you cannot find the Rumpp leathergift of your selection remember Rumpp is busy with war work too.

Rumpp

GIFTS OF LEATHER

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, PHILA., PA. Since 1850

America's Work Front UNIFORM!

Carhartt OVERALLS

● Carhartt's famous *Master Cloth* work clothes meet war time needs with the same high quality and comfort fit that have spelled extra value for America's workers for over half a century. There's victory, too, in every Carhartt work front uniform—victory over wear and waste! You can always work in extra comfort when you work in Carhartt's. They're built roomier and really fit—backed by three generations of the Carhartt family . . . a family that has stood squarely behind American labor for over 50 years.

HAMILTON CARHARTT OVERALL CO.

Detroit, Mich. Carhartt Park, Ky.
Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Texas

On sale at your local dealers

Carhartt

UNION MADE WORK CLOTHES

50 Years a Friend to Organized Labor

he said. "Oh, you're in a conference. Would you do me one more favor? Yes, one more favor. I can't take Lisa to the theater tonight—for obvious reasons. Will you substitute for me? You understand—take her to the theater. Get her out of the hotel. Get her out of the way in case there should be any excitement. You have known some young actresses in your time, too, haven't you? Never excite them before a performance. Oh, yes. Quite well, thanks. I rely on you. You will take care of Lisa as well as I would myself. Yes? Thanks. Goodby."

He put down the receiver, looked at the clock. Six more minutes—and there was the pageboy knocking at the door.

"Here are thirty marks," the general said. "You take this letter, order one dozen red roses from the florist, and put both in Fräulein Dorn's room. But don't put them there until she has left for the theater. You understand? Under no circumstances do I want her to get them before she returns from the theater tonight. Repeat your orders."

Number 6 murmured that he understood perfectly. "One dozen red roses and this letter to be taken to 69 after Fräulein Dorn has left for the theater. Very good, your excellency."

"You can keep the rest of the money for yourself. *Abtreten!"* said the general, and Number 6 turned smartly on his heel and marched off. Five more minutes!

There was nothing left to do now, no more excuse for delay or postponement. The general put on the tunic of his dress uniform and stretched himself on his bed, as if he were already lying in state. He closed his eyes and put the muzzle of the Luger to his right temple. Then it was as if time had lost its validity, and the next minutes were as long as life and eternity.

There was first a raging hatred for those who forced him to die this way; and then an unspeakable nostalgia for the rapture of battle. Oh, to die in the heat of it! Oh, to die in the frenzy of the attack, amid the burst of shells, to die like a Dahnwitz!

Then there came blind animal fear, the fear and horror of the body, and during that minute, the general was naked before himself and sorry for himself and ashamed of himself and entirely without power over himself. And then, with his finger on the trigger, he was not dying one time but a million times and a million times, dying into a sucking, unbearable emptiness; then the last minute was gone on his wrist watch.

The two SS guards in front of Number 26 heard the muffled shot and looked at each other. One of them, a very young boy, appeared frightened, but the other gave him a shrug and a reassuring grin. They remained standing on guard before the door, as they had been ordered to do. In the room, the general had stretched a little and seemed a bit taller than he had a few minutes ago. He lay there, very correct and arrogant, the two highest decorations the country had to offer glittering on the collar of his dress tunic.

LISA opened the door to her room and closed it quickly behind her and then she stood staring as though at a mirage. There was Martin, and he was alive and he was real, and he seemed gay and he was just buttoning up the coat of a fantastic blue uniform. In front of him stood pageboy number 6, polishing a black leather belt with his sleeve.

"At last!" Martin said. "I thought you would never come."

"What's this?" Lisa asked, suddenly very weak.

"This is Adolf. He's a friend. He fed me his own sandwich and got me this uniform. Nichols thinks I might be able to get away in a uniform, and he's right."

"Who thinks what?"

"Nichols. Geoffrey Nichols, the English writer. He's another friend."

"The hotel seems to be full of friends all of a sudden," Lisa said, overcome by amazement and a queer jealousy.

"Yeah. And full of Gestapo, too," Adolf said. He looked guilty as Martin took the belt from him, put it around his waist, examined the effect in the mirror, shook his head and took the belt off again.

"I can't help it," Adolf said. "It's the best I could get. Herr Schmidt is in a fierce mood today." He walked around Martin critically and pulled the uniform straight on him, but the effect was still dubious.

"How does it look to you?" Martin asked Lisa.

"You remind me of Captain Donescu, the Rumanian military attaché we had here last year. And that's not much of a compliment."

"It's the best I could do," Adolf said again. "It's lucky I found this one in the locker room. It's your size too, isn't it, Richter?"

"It fits fine," Martin said, patting the boy's head. He felt strong. "It was the doorman's uniform when the Hotel Berlin still had a doorman," he told Lisa.

"Exactly. I used to tell Donescu that he and our doorman were doubles. George was his name. I remember him well. He joined the army and got—"

"What?"

"Nothing," Lisa said, clouding over. "Come, take it off. We must be serious. You didn't really think that you could walk out of the hotel in that masquerade?"

"I've seen worse uniforms walk in and out of the lobby," Adolf said pompously. "And no one paid any attention."

"I'll have to take the chance," Martin said. "I can't hide here much longer. I must get away, and this is as good as anything I can think of."

"But in this uniform! It's a farce!"

"I know. But Nichols is right. This is no time to be timid. Only the most outrageous audacity will get me out of this trap. You know, like a fox, biting his own leg off to get away."

His merriment made Lisa sad. "I don't think I can stand much more of this," she said plaintively. "All during rehearsal this morning, I did nothing but think of you. And when I came home and couldn't find you—and that awful lunch with the general! Where were you hiding all that time?"

"In various places—none of them very comfortable," Martin said; he was still stiff and sore from crouching precariously on one of the steel beams in the elevator shaft, with the darkness stretching away beneath him without end. His eyes were still not used to the daylight after more than two hours in the shaft.

"And now that you are here and everything could be fine for a few hours, you want to experiment with this awful costume. Don't you know it's dangerous?"

Martin's smile deepened as he said: "Don't you know that everything is a little dangerous from now on? I might stay here for another night, and there might be an air raid, and a bomb might hit us both. Or you might just go on living like a blind mouse as you did before and, when the day of revenge comes, you'd be thrown in with your friends of the Party and that would be much more dangerous than letting me walk out in a doorman's uniform. I warned you that it will be dangerous to associate with me, for a little while, at least, and you said you didn't care."

"I'm not afraid for myself," Lisa said.

"Well then, will you be a good soldier and let me try to bluff my way out?"

LISA contemplated him thoughtfully and yet absent-mindedly. "You look impossible," she said. "You look exactly like the students who are sometimes allowed to work as extras in mass scenes. You need a lot of coaching. All right! All right—I will coach you. I'll give you a lesson in dramatic art and deportment. I'll show you how Captain Donescu walked and talked and bowed and scraped, everything. Wait! Didn't you say you were in some Rumanian hospital? Do you know a few words of Rumanian?"

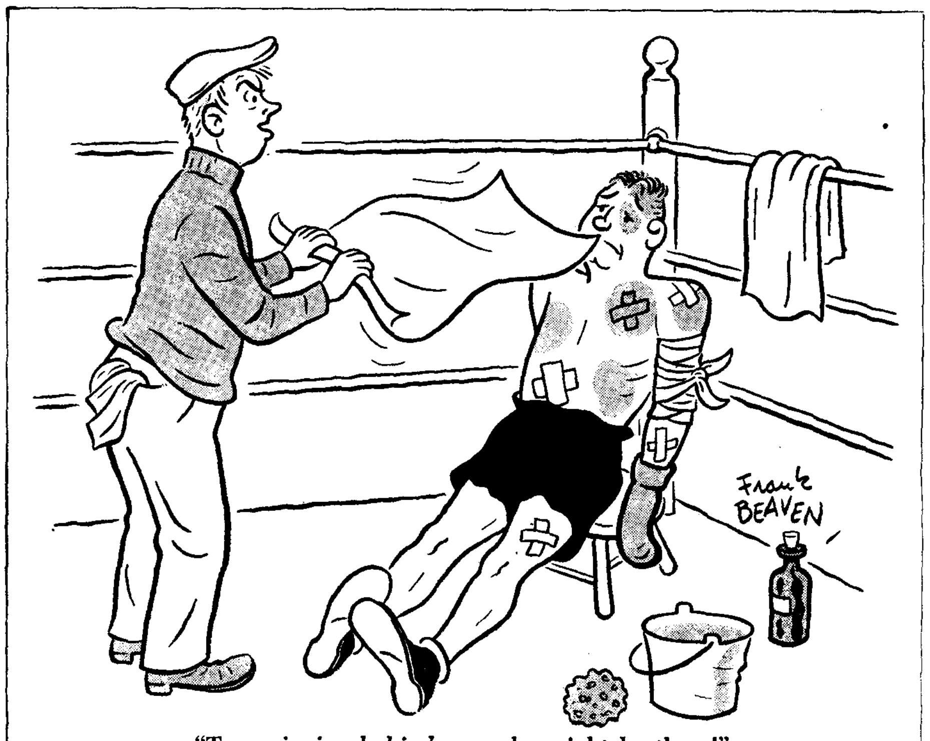
"Buna seara, sunteti bine?" said Martin. *"Sunt incantant ca v'am intalnit."*

"Good, good," she cried enthusiastically, while Adolf danced with delight. "Maybe it will work. You must have some talent, I'm sure. You must be able to act for five minutes as all these idiots on the stage act all their lives. Let's practice for half an hour, and I'll turn you into a perfect captain of the Rumanian Guard."

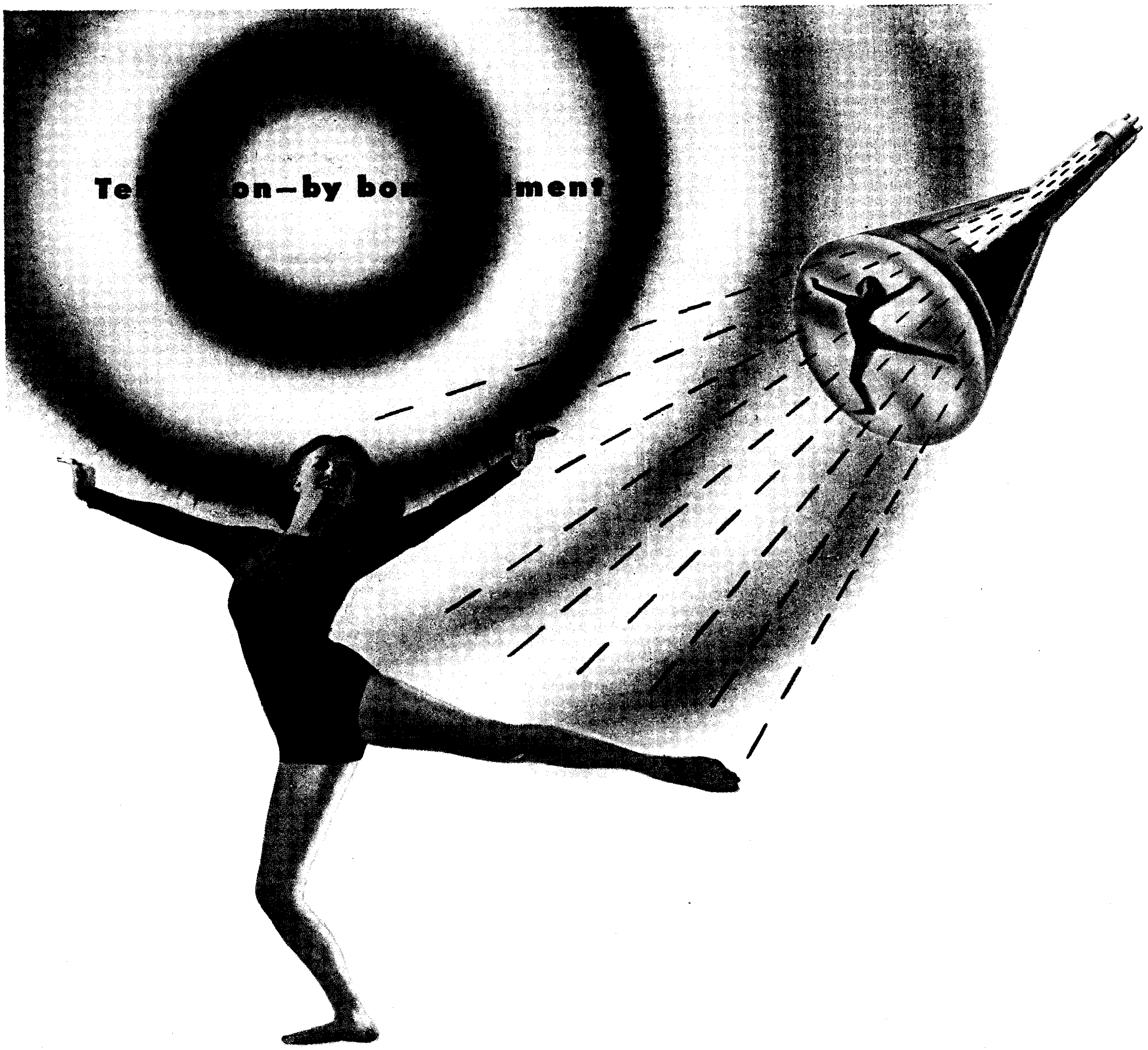
"That's it, that's it! Listen to her! She knows the tricks," Adolf said, chewing his nails with excitement.

"And then," Lisa said, husbanding her breath as she did on the stage when it came to the most important passage—"and then we'll simply go downstairs and walk through the lobby and past every spy and guard and Gestapo man and out through the revolving door. And not a soul will think anything else but that I'm having a flirtation with one of those slick, smooth Balkanese."

Adolf stopped chewing and began to



COLLIER'S "Try swinging behind you—he might be there!" FRANK BEAVEN



Television pictures are "painted" by a bombardment. Minute parts of atoms — called *electrons* — are the bullets and shells. Shot in a stream from an *electron gun* in the television receiving set, they are aimed with incredible accuracy to reproduce clearly the scene that a television camera is "taking" miles away.

In addition to television, this electronic bombardment has given us amazing X-ray and other medical aids, the marvelous electron microscope, fluorescent lighting and a host of other inventions. It can make one element out of another; even create new plant forms. Already it is bringing great changes to our world . . . infinitely enriching our lives.

Television's great promise to us all — in industry, education and commerce, and in the home — awaits peace, for war holds a priority on electronics.

The vast plants and laboratories of Farnsworth, where modern electronic television was pioneered a short 17 years ago, today are entirely devoted to production of military electronic devices. Farnsworth men and women, who learned their special skills in precision work on the superb Capehart Phonograph-Radio, are putting together many sensitive weapons of Victory.

This war work is teaching us how to make better peacetime products. Finer Phonograph-Radios will come after the war from Farnsworth. Then television equipment for telecasting studios, and for scores of industrial and commercial applications . . . and finally, Farnsworth television receiving sets to let you *see* as well as hear, *in your own home,* sports and entertainment, historical and news events *while they are taking place.*

Meanwhile . . . every War Bond you buy helps bring the day of Victory and peace that much closer.

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana. Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

ARMY NAVY

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

PRODUCT OF

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON

AUTO-LITE

means

AUTO LIFE

Make Sure You Have Battery Power For Another War-Time Winter

Battery efficiency decreases when the temperature drops. That's when added battery power is needed to crank cold, hard-to-spin motors. *It's important to have your battery checked now and to keep it properly charged and serviced to get quick, sure starts.*

Your battery is just one of the many units of the electrical system needing careful checking for trouble-free winter driving. Be sure the electrical energy that brings your car to life flows freely from generator to battery to spark plug. Have every unit inspected and adjusted, if needed, by one of the thousands of registered Auto-Lite service stations, your car dealer or service man.

Right now, in the middle of another wartime winter, it's more important than ever to care for your car for your country.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
SARNIA, ONTARIO • TOLEDO, 1, OHIO

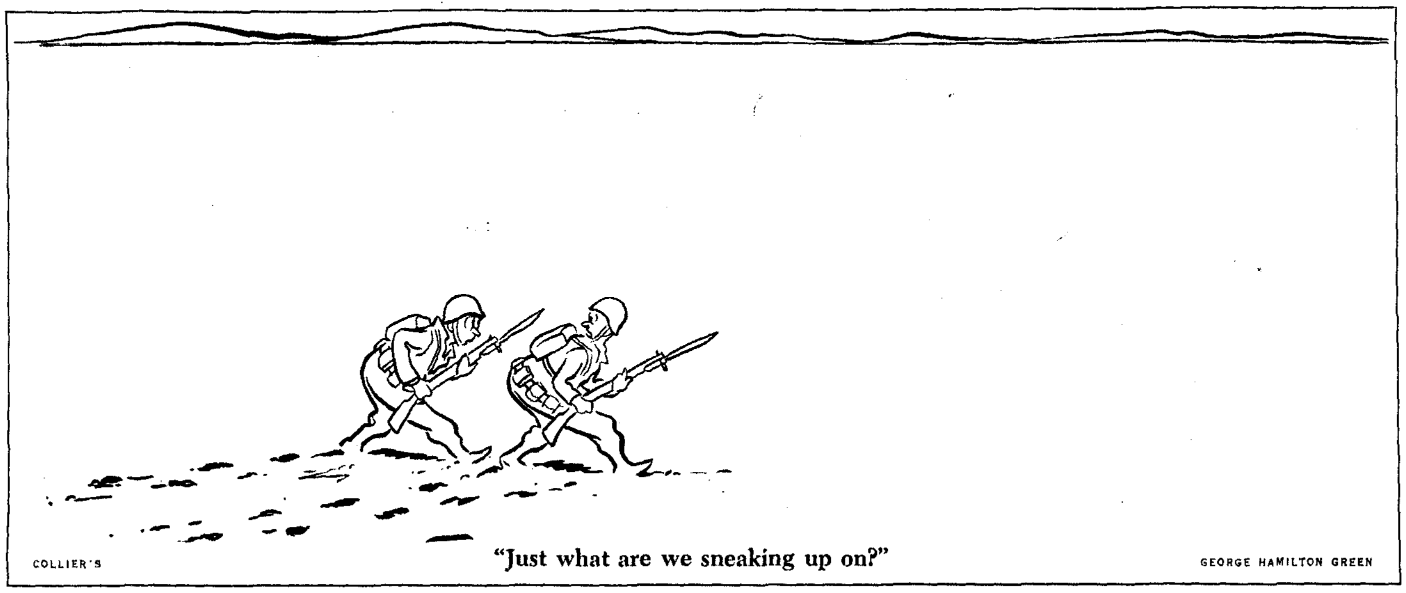
To keep your battery in peak condition do these things: test frequently, have water added if liquid level is low, re-charge when necessary. Keep hold-down bolts tight and connections clean.

These are the Vital Units of your car's ***LIFE-LINE***

BATTERIES
SPARK PLUGS
STARTING – LIGHTING
and
IGNITION SYSTEMS
WIRE and CABLE

BUY WAR BONDS

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING A LONG LIST OF ITEMS FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR



COLLIER'S

"Just what are we sneaking up on?"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

comb his hair wildly with his fingers; the muscles in Martin's face worked, and the two clefts appeared in his cheeks.

"That's nonsense. You know I wouldn't let you take that risk," he said curtly. "Walk out with me! Be seen with me! What a fool you are. You must be crazy. This is not a comedy. We are not acting for fun."

"You mustn't be rude to me, Martin. You mustn't hurt me, because I'm going downstairs with you whatever you say. I'm very stubborn and you won't shake me off. Now your cause has become my cause. You've become my—oh, I don't know how to say it. Just that I would die if I let you go away by yourself and they caught you. Don't you see that you must help me to make up for a lot? Is your skull so thick you don't understand at all what's the matter with me? Don't you know why I must stand by your side when things get dangerous?"

Martin stared at her, blinking, as if what he saw were a white-hot flow of glowing steel. "Oh, you," he said under his breath, "you blind mouse, you little fool, you—you—"

Adolf, whom they had both forgotten completely, had an attack of tact. "Well, I must shove off now," he muttered. "Or Herr Schmidt will get me by the shirt-tail."

MARTIN took his eyes off Lisa with an effort and turned to his young friend. "Yes, Adolf," he said gently. "There are a few things I want to say to you before you go. Listen to me and remember every word. You are a bit young for the game you're in; that's why you're still playing cops and robbers. But there is more to it than just the fun of cheating the police and playing tricks on the Gestapo. You know that, don't you? But have you ever thought why people risk their lives just to listen to a radio or to hand out pamphlets or to fight for the right to read the books they want to read? Did Gaston ever talk seriously to you about it?

"Whatever happens, you must promise me to start thinking and reading and asking questions. Now listen to me, Adolf. At the front, when you're in an advanced position and the commander falls, the next in rank takes over. When we were dug in in a cellar in Stalingrad, our lieutenant fell, and the sergeant took over. The sergeant fell, and the older of the two corporals took over. When he fell, I took over. This that I am saying to you now is as solemn as though I pinned a stripe on you. If I fall, you must take over and carry on and do everything I would have done. I guess the man you call the professor will know how to teach you and where to use you and how to put you in touch with our comrades.

"And listen, Adolf: If I should have bad luck, don't let it frighten you and don't give up the fight. The statistics are in our favor. For every one of us who is lost, there are a few hundreds who remain. Now give me your hand and promise me this. Say: I promise to carry on and not get frightened if anything happens to Martin Richter and to fight for everything he would have fought for. Say it!"

Adolf swallowed hard and then he repeated it. Martin held his hand for a moment and then he pressed it once and let go of it. He gave the boy a pat on the head and said: "That's it, comrade. And now run along or Herr Schmidt will give you hell."

He turned to Lisa after the boy had gone and said lightly, "He's only a kid. They like it to be solemn. I had to give him a speech he'll remember."

"Yes. I can see that. Please, give me a speech, too; I need it," Lisa said.

He came quickly over to her and suddenly he found her small body in his arms; it made him feel as nothing had ever made him feel in all his life. He cupped his hand around her head and pressed it to his sound shoulder. "What do you want me to say to you?"

"I don't know. That everything will come out well."

"Of course, everything will come out well. When you are with me, everything must come out well."

"Tell me more."

He dropped his head until his forehead touched her hair—warm, lively, sun-bleached meadow; fragrant; restful. "That I care for you?" he asked soundlessly.

She nodded, pressing herself harder to him.

"I care for you, very much. I never cared for any girl before. I didn't know it could be like this."

"Tell me more."

"What else can I tell you? I care for you. I love you. I want you. I want you very much, for myself and forever."

"Tell me that we will be together when everything goes well."

"Everything will go well and we will be together. If you want us to be together, we will be together. I know a village in the Harz where we could go in summer; there is an old inn you will like. Or what would you like to do? I can take you to Vorarlberg skiing, at Christmas—"

"Yes. Please, take me skiing, please."

"Or if you like, we can take my little folding boat and paddle through all the lakes around Berlin and into the Spreewald; I did it once with Annemarie."

"Yes, let's do that. I know I will be very awkward in a folding boat, but you could teach me. And the next summer we could go to Austria and I could show you my country. Do you know how to find mushrooms? I know places that are full of them; you must look for them in the deep moss; I will teach you."

"And I will be in the theater every time you play. But I will be very jealous when the actors kiss you on the stage."

"Nonsense. They all smell of onions and are sweaty under the grease paint. And after the performance, we will go home and I'll cook for you. You don't believe me, but I can cook very well. What would you like me to cook for you?"

"*Sauerbraten* and dumplings. The way my mother made it. With red wine and a green bay leaf and thyme and sour cream."

"Yes, I will cook *Sauerbraten* for you, with sour cream. If we can get sour cream, that is."

He let go of her and began pacing the small space between the window and the table.

Then he came back to Lisa, grinning widely and took her into a hard embrace. "We'd better make up our minds right here and now that we will have *Sauerbraten* for our silver anniversary," he told her. "We'll have to pull ourselves together for just a few minutes today, and after this is over we will have years and years of *Sauerbraten* and everything else. Oh, little fool—my little fool," he said, and pressed her still harder. "I'm glad I found you. I'm glad Gaston pushed me into this room. It makes everything different. I don't think they will ever get me now. I was only sounding off when I gave Adolf that speech. I'm a very lucky man, little fool, and nothing can happen to me."

Lisa kept her face pressed into the blue cloth of the uniform because she was afraid to let him see how desperate she was. What if it isn't so simple? What will I do if they arrest you before my eyes? she thought. She did not ask what would happen to herself because she had forgotten herself entirely.

"What a uniform!" she muttered into his shoulder. "It smells of mothballs. What a farce! I wish Donescu were here. He would help us. He liked to make fun of the Rumanian army. Of ours, too."

WITH an effort she pushed herself away from that blue cloth haven of Martin's shoulder and became casual. "Now, let me look at you. Don't wear that ridiculous cap if you don't have to. You are tanned like a soldier. The face brown and the forehead white. You must part your hair and slick it down. Here, use my lotion. That's better; now let your eyelids droop and make tired Balkan eyes. Your eyes are much too blue. Make them look like that—like stewed prunes. That's better. Do you know how Rumanians salute? Good. Now look at me as the Rumanians look—as if you were wondering whether I wear a brassière. Oh, darling, darling, you still look like a shy young German student. You must look like a gigolo. Now kiss my hand. Come, do it. Now I say: 'Au revoir, Captain Donescu.' And you say: 'Au revoir, Mademoiselle,' or whatever Rumanians say, and you bow and click your heels and kiss my hand. Oh, how funny you are! Did you never kiss a woman's hand before?"

"No. I'm a great Don Juan. I always kissed them on the mouth," Martin said and gathered her up in his arms again. "Now I am saying au revoir to you, I myself, Martin Richter," he whispered into her warm little crown of hair. "And, darling, if I get out today, I think I'll have to disappear for some time. If you don't hear from me for a while, do not worry. Think of me hard and wish me luck, but do not worry. We will meet again. I promise you."

"Can't I disappear with you?"

"No. Where I'm going I can't take any excess baggage with me."

"But how will I know how you are? That you are well and alive?"

"I'll send you a message. Something very common and simple and harmless. Let's see. For instance: Don't worry, we have enough bread at home."

"We have enough bread at home—good! How will I get the message?"

"I don't know. By telephone, in a letter, through Adolf, through some friends we neither of us know yet."

"Now I need a cigarette," Lisa said, taking herself out of his arms. "Now we must practice." She smiled as she remembered that first cigarette he had broken in two and shared with her. Today the golden case was well filled again.

"First of all you need money, don't you?" Lisa said.

"Yes, thanks. But don't give me more than a Rumanian captain would carry in his pocket." He made a short jab at her chin, smiling. "I didn't know you were so practical."

"You are in for several surprises when you know me better. I'm tremendously practical, and greedy, and calculating, and a fraud through and through; acting Snow White all the time, you know, but I can be as relentless as a shark."

"Yes, and what else, you sweet, lovely shark, you?"

"Nothing else. In one word, I'm an actress. Here—put the money away. Later, I'll send you more, regularly. I'll try to make a great deal of money in a hurry. I have an idea that, with a great deal of money, we could bribe some of your friends out of prison."

Martin stiffened, putting his finger to his lips. She stood silently, holding her breath. Steps were approaching the door, stopped, became ominously quiet. Martin vanished behind the curtains. The silence inside the room and out there began to fill with a foreboding of disaster. Lisa made sure that Martin had become invisible. Unable to bear the feeling that someone was eavesdropping out there, she tiptoed to the door and pulled it open suddenly.

"Heil Hitler," said Commissar Helm. "I was just about to pay you a call. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

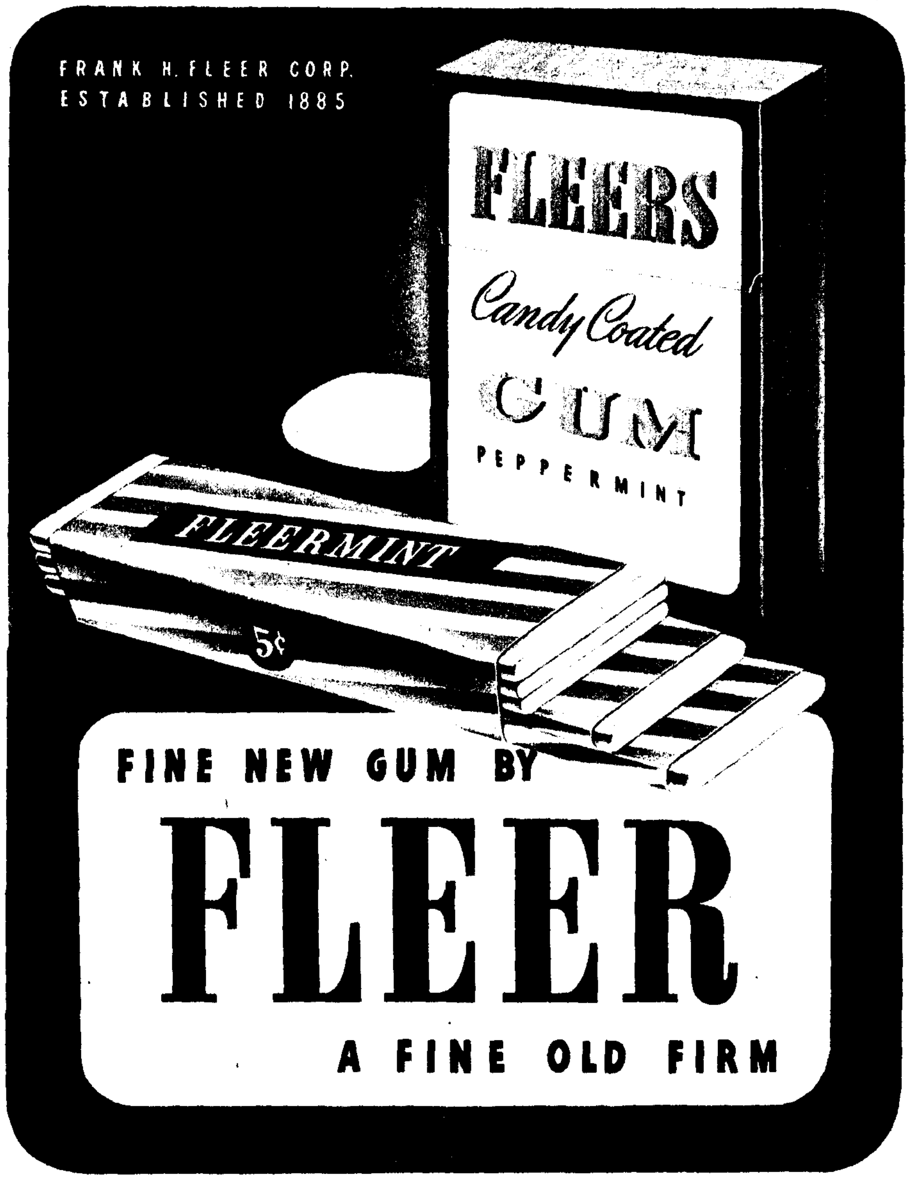
"I was studying my part," Lisa said; "I—really, I'm rather busy."

"Aren't we all? Poor busy bees, buzzing around all the time," Helm said idiotically, as he entered without waiting for an invitation.

LISA retreated step by step, but kept on smiling at him.

"Ah—and I bet this is the shrine where Lisa Dorn keeps those famous Parisian dresses," he said, advancing toward the wardrobe. One of the sliding doors stood open, and he began to paw through the clothes.

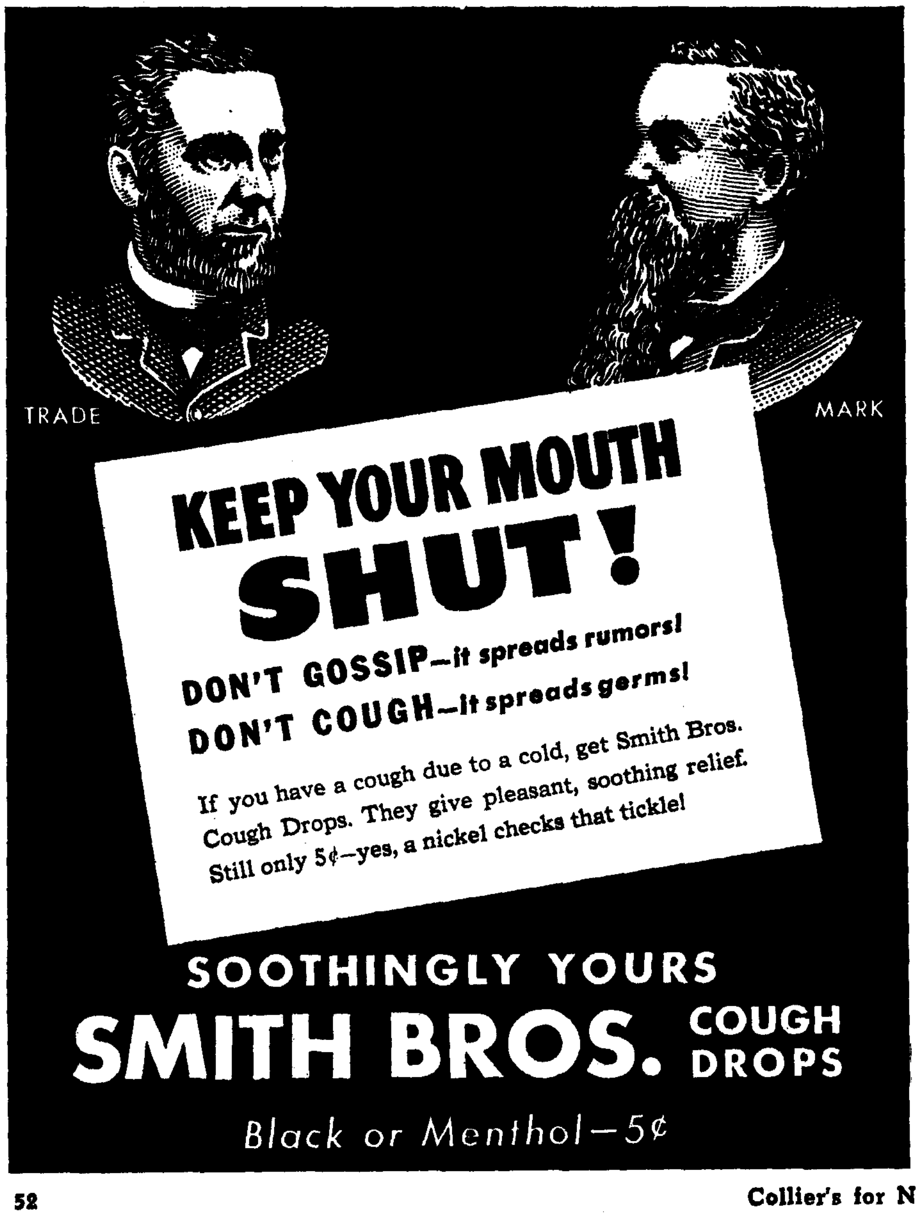
When Helm had left the general, Tilli had reported to him, without going into details, that the actress kept a man's garments among her own things. After some meditation, the commissar had come to the conclusion that Dahnwitz was still trying to bolt—in some disguise and possibly with Lisa Dorn's connivance. As the orders were to handle the Dahnwitz case with the utmost caution and discretion, Helm had decided to investigate the inter-


FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
ESTABLISHED 1885

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

FLEERMINT
5¢

FINE NEW GUM BY
FLEER
A FINE OLD FIRM


TRADE MARK

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

DON'T GOSSIP—it spreads rumors!
DON'T COUGH—it spreads germs!

If you have a cough due to a cold, get Smith Bros. Cough Drops. They give pleasant, soothing relief. Still only 5¢—yes, a nickel checks that tickle!

SOOTHINGLY YOURS
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
Black or Menthol—5¢

esting bit of news in person. And here he was now, at ten minutes past three, rummaging among the clinging spider webs of this feminine wardrobe.

"Would you mind explaining to me what you want?" Lisa asked, with all the fortitude at her command.

"I don't mind at all, Lisa. I have a certain professional interest in your wardrobe. If you'll be kind enough to sit down and not disturb me, I'll be through in a few minutes."

She knew that the game was up the moment he brought out the tail coat. She stood very quiet and rigid, with her back toward the curtain behind whose folds Martin was hiding. She could feel his warmth and even hear the very faint sound of his breath. Everything had a terrible and disastrous clarity, but at the same time was not real at all. It was the clarity of a bad dream in which one can't speak, or move, or escape, and yet one knows all the time that it is a dream and can't be true, and that it will dissolve in the end, into nothing.

HELM seemed to have forgotten her presence. He whistled through his teeth as he took the coat out and hung it over the back of a chair. Then, still whistling, he began to walk around it in a circle. After a while, he dived back into the wardrobe and began searching for other pieces, but he found nothing. Gingerly he replaced everything else and returned to the tail coat. "That's interesting," he muttered. "That's truly interesting!"

After several minutes of silent contemplation, he came to a conclusion. Obviously, this had nothing to do with Dahnwitz. It was absurd to suppose that the general had planned to escape in an old black tail coat, that smelled unmistakably of stale food and cigar smoke as only a waiter's coat can smell.

Helm whistled again. This was really interesting. This opened up entirely new vistas. This linked our Lisa directly with the underground movement to which the two stubborn old Frenchmen belonged. Helm gave a little snort. As usual, it took the more subtle methods of the Gestapo to get results.

Commissar Helm felt very happy as he stood there and speculated on the importance of his discovery. The idea of grilling our Lisa appealed to him; he rather liked to handle the questioning of women personally, especially young ones, pretty ones. There was, definitely, some pleasurable excitement in playing around with them, at first consoling them, gaining their confidence, making them soft, pliable, and then suddenly lashing out at them and cracking them. To do all this to Lisa Dorn promised to be spicier than just having a simple, everyday love affair with her, like that stupid traitor Dahnwitz.

But, more important than the titillating sensations this prospect gave him, Helm felt that he stood on the threshold of discovering, in one bold stroke, this most damnable, bothersome, ever-baffling structure of secret opposition that had swept the universities and taken root in the rotten minds of intellectuals and artists. This shabby old black tail coat was the missing link between the people of the stage and the undermining organizations of the underground. He stroked the shabby coat tenderly, sniffed at it, lifted it up, threw it down again and stopped whistling.

"Did you say something?" he asked, not even looking at Lisa.

"No. But I would like to know who put that thing in my wardrobe," she said. Her mouth had gone dry, but otherwise she was amazed at the amount of strength and presence of mind that was suddenly at her command.

"Naturally, you never saw this piece of masculine attire before."

"Naturally not."

"I expected you to tell me that, Lisa," he said with a show of sympathy. Systematically he proceeded to search the room for further clues. He found the leather belt on the floor and merrily lashed the air with it.

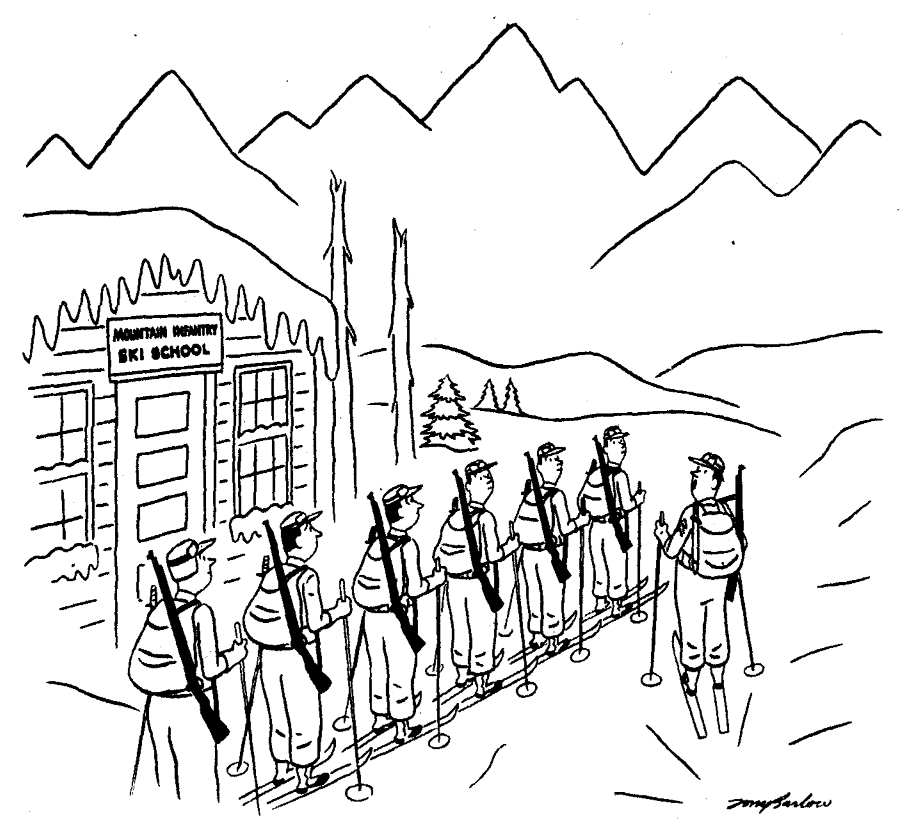
"And this?"

"Don't be so indiscreet, Helm. You can see it's a uniform belt. Somebody must have left it here. We don't have to mention names, do we?"

"You smoke, Lisa?" Helm said, dropping the belt and focusing his attention on the ash tray. There were several cigarette stubs in it. "You smoke a lot, don't you?"

"Yes. When I have stage fright. Before I play a part for the first time. Tonight, for instance," she said, drawing on her cigarette.

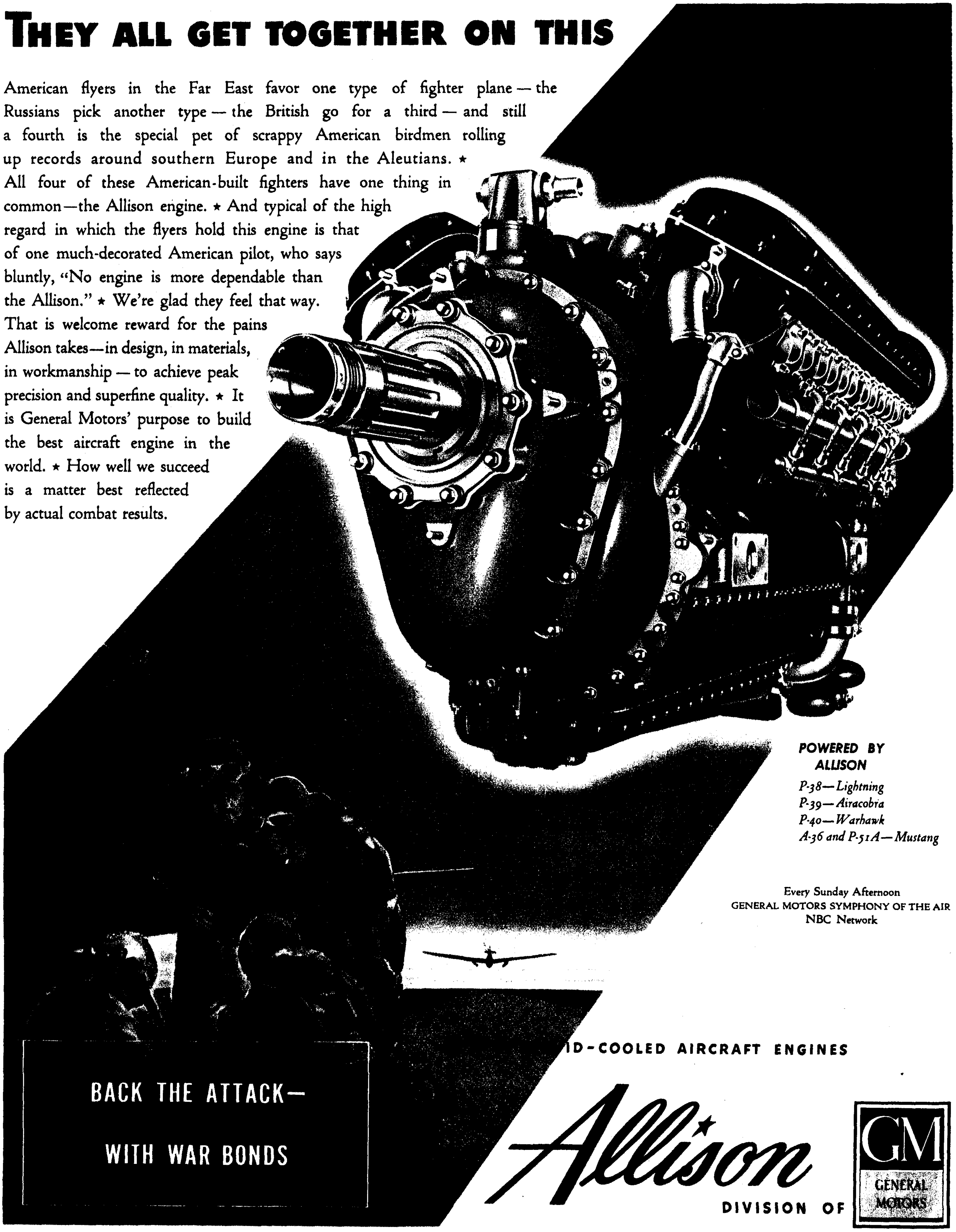
Helm pounced on the half-smoked cigarette Martin had deposited in the ash tray when he took the money. It was still glowing, and a thin white thread of



COLLIER'S "We'll only hit the high spots today" TONY BARLOW

THEY ALL GET TOGETHER ON THIS

American flyers in the Far East favor one type of fighter plane — the Russians pick another type — the British go for a third — and still a fourth is the special pet of scrappy American birdmen rolling up records around southern Europe and in the Aleutians. ★ All four of these American-built fighters have one thing in common—the Allison engine. ★ And typical of the high regard in which the flyers hold this engine is that of one much-decorated American pilot, who says bluntly, "No engine is more dependable than the Allison." ★ We're glad they feel that way. That is welcome reward for the pains Allison takes—in design, in materials, in workmanship — to achieve peak precision and superfine quality. ★ It is General Motors' purpose to build the best aircraft engine in the world. ★ How well we succeed is a matter best reflected by actual combat results.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51A—Mustang

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS

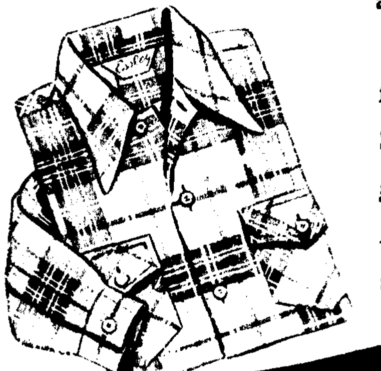
ID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
DIVISION OF
GM
GENERAL MOTORS

She'll like your Style!

The way to a woman's heart is through her eyes! So wear Essley *Woman-Wise* Sportswear—and meet *her* most critical approval. Essley Sportswear is superlatively styled by America's outstanding men's fashion authority. Mighty practical too, for work as well as for leisure!

Full cut and easy fitting, Essleys are featured in husky, handsome authentic Scotch clan plaids (50% wool), fine gabardines and long-lasting acetates. And for all their good looks, they're still reasonably priced!



ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SPORTSWEAR

BY THE MAKERS OF ESSLEY *WOMAN-WISE* SHIRTS

smoke spiraled from the burning paper.

"You are in the habit of smoking two cigarettes at the same time?" Helm asked. He stood like a pointing bird dog.

"Yes. I'm an addict. I'm a chain smoker when I'm nervous," Lisa said.

Helm took out his gun. "Are you nervous now, Lisa?" he asked amiably. Before she could give him an answer, he pushed her aside and held his gun against the folds of the curtain she had shielded all this time. "You can come out, Richter," he said quietly. "No use playing hide and seek."

He pulled the curtain back and for a moment the two men faced each other silently. Both were pale. Then Helm laughed.

"I didn't think I'd have the pleasure of meeting you again so soon, Herr Richter," he said. "And in Fräulein Dorn's bedroom, of all things."

"Go on. Shoot me and get it over with," Martin said. After the trembling fear of these last minutes, the sight of the gun pointed at him made him suddenly very cold and completely calm.

"Oh, no, my dear Richter. Shoot you? That would not be very subtle, would it? I'm sure we'll have lots of fun together yet, the three of us. There must be many things you'll want to tell me. And you, too, Lisa. Come here. Sit down. Let's chat."

"I have nothing to tell."

"How wrong you are, Richter; how wrong you are!" Helm said sweetly.

"You don't seem to grasp the situation," Martin said. "You can't do anything to me because I'm not afraid of you. You can shoot me, but I'm not afraid of being shot. You can take me back to prison and beat me up some more. I'm not afraid of that, either. Don't you see that you've done your worst to me before? There comes a point of saturation when no threat and no pain and no suffering can frighten a man."

"Point of saturation, eh? Very well put indeed, Richter. But I wonder how well Fräulein Dorn will stand up under investigation. She is such a small slip of a girl, isn't she?"

THERE it is now, something said to Martin. There it is now. That's the catch, and you can't stand this; not this. "The girl had nothing to do with me. She didn't know that I was hiding in her room."

"I see. And you don't know her, either. You didn't even know in whose room you were keeping your clothes. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

Martin knew that any lie he might attempt to invent would seem pathetically stupid.

Helm went on gloating over the situation. "Maybe our Lisel won't be quite as ignorant as you. Tell me, Lisa: You know Richter. Of course, you know him and his organization. If you are wise, you'll tell us everything you know about them. It will save you a lot of unpleasantness. My my, what will the Fuehrer do when he learns that you made common cause with a rat like Richter? You like to be on the stage, don't you? I was always one of your most ardent admirers, Lisel; I'm such a softy. You might even bribe me into keeping this a secret between you and me. But you will have to make a clean breast of everything you know."

"I know nothing," said Lisa. She was hanging with every fiber of her being on Martin's eyes, taking her orders, her fortitude, her consolation from their intense, cold blue fires. He seemed to smile, even at this moment; balancing between now and a black eternity, he smiled. The two clefts appeared on his cheek as though cut there with a sharp knife.

"Leave the girl out of this. She knows nothing," he said.

"However that may be, it will be very interesting to put her through a little grilling. Don't you think so, Richter?" Helm said conversationally, ignoring Lisa and turning his full attention as well as the muzzle of his gun toward Martin. "I think we will be generous and let you watch when we're grilling her, Richter. You're a hard-boiled brute, we know that. It did not make much of an impression on you when your sister was executed. But maybe you'll be more sensitive about Lisa Dorn."

It was a mistake for Helm to remind Martin Richter of Annemarie and threaten to do to Lisa what had been done to her.

When Martin answered, he spoke only to gain time. "If I had anything to tell, I would have told it before. I couldn't help my sister because I have no secrets to give away. Neither has Lisa. She had nothing to do with this. Take me, but leave her out of this."

"Very chivalrous of you, Richter, really. But every word you say incriminates the girl more. You will be surprised how much we are going to get out of her," Helm said pleasantly. He was sitting on a chair and had forced Martin down onto another, directly opposite, with the gun pointed at him.

HELM looked very surprised himself after Martin had knocked him out. Martin did it the way they had taught him to fight guerrillas in Russia, and it took only the fraction of a second. Duck, hit Helm's chin hard with the top of his own head, at the same moment kick the gun from his hand with his knee; then, as the man went slack, crush his nose with a hard blow that finished him up. Helm slumped to the floor, and Martin picked him up again and dragged him to the door panel next to the wardrobe like a bag of limp old rags.

Lisa watched without a sound. She bent down and picked up the gun and held it out to Martin with a ghostlike shadow of a smile. He shook his head. Not a word was spoken between them. He opened the door and listened. The muffled backstairs noises of the hotel, commonplace and harmless, wafted by. The clanking of dishes being washed in the kitchen. Somewhere an Italian chef sang in a vain, conceited voice. A door banged on another floor, and a chambermaid called another chambermaid. But all this was distant, and the small gray landing outside was silent and empty.

Martin dragged the limp Gestapo commissar to the door of the service elevator bearing the sign: "Out of Order." He opened it with the key Adolf had given him and did not even trouble to look down the black shaft as he pulled his load inside that door and let it drop. He listened, the blood now very loud in his ears; it seemed to take a long time for the body to land at the bottom of the shaft, which meant the top of the service elevator down in the basement. It was not a loud thud, rather a soft and squashy disintegration, and Martin hoped no one had been in the basement to hear it. The top of the service elevator seemed an excellent place for Gestapo Commissar Helm to lie and rot for the time being.

Martin closed the door of the shaft, straightened the sign "Out of Order" and brushed his hands instinctively, as if touching that limp body had made them dirty. His head began to hurt a bit from hitting Helm's chin so hard. As he returned to the room, Lisa was still holding the gun slackly, gazing at it with a queer expression.

"What do I do with this?" she asked.

"Give it to me. I can use it."

She put the gun gingerly on the table between them, and he picked it up and shoved it into the pocket of his silly blue uniform.

"What did you do with him? I mean—where is he now?"

"Never mind. He's out of the way."

Lisa stretched her fingers and looked at them with great attention. "Look!" she said.

"What, Lisa?"

"They're cold. But they're steady. When I have stage fright, they shake, but they're steady now." Suddenly she looked full into his eyes. "You dumped him down the elevator shaft?" she asked, and the word "dumped" sounded incongruously tough and detached.

"Yes," answered Martin clumsily. "It was unfortunate." All at once he was deadly frightened lest this had put an end to everything between them. "I couldn't help it," he added. "Believe me, it was the only way out."

"What did you do with him? Is he—" she swallowed hard—"is he gone?"

"I hope so. Yes. I think there's one beast less in the Gestapo stable. I'm sorry, Lisa. A shock for you. But it was you or he." He waited and added unhappily, "Now you won't care for me any longer."

"Care for you?" she said. "Care for you?" Her blood had been freezing in her body, but now it began to thaw and pulse and flow again, and she was conscious of being alive, acutely and sweetly and wildly conscious of it as never before. "Care for you?" she said impetuously. "Oh, yes, I care for you, more—much more now. I didn't know, Martin, I was so frightened; I had given us up. And then you—it was like a miracle. It was wonderful, and horrible, and very wonderful. I didn't know it. I mean I didn't know one could fight back. We can fight back, can't we? I thought it was over. But you fought us out of it. You killed him, didn't you? Oh, thank God, you killed him!"

"Killed him. Yes. That's what they teach you in a war," he said sullenly. "But I still don't like it when I have to kill a man. I never will." He rubbed the hurting top of his head and looked at her as if he were only now coming out of the dizzy spin. "You're a funny girl, aren't you? I think you're pretty wonderful yourself. Not a sound, not a scream, not a wrong move. What a funny, crazy little fool I've caught myself!" He stretched out his hand and touched her cautiously. "High-voltage steel through and through. And you still care for me?"

"It ties us together, doesn't it? It's stronger than a—stronger than a wedding ceremony. For better, for worse. It makes me part of you—part of it all. Oh, my darling, we're in it together and we'll get out of it together."

"Yes, and quickly, too," Martin said, returning from the twilight grounds of the last ten minutes to the realities of his escape. "Now there is no choice left, little fool. You'll have to get me out, even if this drum-major costume were ten times as flashy as it is."

Lisa laughed; yes, she could laugh again. There was a strange transparency about her, as if danger were her native element.

Martin stared at her. "Come here!" he said. "Come to me!" She went over to him and into the gate of his arms. He held her to himself, violently. "This is goodby," he whispered. "Goodby. I love you, very much I love you. And I will be very careful from now on because I want to live. Goodby. And now teach me to be Captain Donescu."

THEY had practiced not longer than five minutes when there was a knock at the door. Lisa's heart rose in her mouth as she called: "Yes? Who is it?"

A throat was cleared out there, and an embarrassed voice answered: "It's just me. Oberleutnant Kauders."

"Who?"

"Kauders. I had the pleasure last night—"

Lisa's eyes began to dance. Martin pulled instinctively away and tried to sneak into the bathroom. Lisa shook her head, laughing softly. "No, no. That won't do, Captain," she said. "We'll let him come in, and you stand here and face it. This is our dress rehearsal."

"Come in," she called, giving Martin's hand a reassuring squeeze.

The door opened timidly and revealed the young flier, bowing and saluting on the threshold. "I hope I don't disturb you, Fräulein Dorn," he said. "I tried to telephone first, but they say your phone's out of order. So I thought I'd try my luck."

"But certainly. Come in, Leutnant," Lisa said hospitably.

Kauders advanced. "I wanted to ask you to do me a great favor," he stuttered. Then his eyes fell on Martin and he stiffened perceptibly. "I hope I'm not intruding," he said with more politeness than tact.

"Not at all. May I present Captain Donescu, an old friend of mine. The captain is in Berlin on a confidential mission. Oh, I shouldn't have said that, should I, Captain?"

THE transformation had taken place. Lisa was acting now, and acting eloquently and with ease. She was grateful that this fool of a flier had stumbled in on their farewell; now they could try out the crazy stunt on him and see how it worked.

Kauders saluted, and Martin saluted, too, remembering to do it the Rumanian way, a little sloppily and with a fine flourish.

"Speak German?" Kauders asked, very loud.

"A little," Martin answered with a slight accent and great presence of mind.

Lisa felt like applauding. "Don't let the captain fool you, Oberleutnant," she said gaily. "He understands every word. I think it is only a diplomatic trick of his when he claims not to speak it well. I caught him several times, talking German as well as you and I."

Thus, having built a little barrier against possible slips, Lisa gave Kauders a wink and a smile of mutual understanding.

"What was it you wanted from me, Oberleutnant?" she asked.

"That you give me a mascot, Fräulein. But it must be something personal or it won't work."

"Something personal? A photo with my autograph?" Lisa asked with professional friendliness; her photo was the mascot of thousands of soldiers.

"Yes, I'd like your photo very much. But you must write something very personal on it," Kauders said. "Not just: Good hunting! or Best wishes! Something really personal." He would show the photo to the boys of the squadron and pin it over his bed and let them burst with curiosity and jealousy.

Lisa took one of her photos from a stack in the desk and brought out her fountain pen. "How would it be if I write: 'In memory of an unforgettable hour'?" she said, sailing away on a little gale of exuberance. "An unforgettable hour," she said, writing it down while telegraphing a secret message to Martin.

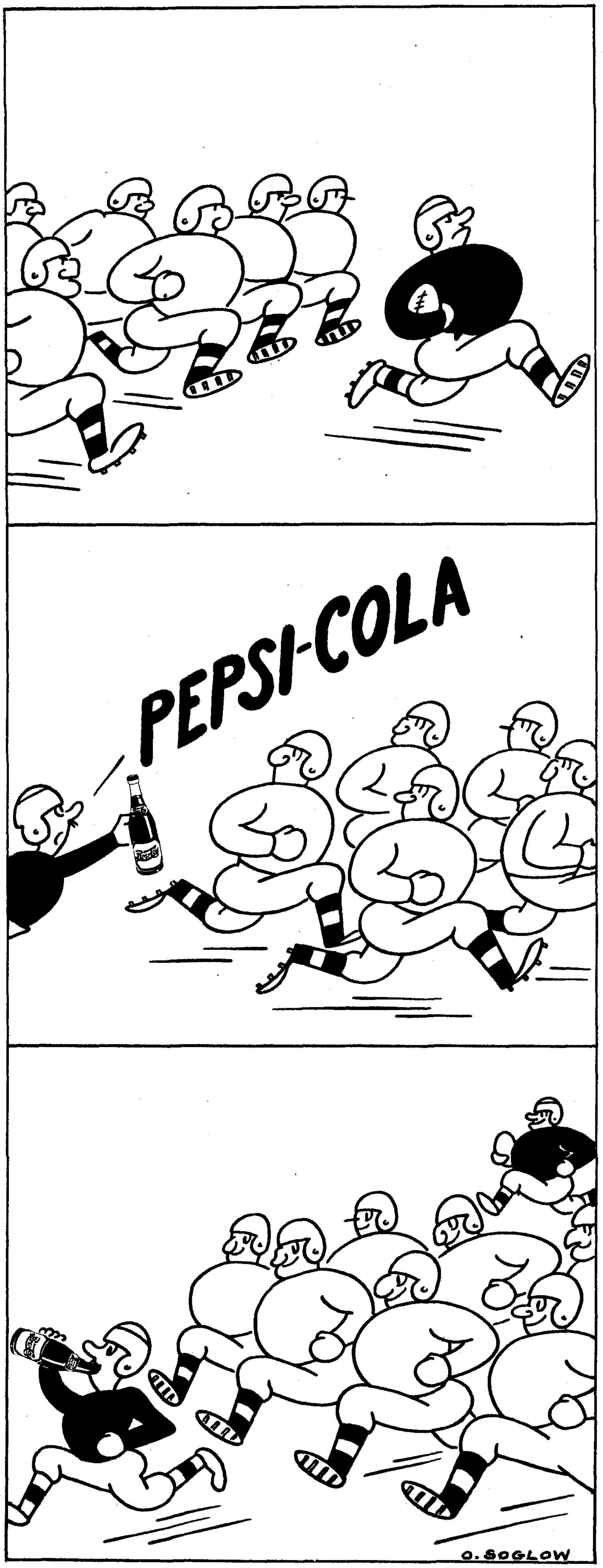
"Well, thanks," Kauders stammered, overcome by the significance of the dedication. If only we could get rid of that Rumanian, he thought, we two would understand each other in no time. "Thanks—that'll go over my bed; but I need a mascot, too. Something I can take upstairs with me."

"The oberleutnant is one of our best fighter pilots; maybe you read in the papers about him," Lisa said to Martin, trying to bring him into the conversation.

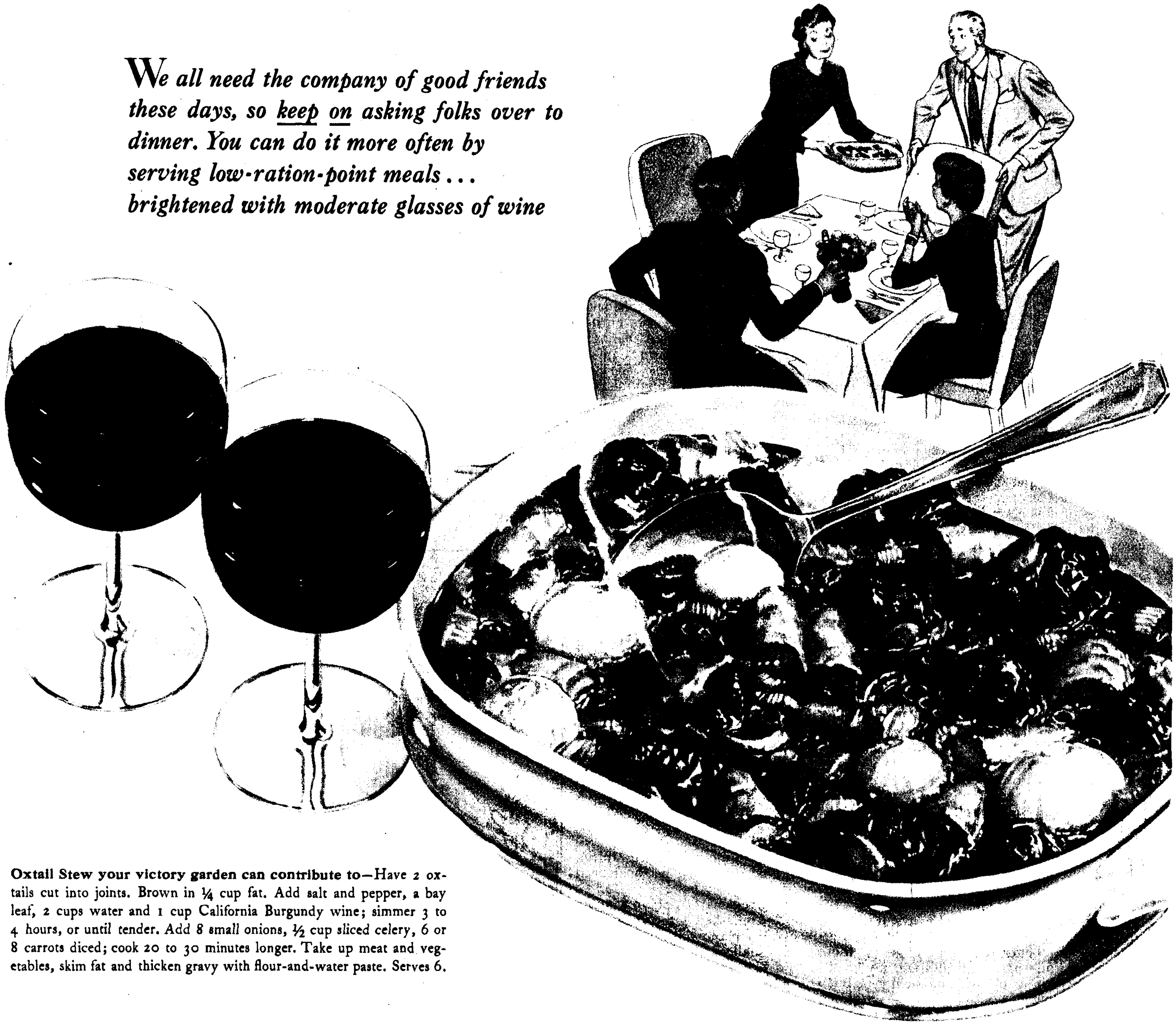
"Indeed?" Martin said, not very intelligently.

"You do any flying, Captain?" Kauders shouted, as if the supposed Rumanian were deaf. "No? What's your troop, Captain?"

This was a pitfall, and Lisa noticed at once Martin's helpless groping for an answer. In fact, the main shortcoming of



We all need the company of good friends these days, so keep on asking folks over to dinner. You can do it more often by serving low-ration-point meals . . . brightened with moderate glasses of wine



Oxtail Stew your victory garden can contribute to—Have 2 oxtails cut into joints. Brown in ¼ cup fat. Add salt and pepper, a bay leaf, 2 cups water and 1 cup California Burgundy wine; simmer 3 to 4 hours, or until tender. Add 8 small onions, ½ cup sliced celery, 6 or 8 carrots diced; cook 20 to 30 minutes longer. Take up meat and vegetables, skim fat and thicken gravy with flour-and-water paste. Serves 6.

WINE changes war dishes into "food for kings"

THE DAY'S TENSION seems to ease off when folks we're fond of come to dinner. Over food and friendly talk we can't help relaxing . . . the very *sharing* of good food refreshes us.

You'll find you need use but few ration points to turn out wartime dishes your friends enjoy, for out of the emergency of war have come many excellent low-ration-point recipes. We used two of the best of them to make the dishes pictured here.

Each of these main dishes boasts a special touch from wine used in the cooking. Note, too, each dish is served with moderate glasses of the same wine the recipe calls for . . . that's for good cheer.

We invite you to try these wholesome war dishes and to serve glasses of California wine along with them. For new FREE booklet containing 75 interesting wartime recipes, write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

●If your wine merchant or restaurateur hasn't your favorite wine type, let him suggest another California wine . . . it's your opportunity to become acquainted with some of the many other excellent types

Macaroni-Stuffed Peppers with white wine—Remove seeds and veins from 6 medium-sized green peppers and parboil 5 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, place in baking pan, and fill with mixture of 2 cups cooked short-length macaroni, 1 cup diced cheese, 1 cup diced fresh tomatoes, ½ cup bread or cracker crumbs, 1 small onion minced, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. sugar, dash paprika, few grains of cayenne and ½ cup California Sauterne wine. Pour boiling water ½ inch deep around peppers and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6.

Before all else
BUY BONDS

the doorman's uniform was its lack of any distinctive insignia.

Lisa linked her arm in Kauders' and took him to the other side of the room, giving Martin time to recover. "He's in the diplomatic corps," she said. "Now let's see what I could give you for a mascot."

"It must be one of a pair, you know that, don't you? I get one and you keep the other, and when you give it to me, you must say: 'Bring this back to me.' Then I'll bring it back. That's how a real mascot works."

"One of my gloves?"

"Something more personal, Fräulein."

"I couldn't give you one of my stockings, because I can't get new ones."

"One of your garters would make a fine mascot," Kauders whispered, coming close to her.

Lisa pulled away, disgusted by his hangover breath and by the proximity of his shaking body. "Captain Donescu," she said. "Don't you think it is time for us to leave?"

"At your service, Madame," said Martin.

"Do I get one of your garters?" Kauders whispered shakily, pressing closer.

"If you're a good boy," Lisa said and eeled out of the alcove where he had cornered her.

"May I come and get it? Later?" Kauders asked, insistent as a mosquito.

"Maybe, but now we must go," she said. "Here's your photo, Leutnant."

MARTIN meanwhile had been listening with the utmost concentration to the blurred noises of the hotel. It was not probable that Helm's body would be found very soon in its hiding place. But if the devil wanted the elevator to function again, then the discovery was unavoidable, and not a mouse would get out of the hotel after that.

"Let's go," he said brusquely, swept by a wave of sudden, frantic impatience. "Glad to have met you, Oberleutnant."

But Kauders had decided not to leave the Rumanian alone with the actress. And so he pushed out his chin and said boldly: "Yes, let's all go downstairs and have a drink."

There was a moment's silence, and then Lisa said with a ring in her voice: "Yes, let's. I think that's a good idea. Let's all three of us have a drink downstairs, Captain Donescu."

The lobby was crowded and there were uniforms everywhere. There were even—and Martin's heart stopped as he saw it—several members of the Rumanian Military Mission seated around one of the little marble tables, looking every inch as flashy as he did. If the exits were guarded, there were at least no visible signs of it. On the other hand, the stocky fellow in the tight blue suit with the newspaper in front of his face and placed in a strategic spot was as definitely marked Gestapo as if he had carried an electric sign on his head.

"Shall we sit here?" Martin asked in much too flawless German.

The table he selected was not too exposed and not too far from the revolving door. Pageboy Number 6 flitted over and went through the motions of wiping the top of the table. Every pimple stood out on his very pale face.

"Thanks, my boy. That's fine," said Martin who felt sorry for him.

They ordered three Hotel Berlin Specials, the only drink the low supplies still permitted.

"I think it is raining," Martin said. "I wonder—" and he got up and made a few reconnoitering steps toward the revolving door, as if to examine the weather.

Lisa's glance was riveted on him. The rope on which she was walking was strung very high over a very deep, very black chasm but she still kept her balance.

Kauders held her back as she got up to follow Martin. "I'm crazy about you," he whispered recklessly. "You drive me crazy. Never mind the Rumanian. He doesn't understand what we're saying anyway. Why don't you get rid of him?"

Martin was coming back to the table. Lisa, flying at a very high altitude in very thin air, whispered back to the flier: "How can I get rid of him? I'd like to—but how? Look here—you take him off my hands. Take him out, show him the sights of the town, anything you like. Get rid of him, somehow, somewhere. Lose him on a bus, throw him in the Landwehrkanal."

Shaking all over with the excitement of his conquest, Kauders said: "You're marvelous. You're truly marvelous! Don't worry! Leave it to me! I'll get rid of him for you. And when I come back—"

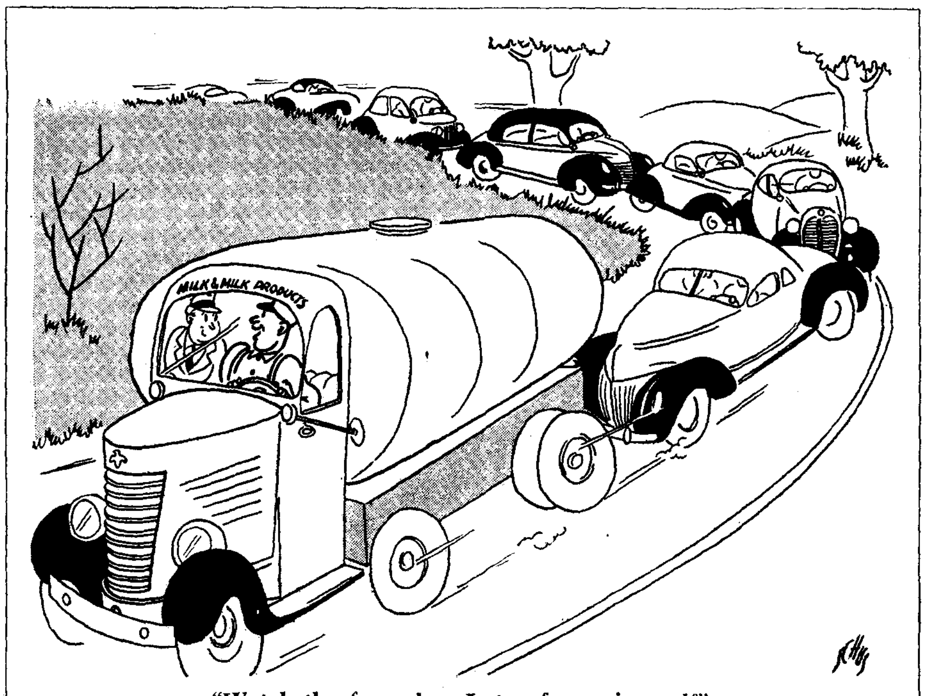
"Yes. Get rid of him and come back. I'll wait for you here," Lisa said desperately.

Martin sat down at her side again, she could feel him taut, not trembling exactly, but vibrating, like a string drawn too tight.

"How are you feeling, Captain?" she asked and could not keep the tenderness out of her voice. I did not know you yesterday. How is it that today you are all that counts? her heart asked.

"Thanks. I never felt better in my life," he answered. It meant: Don't be frightened, and it meant: I love you, and it meant: Some day everything will be all right.

"Is it raining?"



COLLIER'S "Watch the fun when I stop for gas' myself" ADOLPH SCHUS

"No, it looks fairly clear."

Kauders emptied his glass and took a direct course toward his goal. "You know Berlin well, Captain?"

"Not as well as I should, Oberleutnant," Martin said, prompted by Lisa's foot tapping his. Everything had a curious lucidity, like that in a high fever.

"I'd like to take you out and show you around town," Kauders said, giving him a wink of masculine understanding. "I know a few places you might enjoy."

"That I should appreciate greatly," Martin said with an accent that was anything but Rumanian. "Whenever you have time."

"That's it. I haven't much time. Three days' leave. That's not much time, Captain. How would you like to go on a little tour of the town with me now?"

"Now?" Martin asked.

Yes, now, damn you, Kauders thought fiercely. I'll get you away, if I have to do it by force.

Lisa tapped a frantic message on Martin's foot.

"Good," Martin said, decoding it. "Very kind of you, Oberleutnant. That is, if Madame is kind enough to give us leave—now."

"Waiter—the check!" Kauders called.

Lisa was trying to keep her hands still. They had an almost irresistible urge to break matches, tear up the paper napkins, stub out one cigarette after the other. She felt acutely the impression she gave the crowded lobby. It stared at her and whispered and hummed. Look at our Lisel. Flirting with the two young officers. Wonder how the general likes that.

Suddenly it was as if something had touched the lobby. It was like a gust of wind sweeping over a field of rye when all the haulms bend in one direction. All heads were turned toward the man who had entered through the revolving door—for this was the Gestapo, unmasked and menacing. This was Weyhard Wolle, Helms' superior and only one rung beneath Himmler himself. A compact group of four SS officers had entered in his wake. Two of them went up to the desk. The two others followed their chief at a little distance.

LISA got up and stood at Martin's side. Very clearly she remembered, at this glasslike, brittle moment, what Martin had told her about Annemarie. The funny smell of the prison yard. That Annemarie had laughed as she went up to the scaffold; that the doctor had given her scopolamin. She remembered it with such lucidity that for one, unbearable moment she herself became Annemarie.

Then Wolle was coming toward them, relentless and huge and overpowering as an express train. Lisa held, without knowing it, a smile before Martin like a shield. And Wolle walked past her with a little salute, walked across the lobby and into the elevator. A pageboy closed the doors, and the elevator began to move up.

"Well? Shall we go?" asked Kauders who had not noticed anything of it all.

"Yes. Let's go," Martin answered.

"Heil Hitler," said Kauders, giving Lisa a bold wink.

"Buna seara, Madame; Auf Wiedersehen," said Martin.

"Au revoir," said Lisa. *"Auf Wiedersehen,* Captain."

They went to the revolving door, past the SS man at the desk, past the agent in the blue suit, and nothing happened. Pageboy Number 6 stood there, an ugly little urchin with the burden of a great heritage on his thin shoulders. He gave the door a push, and it began to revolve. In passing, Martin gave the boy a little jab, saluted him and walked out. Kauders stayed behind for a moment, turned around, winked once more at Lisa, saluted also, and followed him.

How often must I say goodby to you, my love? she was asking herself. How

VICKS Inhaler

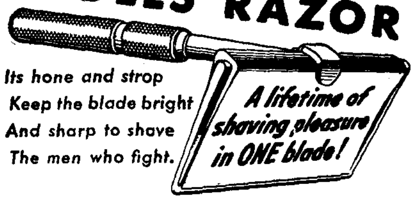
In Seconds
Cold-Stuffed Nose Feels Clearer!

When a cold or dust stuffs up your nose, just reach for the new, handy Vicks Inhaler—and take a few whiffs. It's packed with effective medication that promptly gives you greater breathing comfort! And you can use it whenever you need relief!

USE ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort. VICKS VAPORUB

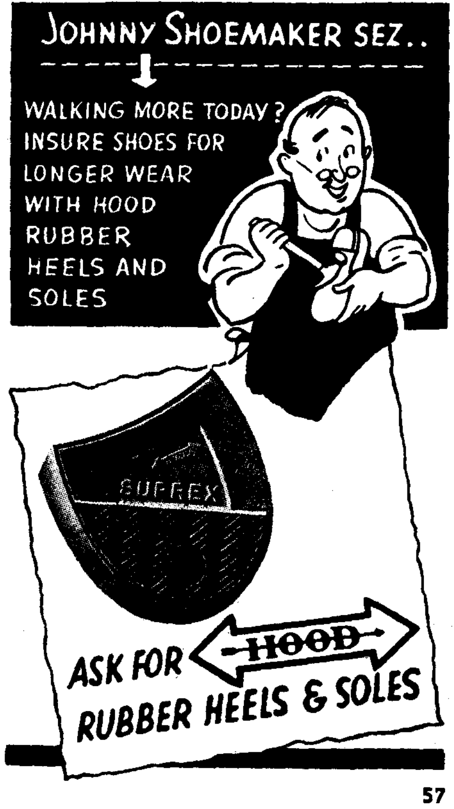

A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!

ROLLS RAZOR

Its hone and strop
Keep the blade bright
And sharp to shave
The men who fight.

Until the war is won, Rolls Safety Razor is available only to our armed forces at U. S. Post Exchanges and Ships' Service Stores. If you own a Rolls that needs adjustment, send us the complete instrument and you'll get it back good as new at a nominal charge.

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc.
Sales and Service
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.


JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
WALKING MORE TODAY? INSURE SHOES FOR LONGER WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

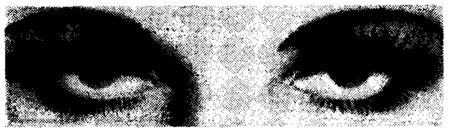
Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

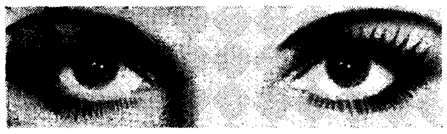
Just rub it on the gums

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



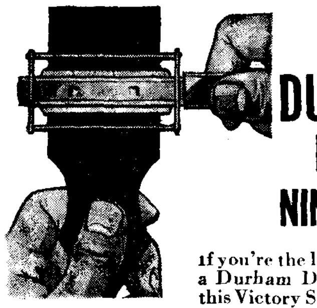
QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

THIS STROP



gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES

If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.

A Sign of Good Cooking

GRAVY MASTER

MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE

15¢

often will I have to let you go, not knowing if I'll ever see you again?

"Hello, Lisel," a voice said. It was Stetten, anxious to keep his word and get her out of the way in time. He had arrived a few minutes before and had watched Lisa flirting with the two young officers at the moment when Wolle's appearance heralded the liquidation of the Dahnwitz case. Such are life's ironical counterpoints, he thought, with the cynical melancholy of a seasoned diplomat. Lisa stared at him as if she had forgotten his name.

"Oh, it's you, Baron. Hello. How are you?"

"I'm here by proxy, Lisel. Dahnwitz wants to be excused. He can't take you to the theater. But I have my car outside. May I take you there?"

Lisa remembered the general only as she would remember perhaps an illustration in an old magazine she had vaguely scanned in a doctor's waiting room. She had also completely forgotten that she must play Portia for the first time tonight. She kept on staring at Stetten and through him; he was afraid the rumor of the general's end might reach the lobby any minute.

"Well—shall we go?" he asked and touched her elbow.

She gathered her gloves and bag and got up, sleepwalking. "Go? Where? To the theater? Yes. That's very kind of you, Baron. Yes, now it's time for me to go to the theater."

AFTER delivering Lisa Dorn at the theater, von Stetten returned to the Hotel Berlin. His nerves were on edge when he came through the revolving door and he felt at once that a strange uneasiness pervaded the lobby. He looked around for Helm and, as he could not find him, he went up to the desk and asked for him; the faces of the old men there seemed even grayer than usual, and Ahlsen sounded strangled as he answered, "Commissar Helm? I regret, Herr Baron, but I can't give you any information about Commissar Helm."

Stetten was too well trained in the diplomatic service to ask further questions. "Possibly Herr Wolle could tell the Herr Baron," Klieber added; he was not gray but positively green in the face.

Stetten found Weyhard Wolle at a small table in a corner of the bar; he was thoughtfully occupied with a glass of brandy and he looked sick.

"Heil Hitler. They told me you were here. I'm looking for Helm. Do you know where he is?"

"He isn't in the hotel any more," Wolle said glumly. "Come, sit down. You're just the man I want to talk to. You handled some preliminary steps in this Dahnwitz affair, didn't you?"

"Yes? Didn't it click?" Stetten asked tensely.

"What? Oh, yes, it clicked, as far as Dahnwitz is concerned. He died. Heart failure. You can go upstairs and pay him your homage. He lies there as neat as a peeled egg."

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" Stetten said, shocked. "He was a good soldier, even if he made mistakes."

"That's what you think. The dirty bastard! He killed Helm before he shot himself. Can you imagine that? Killed him. A German general—kills my best man and throws him down the elevator shaft."

It hit Stetten in the stomach. He swallowed hard. "Give me a brandy," he ordered quickly. Only after he had downed it, did he feel able to speak again.

"Is that what happened to Helm?"

"Yes. That's what happened. Today it got Helm. Last week it got Schreber in Munich. In Paris it has got four since Friday. In Norway, it gets our men by the dozen; we can't send them up as quick as they kill them. Our business is much more dangerous than just being a soldier. But do they appreciate what we're doing for the safety of the homeland? I wonder. So today it's Helm. Tomorrow it may be myself. Oh, damn the whole setup!"

"How do you know Dahnwitz did it?"

"It's clear to me that he did it. Who else had a reason?"

I could mention many, Stetten thought, but kept it to himself.

"I can figure out the working of Dahnwitz's mind as clearly as if I had seen him do it," Wolle said. "'All right,' Dahnwitz said. 'You've caught me in a trap. But if I have to go, I'm taking you with me.'"

"It isn't like Dahnwitz to throw a man down an elevator shaft. He might have shot him, yes. That's plausible. But not this."

"Sure. He shot him first. They're making an autopsy now, on what's left of Helm. I'm sure they'll find that he shot him and got rid of him. The Herr General was too arrogant to be found dead in the same room with Helm. Typical of Dahnwitz!"

Stetten kept on shaking his head.

Wolle swished the rest of his cognac in the glass. "Well, I've got to go. Clean up the mess. Lots of work to do. Apropos, Stetten: the general's death won't be made public before tomorrow. Helm had an accident. We'll arrange for that. We don't want anything to leak out before we are ready to release the news."

"Listen, Wolle. I have an idea," Stetten said, hit by a sudden revelation. Martin Richter, he thought. Wasn't he believed to be hiding somewhere here? And if he were, he may have been desperate enough to do it. But not Dahnwitz. Not Arnim von Dahnwitz!

"Yes? What is it?" Wolle asked.

IT WAS at that moment that something strange occurred in Stetten's mind. Why say it? Why join the hunt? Dahnwitz is dead. Helm is dead. Why involve another man? It may have been a diplomat's unwillingness to bring about unnecessary complications. Again, it might have been a dreg of decency left at the bottom of corruption.

"About Dahnwitz's funeral—he wanted to be buried in Elgede—" Stetten said evenly.

"Don't worry," Wolle said grimly. "We'll give him a funeral de luxe. Maybe you can even prevail on our Fuehrer to shed a few tears at his grave. It would make it a bit easier for his friend Goebbels to explain the demise of four generals in one and the same week. I feel lousy. I shouldn't have taken that brandy; it's bad for my ulcers. But I needed it. After looking at Helm, I certainly needed it. Well—Heil Hitler."

Stetten ordered another glass and drank it slowly, trying to get himself in shape for the final session with Dahlin. If he ever needed sweep, optimism, new ideas, convincing arguments, he needed them now. But all his mind would produce was one idiotic line: This is not a thoroughfare. This is not a thoroughfare. Wherever he turned, he came to a dead end. This is not a thoroughfare. . . .

(To be concluded next week)

Mr. Persistence

Continued from page 24

Camp Travis, Texas. When he explained that he enlisted "because I want an education," they winked and obliged. He was sent to the School of Military Science and Tactics, the School of Pyrotechnics, the School of Communications and the School of Fire.

"I had a photographic memory," Donnelly recalls. "I'd glance at a lesson and remember it verbatim. At first my instructors thought they had a military genius on their hands, or at least a Clausewitz. But when it came to applying theories, I didn't know a breechlock from my breeches. I couldn't use a slide rule."

Four years later occurred the tragedy which Donnelly believes may have led to his subsequent years of wandering. He had achieved considerable reputation as an Army welterweight boxer, but was eliminated in the Olympic competition. His bunkmates ribbed him unmercifully. One Golden Benton, a hulking Tennessean, goaded him into a fight.

The battle took place in the camp gymnasium without official permission. Donnelly landed the first punch, a left under the heart. Benton collapsed and died within a few moments. Donnelly was charged with manslaughter, but exonerated after an autopsy disclosed that Benton had suffered a heart attack not induced by the blow.

Mustered out in 1926, Donnelly went to Hollywood for a reunion with his younger brother, Fred, who was a movie extra. His brother got him a similar job and he remained until 1928. Then he hit the road. During the next four years he traversed the continent a dozen times, visiting every state in the Union. He has an address book containing the names of 3,000 motorists who gave him lifts.

Between jaunts, he worked as a farmhand in Cullens, Mississippi, a truck driver in Jacksonville, an ice-cream salesman in Phoenix, an oil hand in Texas, and an itinerant mailbox painter from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Los Angeles.

Inspiration Through Thirst

It was his ice-cream vending that led indirectly to his interest in science. Riding blind baggage one hot day in 1933, he suddenly concluded that what thirsty America needed was a soft drink in a Cellophane-lined container, instead of a glass bottle. He detoured immediately to the offices of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Company in New York. Du Pont manufactures Cellophane, so, naturally, they were interested.

"We've been experimenting with the idea ourselves," Albert S. Allen, company executive, told Donnelly. "But it doesn't work. In order to fit the Cellophane into the container, we must make seams in the Cellophane. And the seams leak. No adhesive will hold them."

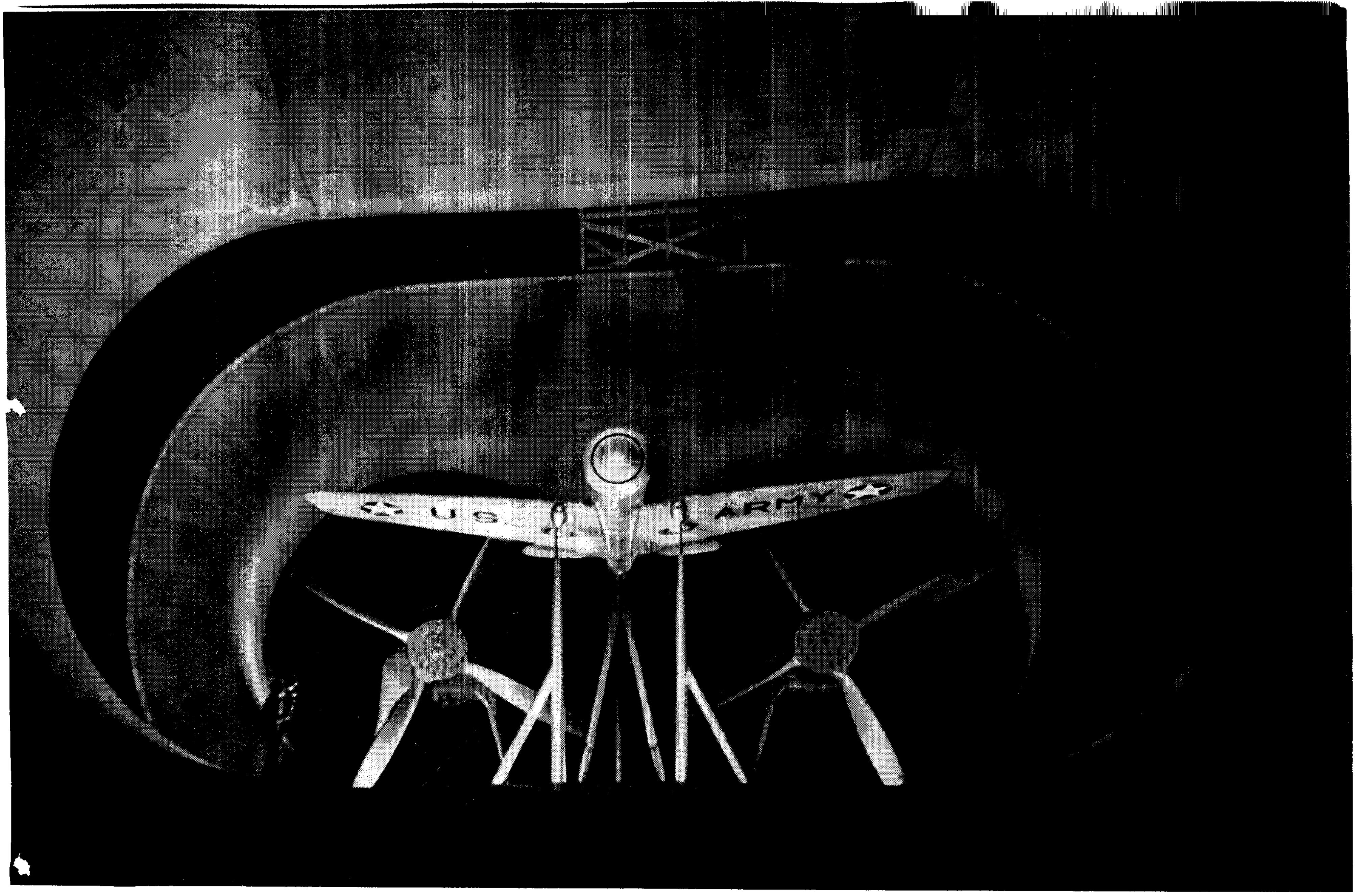
Donnelly was startled by the simplicity of the problem. Putting on his best occult manner, he said, "My own experiments have solved that. But I need ten dollars to complete them. Could you let me have the money, and a sample container?"

Allen smiled and gave him ten dollars from his own pocket. Donnelly rented a room with five dollars, spent four dollars on a shave, haircut and dinner. With twenty cents of the remaining dollar, he bought some Cellophane, worked for fifteen minutes and went to bed.

The next morning he appeared in Allen's office. "Here's your container," he said casually. "I've fixed it. The seams don't leak."

Allen stared, rubbed his chin and said, "Well, I'll be—"

Donnelly had merely pleated the Cello-



BASIC AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH in the laboratories of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Langley Field, Va., uses Ciné-Kodak to record the behavior of airfoils and air currents—through "smokeflow movies" made in the wind tunnels—and for studies of fuel combustion in aircraft engine cylinders. Faithfully compiling data which the unaided eye couldn't get, these movies lead to the design refinements—in aircraft and engines—which "pay out" when the guns begin to chatter or the bombs find their mark.

KEY TO SECRET WEAPONS ... *a movie camera—*

Ciné-Kodak —*which stretches split-seconds into minutes*

"WORKING BLIND"... trying to improve the performance of an airplane, or of a machine or gun or projectile which moves so fast you can't see it ... is necessarily a slow, fumbling business. In time of war, not good enough ...

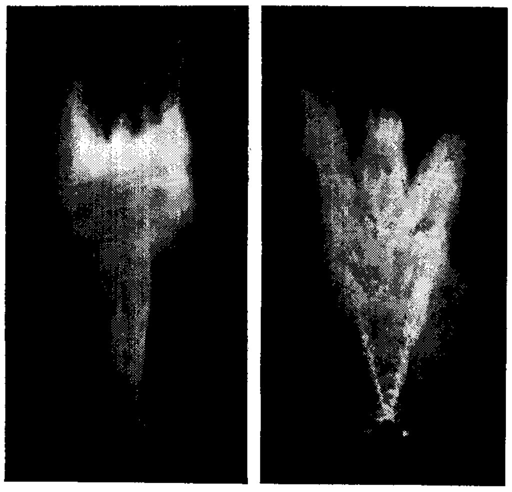
Fortunately, back in 1932, Kodak made available to our best engineering and scientific brains a new kind of eye... which could *see* what goes on at blinding speed in our mechanized, electrified world.

* * *

THIS EYE WAS A MOVIE CAMERA for taking thousands of pictures *a second*—which could then be shown at normal movie speed of 16 pictures a second. It "magnified time."

In the resulting movies, action which had actually occurred in a split second was stretched into minutes.

As these cameras were brought into use in our "key" research institutions, they helped to speed up development of faster airplanes and more powerful motors. And, with the approach of war, to find out why a 50-calibre machine gun "jammed"—and fix it; to "take the bugs out" of the recoil mechanisms of bigger guns; to pack a more effective "train of fire" into a contact bomb ...



NOT "OLD FAITHFUL," but "stills" enlarged from movies made at 2500 pictures a second, showing the comparative efficiency of two designs in fuel injection jets. The superior distribution of fuel from the jet at the right—invisible without the movies—is the type of small improvement which helps our men write America's fighting record in the air.

With super-speed movies, an airplane designer can see his experimental model come apart—step by step—in a simulated power dive—and knows what to correct.

* * *

Your 16-mm. home movie Ciné-Kodak was the "jumping-off place" in designing Eastman's super-speed movie camera. In the several models which have been produced, top speed has ranged up to 10,000 pictures a second. When making 3,000 pictures a second, the film streaks through at over 50 miles an hour. The "shutter" is a spinning "prism"—speed 90,000 r.p.m.

At this incredible speed, this Ciné-Kodak makes good movies—with standard 16-mm. movie films, Kodachrome included, and has become one of industry's most effective military tools... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

***REMEMBER MAJOR HENDERSON?**... how Major Lofton Henderson, USMC, flew his crippled bomber right down onto the Jap carrier's deck? And how his name was given to that bomb-scarred field on Guadalcanal? It is a stern example for us at home.* **BUY MORE WAR BONDS.**

Serving human progress through Photography

MEDICATED FOR
SANDPAPER
THROAT

Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of Luden's. You'll find Luden's special ingredients, with cooling menthol, a great aid in helping soothe that "sandpaper throat!"

Medicated
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
5¢

NEW! LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

FOR
DRY SCALP
AND
DULL HAIR
USE
JERIS
HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

TRY, TRY AGAIN!
If A·1 flavor is missing from your meals have patience, please. We're shipping as much A·1 Sauce as possible in view of the demand for vital ingredients by the armed forces.
Keep asking for it—at your grocers, and at eating places. It'll be along from time to time, to perk up your wartime meals. *Send for free recipe booklet. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.*
The DASH that makes the DISH

phane and fitted it snugly into the container. Elementary logic had achieved what science had overlooked.

Allen engaged Donnelly in conversation—asked him for suggestions, probed to determine whether the Cellophane feat were accidental. What he discovered was an amazingly fertile, well-ordered, and at the same time imaginative mind. Suggestions popped out by the dozen; containers for milk, coffee, sirup, frozen foods.

"I was probably more surprised than Allen," says Donnelly.

The following day he arrived in the Philadelphia offices of the Sun Oil Company with eight cents and a package of tobacco. When he walked out, he had a ninety-day contract at five hundred dollars a month. At Allen's suggestion he had been hired to perfect a nonmetal container for oil. He succeeded, and from the Sun Company went to the Sealright Company at Fulton, New York. Here he designed all the containers he had outlined in Allen's office—not only designed them but solved, by logic, infinite problems of moisture, rancidity, unit weight and pressure.

Then, when his future seemed assured he casually tossed it aside and quit his job, and, to dare the fates further, he got married.

"The idea for compressing dehydrated foods was buzzing around in my mind," he recalls. "I wanted to devote all my time to it. My wife didn't object. She had faith in my plans."

The newlyweds moved into a small apartment over the garage on the estate of Doctor George W. Clapp in New Rochelle. The furniture was secondhand and unpredictable. But in the kitchen, resplendent in chrome, stood "Little Cornelius," a hydraulic compressor which Donnelly bought for $175, half of his savings.

Vegetables and Doubt

Donnelly, who is a persuasive writer as well as speaker, wrote of his projected experiments to dehydrating firms, asking for samples. They obliged with broccoli, spinach, carrots, coffee, beets, cabbage and skeptical letters.

The Donnellys set to work. They pressed and squeezed, and grew calluses and temporary curvatures of the spine. Little Cornelius groaned and occasionally collapsed. Mountains of compressed foods piled up—and within five to ten days grew rancid or stale. This went on for almost a year.

"Half of the food we would compress, and half we would eat," says Donnelly. "We had nothing else. As for the rent, we even stopped paying with promises. Doctor Clapp politely ignored us."

Donnelly finally concluded he was imposing too much on the doctor's forbearance, and the Donnelly muscles. He solved the former by moving to a ten-room house in Scarsdale. The solution to the latter he sought in the New York Public Library.

It was obvious from his experiments that chemical changes were defeating his efforts. It was obvious also that to solve them he would have to understand food chemistry. But food chemistry was linked with many kindred sciences—physics, botany, geology, horticulture and mathematics. So with his amazing photographic memory, coupled now with mature reasoning and experience, he began from the beginning. Each day, from nine A. M. to nine P. M. he sat in the library's Room 118, reading, studying, taking notes. In the evening, he would do odd jobs to save up rent money. After eleven months he believed he had sufficient foundation to tackle the literature of dehydration.

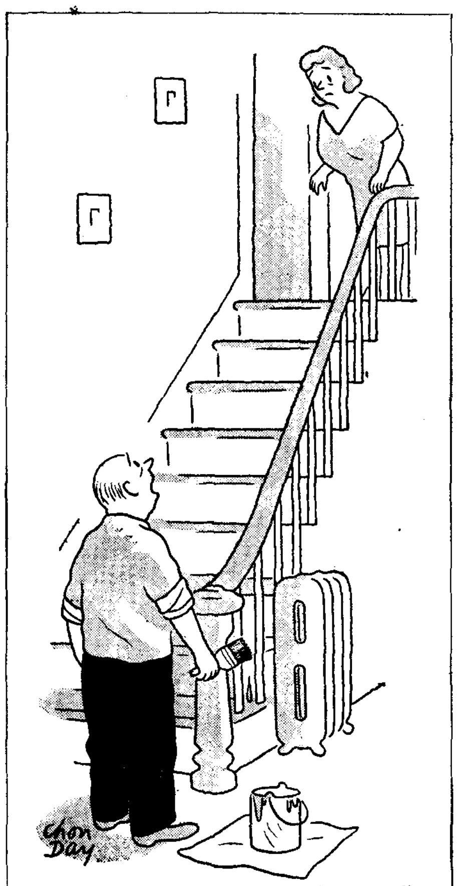
Studying a chapter on The Preservation of Foods one day, he recalled from other literature that the three factors responsible for the chemical change in any substance are *time, temperature* and *concentration*. He thought he saw a clue to his own difficulties here. Excitedly he dashed home and began a series of experiments.

The work required weeks. Again and again he subjected various dehydrated foods to different temperatures and different pressures.

Finally something emerged that gladdened the eye. It was a briquette less than half the size of the original pound of coffee. Donnelly continued his experiment and finally divided the one-pound briquette into twenty units. Then he began brewing. Every briquette produced three to four cups of strong, flavorful coffee. This meant 60 to 80 cups, compared to the average 35 to 40 cups obtained from a pound of fresh-roasted coffee.

His reasoning had been perfect. By freezing the coffee before and during compression, he had prevented the fats and oils from being squeezed out or broken down. The low temperature had anesthetized them. The briquettes would keep almost indefinitely.

Donnelly took his discovery to several large coffee-packing concerns. They congratulated him on his feat, lauded his contribution to food chemistry, and then told him it had no commercial possibilities. "Housewives want to see a large package for their money," they explained.



"You'll have to use the banister"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

So Donnelly returned to Little Cornelius. He was disappointed, but his wife encouraged him.

"We have no furniture," she said, "but we have almost ten rooms of sample dehydrated vegetables to work on. Even if we're the only ones who'll eat them, look how healthy we'll get."

The next three years was a series of hardships, disappointments and triumphs that were strictly intramural. Donnelly's theory had been correct; temperature control was the secret of compressing food. But what he had not realized was that each food was different; each had varying fat content, tissue construction and density. Temperature that applied to one did not apply to another. And that went for pressures, too.

Laboriously, sometimes by trial and error, sometimes by working out complicated formulae, he compressed beets, cabbage, broccoli and spinach. Then he turned to fruits. Here the higher sugar contents caused complications all their own. Cranberries were his first success in this field. From this, he turned to other products—muffin mixes, pie crusts, puddings, cakes, meats, ready-to-eat cereals.

"We had to act as our own guinea pigs," he says, "and taste wasn't enough. My wife insisted that not only were our foods to be at least equal to the fresh product, but even superior."

Meanwhile, money for the barest necessities was a frantic need. To pay for his first patent, he worked seven months on a farm in Goshen as nurse to 320 cows. Money for two other patents came from a job as assistant construction engineer on a building. He quit when he fell asleep while working on a 20th floor parapet.

In accordance with his agreements, Donnelly had been sending samples of his compressed products to the firms which furnished the dehydrates. Other samples he sent to the War Department, the Navy Department, the Department of Agriculture, the War Production Board. But although hostilities in Europe had been raging since 1939, it was not until March, 1941, that he found his berth.

After contacting almost every major food house in the East, he landed in the offices of the Auto-Ordnance Corporation in New York City. Russell Maguire, a manufacturer of machine guns and president of Auto-Ordnance Corporation, had seen in Donnelly's products a future which was overlooked by the tycoons of the food industry. Mr. Maguire set up a laboratory equipped with all the facilities that Donnelly had long dreamed about. This was the first laboratory devoted exclusively to the research and development of compressing foods in the United States. The months that followed produced tons of samples for the Quartermaster General's office and other governmental agencies.

An intriguing feature of Donnelly's foods is that they take neither the taste nor the joy out of eating. Tossed into water, his vegetables, fruits, soups and puddings immediately assume their natural appearance, consistency and flavor. The Russians, who should know about such things, actually prefer the Donnelly borscht to the original. Nutritionists are equally delighted because the vitamin and caloric content of all the varieties are up to or above par.

Pocket-Size Banquet

But the chief attraction is the size. At the Greenwich plant, a stew sufficient to feed 100 men, and containing beef, onions, carrots and potatoes, slides off the conveyer in an oblong the size of a pound of butter. A quart of cranberries is no larger than a yeast cake. Mashed potatoes for 100 soldiers occupy the space of a small shoe box. Borsch for eight is half the size of a pack of cigarettes. Fourteen eggs can be put in your vest pocket.

One of Donnelly's latest developments is a three-meal emergency Army ration. It consists of three packages of vitaminized meat mix and cereal, and four-ounce bars each of ice cream, cheese, chocolate and peanut butter. There are also three envelopes containing seasoning, and one of lemon flavoring. By adding seasoning and water, a soldier can turn the meat mix into a beef loaf for one meal, chicken stew for another and a pork dish for the third. The ice cream, chocolate bar and water will make a chocolate milk shake. If he wishes lemonade, he has lemon flavoring.

But Donnelly is convinced that his nutritional bullets will also be the food of the postwar world.

"To the housewife," he says, "it will mean emancipation from the kitchen, with more time for leisure, culture, family companionship and recreation. The kitchen itself, as we know it now, may disappear."

He expects, however, that the good, thick steak will survive.

THE END

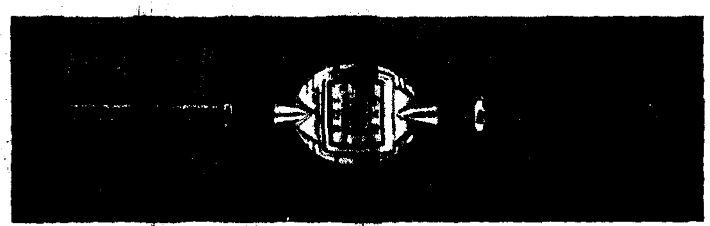
"Your voice in the wind... I could hear it so plain"

"Your present arrived . . . and it says you're near me always. Every second it ticks off, brings me closer to you . . I keep thinking of the day when it will say . . . one minute now and we'll be together . . . forty seconds . . . thirty seconds . . ."

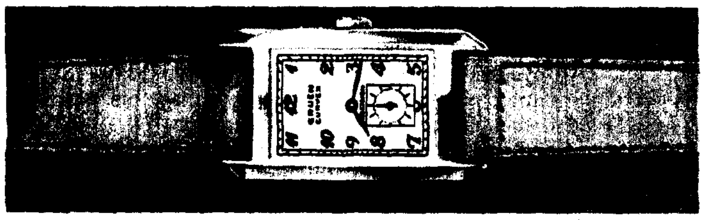
THIS CHRISTMAS what better gift could you choose to say the things you want to say . . . than a fine watch? May we suggest a Gruen . . . a Gruen because it comes to you with all the quality and workmanship that 69 years of skill can produce. Ask your Gruen jeweler to show you the many beautiful models still available. And remember . . . there would be even more to choose from, if we weren't doing everything we possibly could for Victory.

Gruen watches at Gruen jewelers only, from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones to $4,000. Prices include Federal tax. Write for free folder "J." The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

BUY A GRUEN WATCH . . . BUT BUY A WAR BOND FIRST!



Lady's watch shown above – VERI-THIN PORTIA – 17 jewels, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $37.50



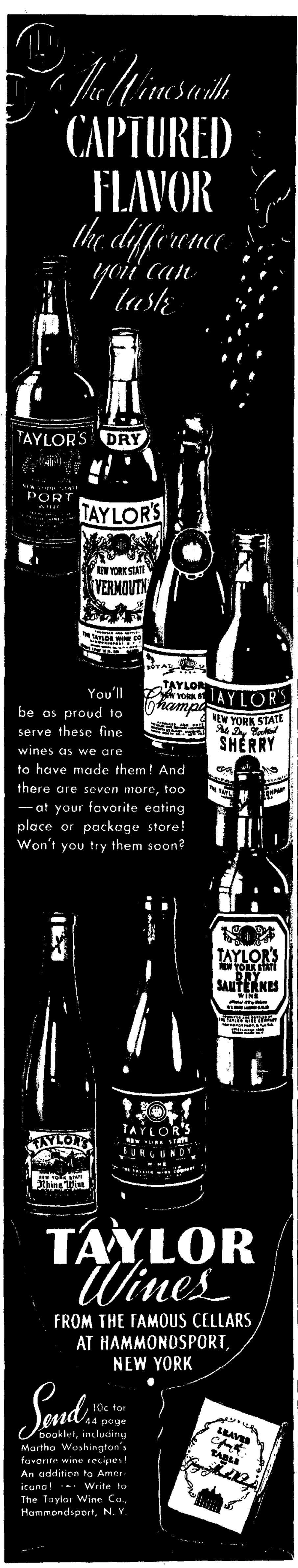
Man's watch shown above – CURVEX SENTRY – 17-jewel Precision movement. Pink or yellow gold-filled case $55.00

GRUEN
THE PRECISION WATCH
AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

COPYRIGHT 1943
THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

GRUEN... MAKERS OF THE PRECISION WATCH... AND PRECISION INSTRUMENTS FOR WAR

'PRECISION,' 'THE PRECISION WATCH,' 'VERI-THIN,' AND 'CURVEX' ARE THE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY. CURVEX, PATENTED U.S. PAT. NOS. 1855952, RE. 20480, 2283330, AND 2194452. CANADIAN PATENT NO. 370937. VERI-THIN, PATENTED U.S. PATENT NO. 2194452. CANADIAN PATENT NO. 389816.


The Wines with
CAPTURED
FLAVOR
the difference
you can
taste

You'll be as proud to serve these fine wines as we are to have made them! And there are seven more, too — at your favorite eating place or package store! Won't you try them soon?

TAYLOR
Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS
AT HAMMONDSPORT,
NEW YORK

Send 10c for 44 page booklet, including Martha Washington's favorite wine recipes! An addition to Americana! Write to The Taylor Wine Co., Hammondsport, N. Y.

An Eye for an Eye

Continued from page 19

said to me, "Gee, when that steel splinter hit me I thought, 'It's all over. I'll never see out of that eye again.' They all thought so at the shipyards, too, but the doc over there knew about corneal transplant. Now look at my eye."

I looked. Right in the center of the eye, just over the pupil, was a small, square, clear window. The shipyard worker laughed. "That's my window," he said. "*I can see just as good through it as I can* with the eye that wasn't hit. Gee, over at the shipyards they think the doc's a miracle worker."

About ten years ago a successful corneal transplant was very much of a miracle. But a small group of great eye surgeons, Tudor Thomas in England, Filatov in Russia, Elschnig in Czechoslovakia and Ramon Castroviejo in the United States, were beginning to reap the harvest of long years of experiment. These highly skilled men put into dramatically successful practice what research men like Harrison, Streeter, Carrel and Rous had established in laboratory theory—that the cornea could be successfully transplanted. The research men did not know how corneal transplant worked and do not entirely understand it to this day.

For centuries men had dreamed of such an operation. In 1798 a French surgeon, Pellier de Quengsy, had tried sewing a glass disk into the foggy cornea of a blind man's eye. The device didn't work because the human eye couldn't tolerate a foreign substance. But surgeons kept on trying.

Down through the 19th century they tried with grafts from animals' eyes. That didn't work either. The piece of animal cornea would seem to "take" and then deteriorate. But the eye surgeons refused to admit defeat.

Today, in almost every big city in the United States, there are eye surgeons who can perform this difficult operation. At the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, a prominent New York surgeon is teaching colleagues the technique so that they may operate on soldiers blinded in the war. Eye surgeons who have been trained in the United States are doing successful corneal transplants in Brazil, Colombia, Argentina, Cuba and Panama.

Cure for a Limited Number

Corneal transplant is not a cure for all kinds of blindness. About 20 out of every 100 blind people have corneal defects, and only a few of the 20 could be helped by a transplant.

Surgeons have a hard time getting good grafts from a human eye. Twelve hours is about as long as the surgeon wants to wait before placing the graft in the eye of his patient, although much longer periods of preservation have not spoiled the transplant.

Many persons proclaim their willingness to give up an eye at death so that a blind person may see, but often their families are so upset that they either forget or refuse to carry out the dead one's wish. There are encouraging exceptions. A doctor told me of a grateful, elderly patient who had promised his one good eye. The patient kept his word and, when he died, the surgeon was able to get three grafts from that one donated eye.

An eye taken out because of a serious injury may provide perfectly good transplants; the blood groups of the blind patient and the donor need not be the same; the donor may be elderly, the blind person young. What is essential is that the cornea be clear.

Though corneal transplant can be a very expensive operation, the best eye surgeons in New York have performed it free of charge on the impoverished blind at the city's famous eye clinics. But because of the scarcity of grafts, rich and poor alike must often wait a long, long time.

The operation is a work of art in miniature, measured in millimeters. The instruments look like an elaborate manicure set; the clamps that hold back the eyelids are so small they are called "*mosquito clamps*."

A small lamp throws a circle of light on an area inches square around the motionless, anesthetized eye. The surgeon deftly hooks the mosquito clamps on the eyelids, ties them back with strong silk thread and pegs them down to the crisp, white towels, like ropes on a tent.

Meanwhile, overhead, through a sort of skylight, medical students peer down to watch the operation.

Working in Miniature

To enlarge this tiny operating field, the surgeon wears a pair of magnifying glasses. He peers at the patient's cloudy cornea and says, "I think we'll need a graft of five millimeters." That's a piece of cornea one-fifth of an inch square. The transplant is small not only for the sake of economy in a graft-scarce field, but because the patient's eyeball might collapse if the entire cornea were removed.

No ordinary instrument can perform the work. The surgeon's nimble fingers, in yellow rubber gloves, pick up an instrument that ends in two small, adjustable parallel blades shaped like the double-runners of a sled. He places this knife on a sterile ruler, adjusts the blades to exactly five millimeters, makes them fast with the little screws on the shaft. He can now cut identical sections, correct to one 1,000th of an inch, first in the patient's eye and then in the donor's eye.

With his knife the surgeon delicately cuts the outlines of the five-millimeter square in the cloudy cornea. Then, dipping a needle in and out of the cornea, he sews around and over the outlined square a loose web of thread. This web is so patterned that when drawn taut, later, it will hold the tiny transplant firmly in place. Working with special small knives and scissors, the surgeon snips free the little square of cloudy cornea and lifts it out. He now reaches for the donated eye and neatly cuts out a transplant.

An eye for an eye. The surgeon lifts the tiny piece of clear cornea with a small spatula. Then he slips the clear graft into the hollow square. It's a perfect fit. Now the surgeon pulls taut over the transplant the web of silk thread that he had previously made ready, deftly ties a knot at one side, and it's all over. (In this operation, the surgeon may prefer to use a trephine—the instrument shown in the illustrations—which cuts out a circular section of the cornea.)

The patient now has a window of clear cornea that will let light flash through to the retina. Sometimes, indeed, the light has been known to flash through while the patient was still on the operating table, and from under the sheets and towels has suddenly come the excited cry, "I can see!"

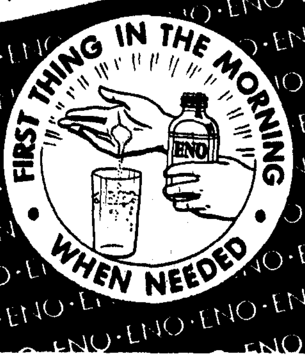
Actually it will be days before the black silk bandage is removed. For about ten days the patient will lie flat on his back, his head perfectly still. On the sixth day the stitches will be removed. On the 14th day the transplant is unveiled and if all goes well, light will flow through. Some surgeons can be fairly sure of the result in two weeks, but the official result won't go into their files until from three to six months after the operation.

THE END

BUBBLING OVER with LIFE!

Enjoy that great-to-be-alive feeling! It's easy, once you're wide awake internally! Just try crisp, *good-tasting* Eno in a glass of water, as directed, whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size—all druggists. You'll say it's great!

ENJOY LIFE WITH ENO
... THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE


FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
WHEN NEEDED
ENO

Keep 'Em Smiling

Folks need to laugh this Christmas. Give them Paddy, the Irish rogue whose ruddy bald head actually GROWS a rich crop of bright green hair. A source of fun for young and old. Can be planted many times. Durable pottery of rare Texas clay, 5" tall, sent *complete* with special seed, $1, postpaid. *Money back guarantee.*
Paddys mailed direct to your Xmas list with card inclosed.

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
22 Washington Avenue, Goliad, Texas

Room with Bath $2.50 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

WEAK ARCHES

RHEUMATIC-LIKE foot and leg pains, tired, aching feet, sore heels, callouses on soles, or excessive fatigue after standing or walking, may be due to weak or fallen arches. If this is your trouble, Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise will give you quick relief by removing muscular and ligamentous strain—the cause of your pain. Adjustable to aid in gradually restoring the arches to normal.
Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports are thin, light and flexible. Slip in any shoe like an insole. Can be changed from one pair of shoes to another. Any Shoe, Department or Surgical Supply Store featuring Dr Scholl's Arch Supports will test your stockinged feet for arch weakness FREE of charge.
Free booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's Inc., Dept. AS, Chicago

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS
One of Dr. Scholl's 40 Aids for the Feet

The Week's Work

KARGER-PIX

Lisette's head—minus the body

JUST as we feared, Lisette Verea, shapely attraction in the Merry Widow cast, didn't like it a bit when, in the October 23d issue, Collier's ran a picture of her minus her head. She came into the office, hatchet in hand, looking for photo editor Ulrich Calvosa, but he saw her first, and so she wrote him thus:

"I went to your office today to recover my head, and you were out. I am sorry that I ever left Rumania—at least I would still have my head, my beautiful head. Is this typical hospitality of American journalists? What if we in Rumania printed only the picture of Lana Turner's skirt, and nobody in Bucharest knew she wore a sweater?

"I am now known as 'the girl without a head,' and when I took a bow at the Majestic the other night, they let the curtain down halfway, and I bowed from the knees. Do you think I want to be half a pin-up girl, and have thousands of brave boys go into battle wondering what my face looks like?

"I shall call the whole thing off if you will give your readers the rest of me in your next issue. So come over one day and see for yourself what my top looks like."

Herewith, Lisette's top.

PHOTOGRAPHING women—that is, any woman—is a risky kind of business, as Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw have learned. At the Chicago night club where they took some of the pictures for "Burlesque is Dead," p. 14, they had to rescue the manager from a dozen scratching, hair-pulling girls. The manager had gone into the girls' dressing room and announced that such and such girls had been picked for pictures, and the slighted ones were displeased. Sam restored peace by shooting pictures of each and every girl.

Sam and Harry find that the best way to a suspicious subject's heart is to show pictures of their children, of which they have two apiece. "I just happen to have some snapshots with me," they say, whipping them out, and right away the most hostile burlesquer melts.

ALFRED, the dumb but lovable sailor whose puss appears on p. 36, is, we understand, a very popular pin-up boy in the Navy. We hear there's scarcely a wardroom in any ship that doesn't have an Alfred cartoon tacked on the wall.

And now our Alfred wins a new honor. The crew of a certain bomber has adopted him as mascot and named its Fortress after him. Civilians as well as servicemen have asked if Alfred has been published in book form. He will be, come spring, by Robert M. McBride. Meantime, selected Alfreds are included in a new collection of Collier's cartoons, by the same publisher and called It's a Funny World.

Foster Humfreville, the artist who draws Alfred, is almost as bashful as his creation. "I never did very well in school," he writes us from his California home. "I know very little about the Navy, and to get ideas I used to talk to sailors. I gave this up when I asked too many questions, and almost got arrested on suspicion of being a spy."

THOMAS BELL got the idea for his story, The Girl on the Porch, p. 17, from his brother, who is a night foreman in a defense plant.

"My brother told me about this machinist who got into a fight," Bell explains. "This machinist claimed his day man was trying to get him fired by lousing up his lathe. I added love interest and there was a story."

Bell, who writes more novels than short stories, was born and bred in a steel town—Braddock, Pa.—and was a steel worker himself for a time. One of his first successes, Out of This Furnace, reflects his steel background. "I also have earned my living as a merchant seaman, a bookstore clerk and electrician," he says. "And I have done time in Hollywood." . . . A. P.

Thomas Bell

HOW FAR SHOULD I GO FOR A MAN..

in choosing his Christmas gift?

I want it to be a personal gift, of course, and in good taste... something he'll really use and enjoy every day. How can I be sure?

THAT, Miss Query, is a mighty good description of a set of Seaforth Men's Toiletries . . . the gift that is *personally his*, to enjoy day after day. And each day that man of yours will thank you for your exciting discovery . . . that "Wonderful Seaforth Feeling" . . . that lifts morale and keeps a man up there on top of the world. See Seaforth at any fine store.

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Seaforth!
FOR MEN

SET E
Shaving Mug • Shaving Lotion
Men's Talc $300

CLANSMAN
Shaving Lotion • Men's Talc
Hair Dressing . . . $300

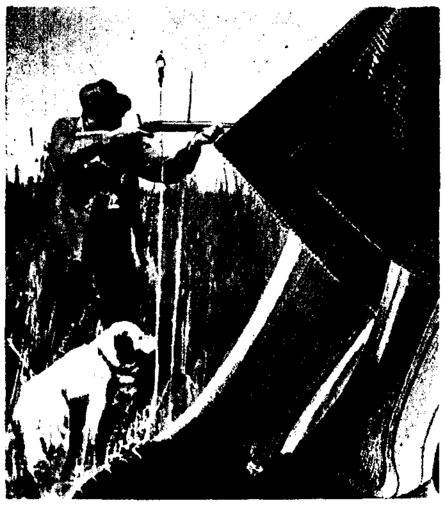
SET C
Shaving Lotion
Men's Talc $200

SET F
Shaving Mug • Men's Soap
Shaving Lotion • Men's Talc
Hair Dressing . . $500

SHAVING MUG • SHAVING LOTION • MEN'S TALC • HAND SOAP • MEN'S COLOGNE • HAIR DRESSING
MEN'S DEODORANT • COMBINATION SETS, $2 to $7
Available in Canada at Slightly Higher Prices

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Thirty days hath November
Mighty chilly, too, remember...
Better get Westminster hose.
Every man who wears them knows
That when you're shivering
In the stadium
These socks are worth
Their weight in radium.



Smart protection from the cold...
In styles to suit the hunter bold
As well as business men discreet
Who like Westminster's patterns neat.
America's finest—that's our boast
You'll hear it echoed coast-to-coast
By men who know sock comfort best
Westminsters pass the winter test.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

The Girl on the Porch

Continued from page 17

"Marysville's my home town," Corey said. "You probably never heard of it, but it's a nice little town."

"I've driven through it," the girl said, surprisingly. "It's got a soldiers' and sailors' monument."

"That's right." He turned his head to look at her, feeling enormously pleased. "You never happened to stop in Bailey's Garage, did you? It's right around the corner from the monument."

"I don't think so."

"I guess I'd have remembered you. Reason I ask, I used to work there. I was Mr. Bailey's top mechanic until gas rationing and all put a crimp in the garage business. My name's Corell Appleton, but most people call me Corey."

"I'm Janet Stowe."

They walked for a time in silence. Then Corey said, "I room up here on Tenth Street and I come down this way every afternoon on my way to work."

"I think I've noticed you. You work nights, don't you?"

He nodded. "They pay a bonus for night work," he explained, "and the sooner I have some money saved the sooner I can send for my mother and kid sister. They're still in Marysville."

They had reached the corner of Tenth Street, where there were no trees and the houses were hardly more than wooden boxes badly in need of paint.

Corey glanced around. "Say, this is my corner. I didn't realize we'd come this far."

"You'll have to walk me back, now."

"You bet."

They started back, walking a little faster because they were going downhill.

"I don't know how much good the money would do me even if I had it," Corey said, picking up where he'd left off. "Not many houses for rent in Jefferson right now."

"There isn't one," Janet said. "There hasn't been room to turn around in Jefferson since they built the new plant."

"I suppose it has made a lot of changes. And I guess some of the people who've always lived here don't like it any too much, either."

"What makes you say that?"

"Oh, you can tell. Take the man who works on my machine, days. He could be a lot friendlier than he is, a whole lot friendlier."

"You shouldn't judge everybody in Jefferson by one man."

"I suppose I shouldn't."

"Who is he? Maybe I know him."

"Oh, you wouldn't want to know anybody like him." The idea almost shocked Corey. "Fellow by the name of Howie—Gene Howie."

THERE was a muffled sound from Janet. Corey glanced at her, puzzled, and then looked around. They were almost back in front of her aunt's house, only now the porch light was on, sending a yellow glare across the lawn, over and around a bulky young man standing on the top step in the attitude of a lighthouse keeper peering into dense fog.

"Well, I'll be a billy goat," Corey said in frank amazement. "There he is now."

"I know," Janet said. She had a funny look on her face.

"What's he doing here?"

"He's looking for me."

Gene was already coming down the walk toward them. He was as tall as Corey but not as lean; he had a darkly tanned face and wavy brown hair, and he was wearing white slacks and a large-patterned sports jacket that had cost (Corey knew) as much as Corey ordinarily paid for a whole suit.

"That's a fine trick to play on me, Janet," Gene was complaining. He opened the gate and stepped through. "I got back with the ice cream and you were nowhere around. Even your aunt didn't know what had happened to you. If you did have to—" He stopped.

Corey had been wondering how long it would take Gene to recognize him.

"Hello, Gene," he said dryly.

"Where did you come from?" Gene glanced from one to the other suspiciously. "Say, what is this? Do you know this guy, Janet?"

"Certainly I know him. Do you?"

"Not because I want to. He's the farmer they put on my machine, nights."

"Your machine!" Corey began indignantly. He had always considered the machine his, on loan to the day man when he wasn't there.

"So long, mister," Gene said. "It's been a treat seeing you in your Sunday suit." He waved a hand dismissingly and caught up Janet's arm.

Not so much the hardly veiled contempt in his speech and gesture as something in the way he assumed possession of Janet, made Corey bristle. He took a step forward, and for a moment the two men measured each other; then Janet freed her arm and broke the tension.

She held out her hand. "Good night, Corey."

"Good night, Janet."

He touched his hat and walked away. Behind him, he could hear Gene speak in an undertone to Janet and then laugh. It was like having something thrown at one, and Corey almost turned back. He kept going. He felt sure he hadn't seen the last of Gene Howie.

He meant to make sure he hadn't seen the last of Janet, either, and that was more worth thinking about.

She wasn't on the porch when he came by the next afternoon. A little disappointed, he went on to the plant and found Gene standing by the lathe.

"I've been waiting for you, Mister Appleknocker," Gene said.

"My name's Appleton."

"I wanted to tell you that just because you happened to fix somebody's car in some hick town a couple of years ago doesn't mean they want you for a friend now—in case you had other ideas."

Corey eyed him interestedly. "Janet tell you I fixed her car?"

"You heard what I said."

Corey studied him. "You're a good machinist, fella, but some ways you could be a lot smarter."

Gene grinned unpleasantly. "As for instance?"

"As for instance—girls."

The grin faded. "You looking for trouble, farmer?"

"You aim to make some?"

"I might."

"Uh-huh. Well, while you're at it, make it good."

The night foreman's voice broke over them, inquiring if Gene planned to work the night shift, too.

Gene ignored him. "Okay, farmer, you asked for it," he said, and went off down the aisle.

THE following afternoon, when Corey reached Janet's house, she was hanging over the gate. Her eyes swept him as he greeted her and made him conscious of his work clothes. His old pants and open windbreaker and battered hat with a union button stuck in the band.

"I didn't see you when I came by yesterday," he said, leaning an elbow on the gate.

"The bank stays open late Mondays."

He'd forgotten that.

Neither spoke for a moment; then Janet said, "Do you and Gene have much to do with each other in the shop?"

"We see each other now and then. Why?"

"I just wondered."

"If you're wondering whether he's said anything to me about Sunday night," Corey drawled, "he did mention that you told him I'd fixed your car a couple years ago."

Janet blushed. "Gosh, I had to say something."

Corey grinned. "Sure."

"Stop grinning at me. Was that all he said?"

"Well, no."

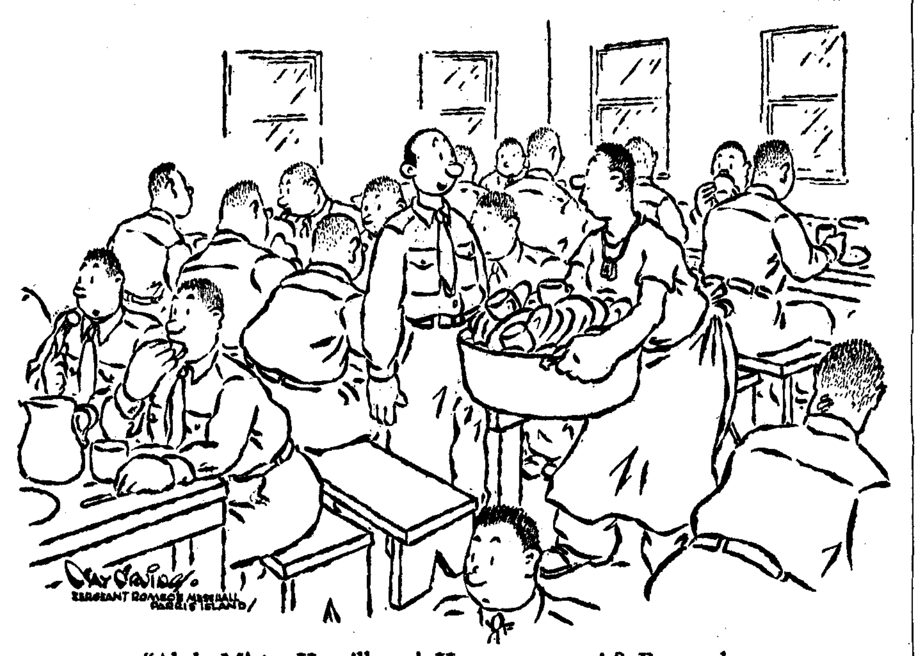
"Janet, darling," a feminine voice said, "you have no idea how you look hanging over the gate that way."

Corey straightened. Janet turned half around. "Aunt May, this is Corey Appleton. My aunt, Mrs. Rogers, Corey."

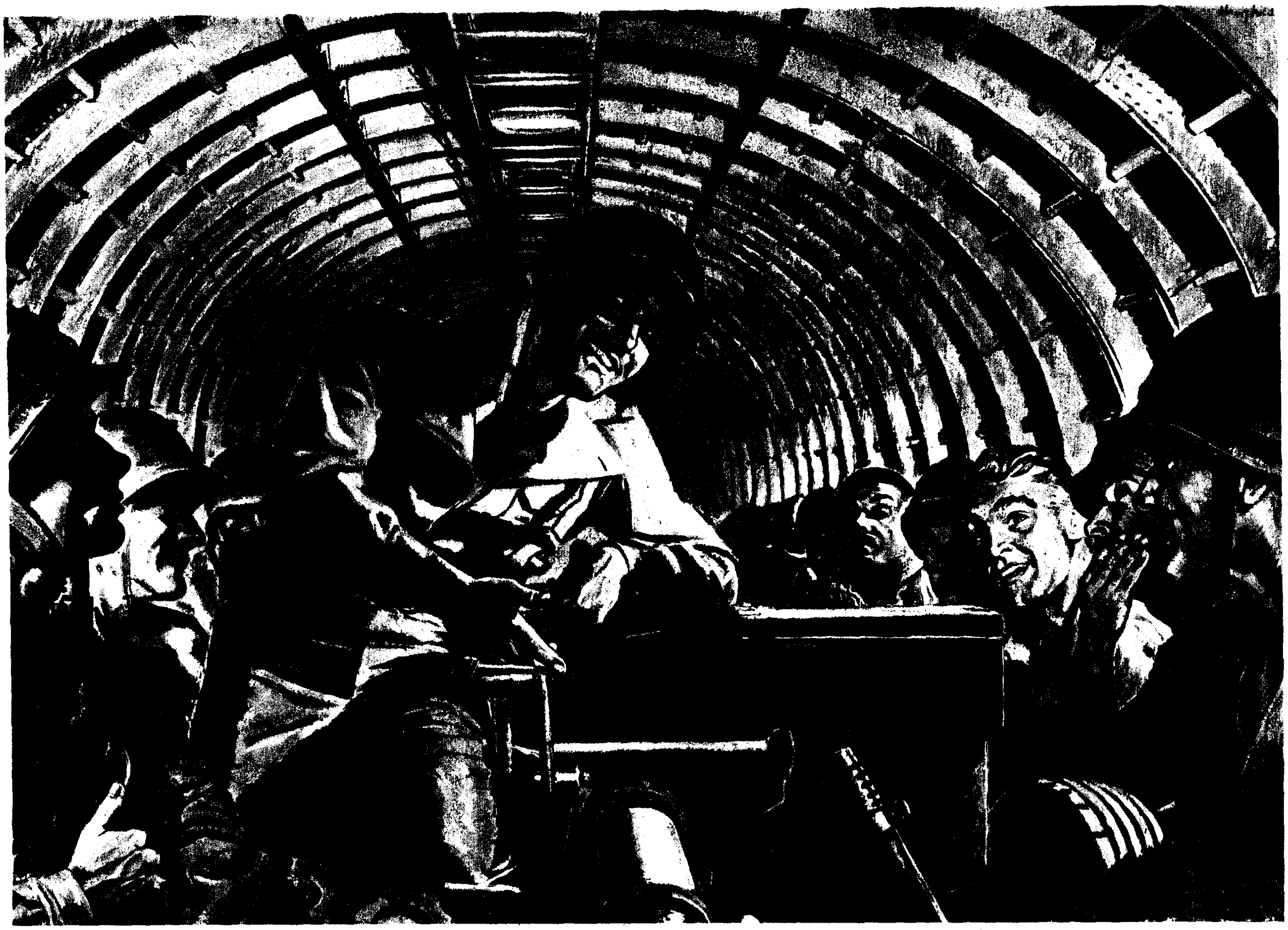
"How do you do, Corey," Aunt May said, settling into a rocking chair.

"Very well, thank you, ma'am," Corey said, taking off his hat.

"My, hasn't he got nice manners!" Aunt May said. (Continued on page 67)


Jay Irving
SERGEANT ROMEO'S MESSHALL PARRIS ISLAND

COLLIER'S "Ah-h, Mister Hamilburg! How are you, sir? Remember me? Henri . . . Pierre's . . . the Gourmet Room . . . ?" JAY IRVING



Somewhere South of Chungking!

"The most beautiful girl I've ever seen was a nurse in Butte, Montana."

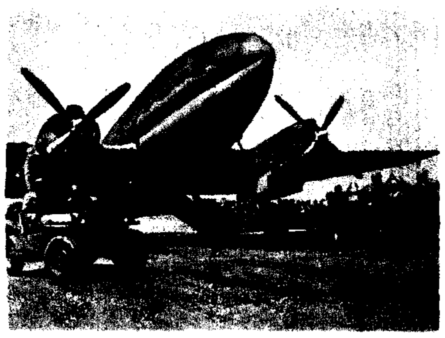
Sixteen thousand miles from Butte, Montana, in the cabin of a troop and cargo transport, they're talking today as casually as this . . . scarcely even aware of what it means.

It means that hundreds of far-away places, unknown or inaccessible wilderness a few months ago, are "whistle-stops" today on the military routes of the United Nations . . . It means that tons of military cargoes and increasing thousands of our fighting men are daily shuttling through the sky, meeting the greatest challenge of our time with an achievement by America's aviation industry — its airlines and manufacturers — that few people are even aware of.

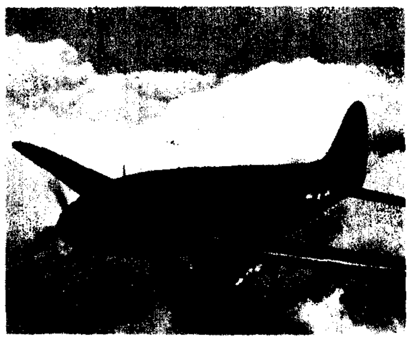
Such is the story of our new logistical weapon, the cargo and troop transport, which is today at the top of the priority list alongside bomber and fighter planes. And one of the busiest of these is the famous Curtiss C-46 COMMANDO, in service throughout the world, aiding the gigantic task of our Air Transport Command with speed and flexibility in the transportation of troops and vital war materials.

And little does the American lad dream — in the clouds above Chungking — that after the war is over his girl in Butte, Montana, will be living on the "main line" from Fort Worth to Shanghai, in the air trade routes that are being established today by global war.

For a whole new age of air transportation has been born of this war. It is real. It is here. And when this war is won, air transportation, as it brings a better world-wide human understanding, will be a legacy to American men and women who are working, fighting, sacrificing for a better world. LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!



"Super-plane," "Troopship of the Sky," "Flying Arsenal" — now winning new laurels on the invasion front. The Commando carries troops, jeeps, artillery, ammunition, supplies. Speed, capacity — *military secret.*



Commandos recently made a record 15,000 mile mass flight from the United States to a foreign base — on what the Army Air Force experts enthusiastically termed "the biggest and longest flight in transport history."

"A hundred men and a giant" — dramatizing the 108-foot wing span of the Curtiss-Wright C-46 Commando, world's largest twin-engine plane. Recent OWI Transport Report said "the most efficient of its type."

CURTISS
WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

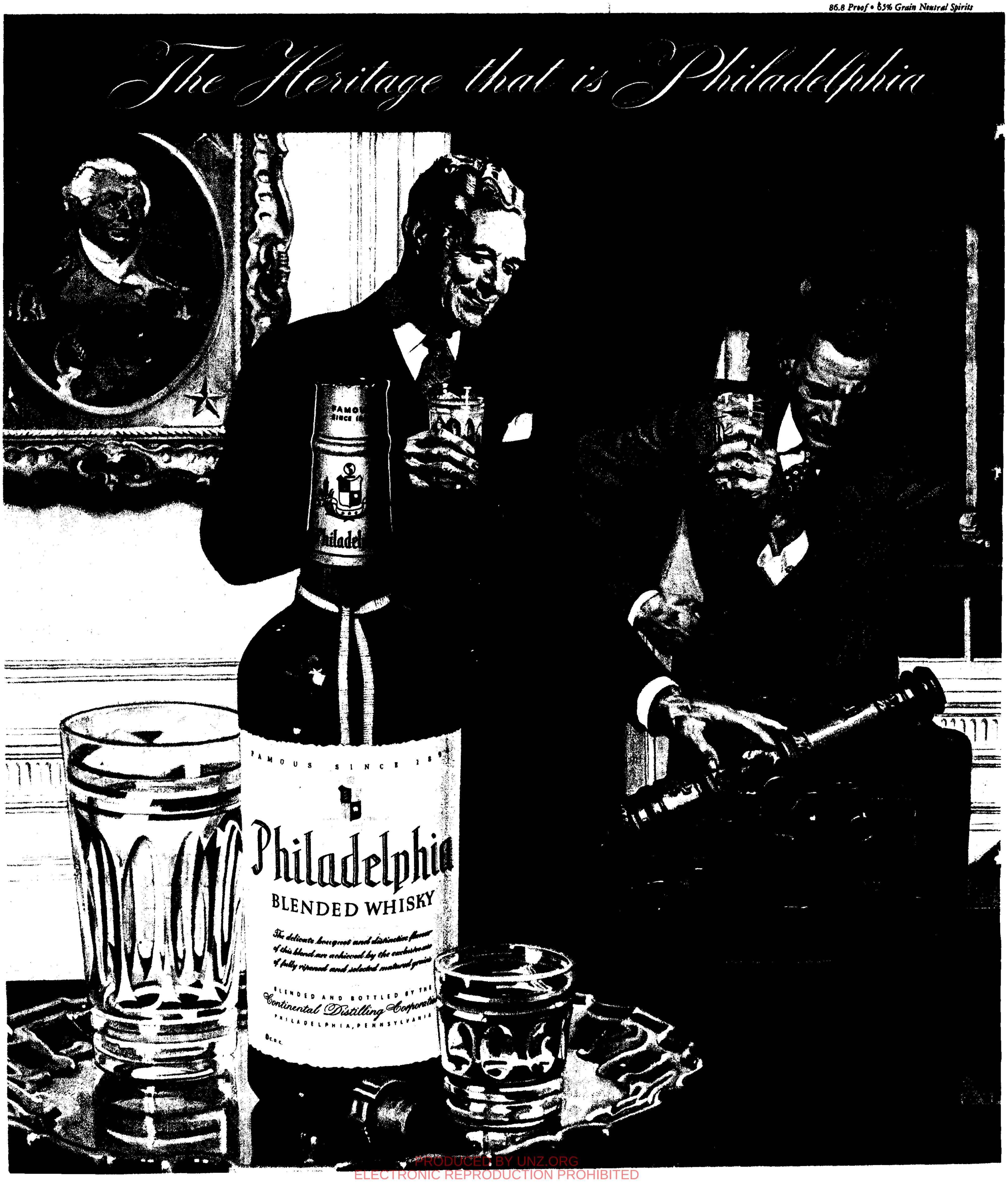
★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

BIRTHPLACE OF TRADITIONS DEEP-ROOTED FOR CENTURIES IN OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, PHILADELPHIA IS THE CITY THAT GAVE TO THIS NATION ITS PROUD HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY. ONLY A WHISKY AS FINE AS PHILADELPHIA IS WORTHY OF THIS PROUD NAME. BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS, PHILADELPHIA IS TRULY A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKY, ORDINARILY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS . . . YET ONE YOU CAN ENJOY . . . REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits


The Heritage that is Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavor of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Aunt May!"

"If you don't mind my saying so, Mrs. Rogers," Corey said, "I'd never guess you had such a big girl for a niece."

"Now isn't that sweet of you, Corey!"

"I'm not so big," Janet protested.

"I've told you about hanging over the gate, darling, and about stooping over. But you won't listen."

"I'd better be going," Corey said with a grin. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Rogers. Good afternoon, Janet."

As he started away, Aunt May said very clearly, "Just what was it you fixed on our car that time, Corey?"

Corey stopped. He glanced at Janet, who was staring at her aunt wide-eyed. Aunt May's rocker creaked regularly.

Corey took a deep breath. "I never worked on your car, Mrs. Rogers."

"Aunt May—" Janet began.

"Shut up, darling." Aunt May rocked twice in unhurried placidity. "We've always had a lot of trouble with something called the timer, Corey," she said, "if anyone should ask you."

Corey smiled at her understandingly. "I'll remember, Mrs. Rogers. Goodby."

"G'by, Corey."

Janet watched him go down the street and then strolled to the porch and sat down on the top step.

"Gene's said something to him, Aunt May."

"I expected he would, sweetheart. I wouldn't let it worry me. Corey looks like a boy who could take real good care of himself."

GENE wasn't around when Corey reached the shop. There was a half-hour interval between shifts and, in the turret-lathe department, the machines were kept running idle during that period. Turret lathes are precision instruments designed to work to such close tolerances that the very temperature of the machine itself, its bearings, affects the accuracy of its work.

Corey cut off the all-but-finished bushing Gene had left in the collet—a regular practice—checked it with his micrometer and plug gauge, and then moved up the bar stock and brought up his ram, its hexagonal turret bristling with tools. He swung the nozzle of cooling liquid into place as the drill bit into solid metal and continued on in until the automatic stop, set for the correct depth, halted it. He spun his ram back until the turret indexed, that is, rotated one face, one tool, around, and brought it up again, boring tool in position. Setting the handle of his automatic stop, he watched the boring tool disappear into the hole.

It was almost as far in as it was meant to go, and he was waiting expectantly for the click of the automatic stop, when there was a sharp jolt. He acted swiftly, but the damage was done. When he moved his ram back, he discovered that his boring tool had snapped off.

He swore under his breath. There was nothing to do but grind another boring tool. He removed the damaged one and went to the tool crib to exchange it for a new tool bit.

The foreman passed while he was busy at the wheel. "What happened?"

"My boring tool broke."

"Watch it next time."

It took him over an hour to get the tool bit ground and set. He started a new bushing, drilled, and checked the depth of the hole. That was when he discovered the drill had been pulled back a few turns of the stop screw, not much but enough to make a hole shallower than the boring tool was correctly set for. A broken tool had followed as a matter of course.

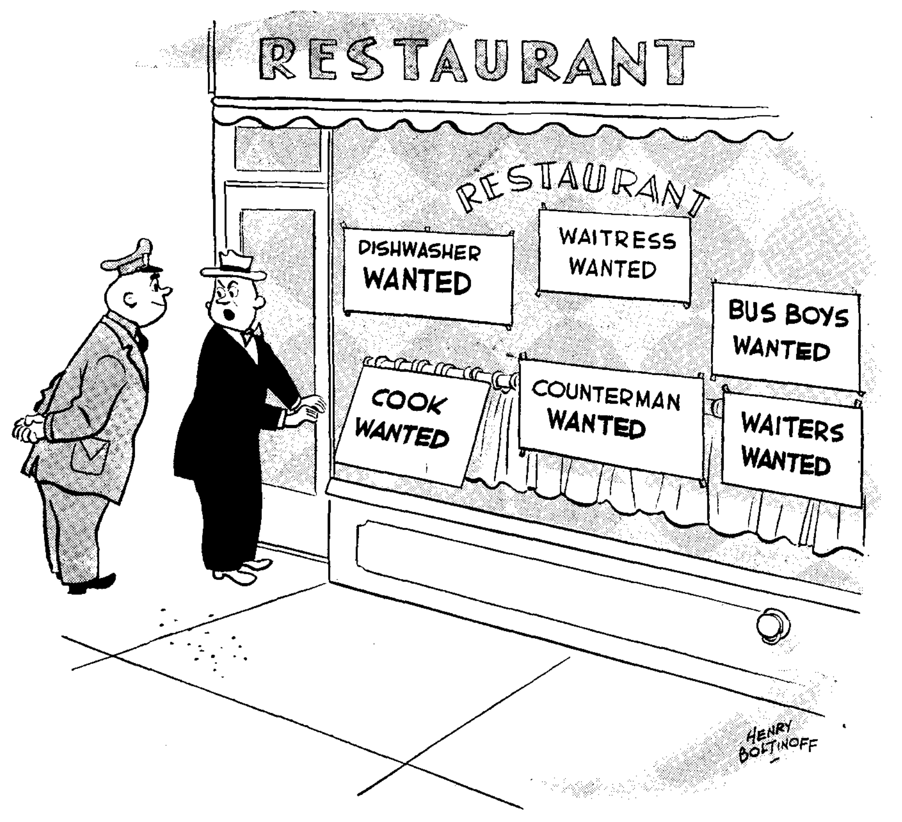
It could have been accidental but the odds were very much against it.

He had no more trouble that night, and the following night he prudently checked his setup carefully. Everything seemed as it should be, but when he'd finished his first bushing, he learned that both its bore and its outside diameter were some twenty thousandths too large. The outside diameter could have been cut down, but the too-large bore obviously couldn't be made smaller.

He tried again, watching the tools and his dials intently. Numbered clips on the dials marked each setting. The lathe obeyed the settings, but when he checked the finished bushing, he got the same result as before.

He reset his dials and tried again. This time, to his intense bewilderment, the error was exactly reversed, the bore and outside diameter that had been twenty thousandths too large were now twenty thousandths too small. Yet in resetting his dials, he had merely corrected them the twenty thousandths of the previous error.

Corey stared dazedly at his machine and went off to the washroom for a smoke. His reaction was, on the whole, mild. Contrary turret lathes have been known to make experienced machinists throw wrenches and jump five feet in the air, uttering shrill cries; and this particular lathe was getting beyond help.



"People don't come in any more. They think the place is an employment agency!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

When he returned he started from the beginning. Two or three bushings later, the foreman came by, cocked one eye at Corey's bare bench, another at his scrap box, and lingered.

"Making some contributions to the scrap drive?" he inquired amiably.

"I'm having a little trouble," Corey admitted.

"You had some trouble yesterday, too."

"Yeah, I did."

"Watch it. That stuff costs money."

HE LICKED the trouble finally, and when he'd licked it, he knew what had caused it. The dials of a turret lathe must be set up or down to a reading, as required. A boring tool, for example, is set up to a reading; the dial is swung a turn or so under the correct reading and then brought up to it. In the same way, the outside cutting tool is set down to a reading. This allows for and eliminates the otherwise irreducible play—backlash, as it is called—in the gears and screws of the boring slide.

Gene had reset the dials the wrong way at quitting time, throwing the work twenty thousandths out. Correcting that, Corey had automatically allowed for backlash, too, and thus piled error on error.

He was wondering what new trouble awaited him in the shop when he came by Janet's house the next afternoon. She was sitting on the porch steps and waved to him, then patted the step beside her. "Come in and sit with me a minute."

HE WENT through the gate and settled on the step with, all things considered, a marked absence of liveliness.

"What's the matter?" Janet asked.

"Nothing, far's I know."

"You don't look very cheerful." She had a hat in her lap and was sewing a flower on it. "Has Gene been making trouble?"

"What gave you that idea?"

"He was here last night and said he expected there'd be a new night man on his machine before long."

"Oh—he was here last night?"

"It was Wednesday night," Janet said.

"Is that his night?" asked Corey.

She glanced at him. "Don't be nasty."

"I'm not being nasty. I just asked you a simple question."

Janet's voice cooled. "I don't feel like answering questions right now."

Corey ignored the danger signals. "I suppose Sunday's his other night."

Janet refused to reply.

Corey got slowly to his feet. "Well, I hope you had a nice time."

She was bent over the hat, and he couldn't see her face. "We had a lovely time," she said.

Corey stared down at her, confused and unhappy; angry with Janet, angry with himself.

"And if you must know," Janet continued, sewing away, "he's taking me to the movies Sunday night. I was just fixing this hat to wear especially."

Corey had been planning to take her himself, with or without a hat, and she knew it. His indignation all but took his breath away.

"Well," he said, when he was able to speak, "they say it's a good picture. I've got to be going now. So long."

She didn't reply as he strode off down the walk, reeking with outraged masculinity.

It didn't make him any happier to have the foreman stop by his machine just as the starting bell rang.

"Try to keep out of trouble tonight," the foreman said. "Your production's been way off lately."

"I know."

"What's the matter? Having trouble with your girl?"

"Sort of."

"Try to forget her when you come to work."

Sure. No sooner said than done. Just snap your fingers, and she's forgotten, the lovely traitor—hat and all.

The lovely traitor was, at that moment, telling her aunt that she didn't want any supper, she didn't feel hungry; the hat was resting under her bed as far back as it could be thrown.

After the foreman had left, Corey checked everything. Grimly, he all but tore down the setup and rebuilt it, and when he swung the nozzle of cooling liquid over his cutting tool, he felt satisfied that everything was as it should be. Perhaps Gene had run out of tricks.

But when he checked the finished bushing, it was three thousandths out.

He scrapped it and tried again, and it was again out.

WHAT followed was a miserable three hours during which Corey produced bushings virtually by hand—which is something you don't need a turret lathe to do. Nothing he did helped; as a matter of fact, there was little he could do because there was nothing apparently wrong, the setup was as right as it could be made.

Nevertheless, the lathe continued, with the efficiency and precision for which turret lathes are noted, to produce imperfect bushings.

Sweating, aching, stiff with concentration, Corey watched and checked and rechecked; and even hours later, when the lathe began producing perfect bushings as mysteriously as it had earlier produced imperfect ones, he continued checking and rechecking, unable to trust it.

That was a long and nerve-racking night.

And the next night was exactly as bad, in exactly the same way.

The night foreman was lingering by Corey's machine when he got there Saturday night. The foreman didn't smile when Corey greeted him, which was ominous, and he called him Jack, which was even more so.

"You seem to be having a lot of trouble lately, Jack," the foreman said.

"Yeah, I have. Something seems to have got into this damned machine."

"Day man doesn't report any trouble."

The day man, Corey reflected bitterly, wouldn't.

"Maybe you'd do better on some other machine," the foreman said. "A miller, maybe, or a grinder."

"I like this turret lathe," Corey said.

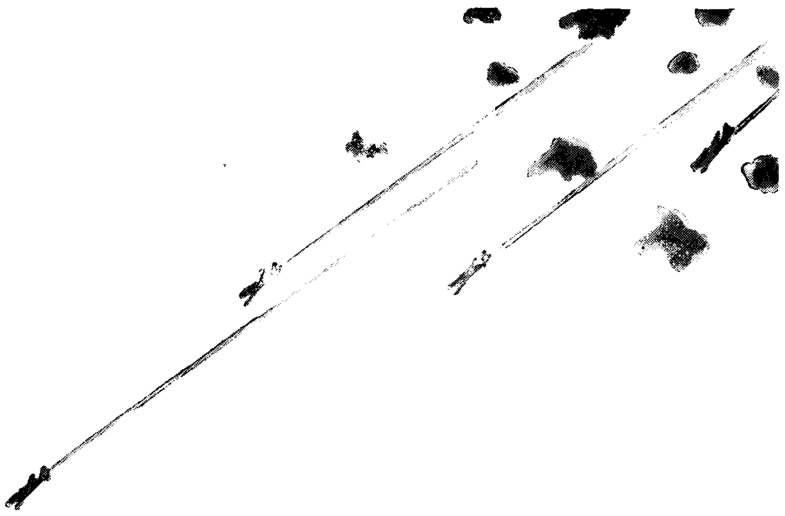
"It don't seem to like you, though. Think it over, Jack. I've got a production schedule, you know."

Corey knew. Feeling as low as he ever had, he put on his apron and eyed the lathe unhappily. He checked his tools, his settings. Everything was, as usual, apparently all right; and everything would turn out to be, he felt sure, all wrong.

Glumly Corey bent over the machine, his left hand reaching out to swing the nozzle of cooling liquid into place—and stopped.

Gene had pushed it out of the way, back of the head, and presumably the liquid was falling into the splash pan below. Only it wasn't. The milky stuff was flowing fine and free against the spindle bearing.

Corey pushed it aside and felt the bearing. Though the lathe had been running



No Bed of Roses. Ever sit in a hot, bucking iron box, breathing dust and sand—with thunder in your ears, and someone pouring shells at you? That's what a tank crew is up against. And all *we* have to do back home to fight *our* part of the war is to work *harder,* produce *more—and put every cent we can spare into War Stamps and Bonds.* Then buy *more* with money we *can't* spare. It's so *easy,* compared to what our boys are going through at the front that we can't even make a comparison.

TANKS NEED BATTERIES

Willard makes batteries for tanks *and for your motor car.* The same materials go into both. But batteries for military uses come *first. So take care of your battery.* Make it last a long time. Let your Willard dealer help you.

"SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

Willard

-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY

CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO

A Subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

continuously all day, the bearing was cool.

Corey stared. It was such a neat and apparently accidental method of making trouble that for a moment he almost admired Gene for having thought of it. The cooling bearing had contracted, affecting the position of the collet and naturally of the bar stock in the collet, just enough to throw every hex turret setting several thousandths out. As if that wasn't deviltry enough, while Corey had struggled, making repeated adjustments, the gradually warming bearing had kept making further readjustments necessary.

"The curly-haired son of a so-and-so!" he muttered.

SUNDAY night Corey put on his best suit and a clean shirt and the necktie he liked best. He doused himself with after-shave lotion, refolded the handkerchief in his breast pocket, tilted his hat to the correct angle, and went out.

They were all on the porch when he got there, Aunt May in the rocker, the others on the porch steps, Janet in a white dress scattered with large flowers, and Gene in his white slacks and sports jacket.

Corey took off his hat. "Good evening, Mrs. Rogers. Good evening, Janet. Hi, Gene."

"Good evening, Corey," Aunt May said.

Janet was apparently struck speechless. Gene merely grunted.

"Sorry to bust in this way," Corey said, "but I knew Gene'd be here and I wanted to see him. You mind coming with me a minute, fella? Something I want to talk to you about."

"Some other time, mister."

"It can't wait."

"It'll have to."

"I'd hate to have to drag you out by the seat of those nice pants," Corey said, "in front of these ladies."

"Corey!"

"You keep quiet, Janet," Aunt May said.

Gene had sprung to his feet. "Maybe I'd better go at that. I'll be right back, Janet."

He and Corey went down the walk, out the gate and up the street until the darkness swallowed them.

"Aunt May," Janet said, "if they're fighting over me, I'm going right out and stop it."

"You stay put, darling."

Janet stayed put.

The man who came back down the street and through the gate a few minutes later wasn't wearing white slacks.

"Sorry about this, Mrs. Rogers," Corey said. His breathing was a little rapid. "Gene said to excuse him, but he had to attend to something right away."

"Your tie's crooked, Corey," Aunt May said.

He straightened it.

"That looks like a bruise on your cheekbone, too."

"I bumped into a tree."

"It does get pretty dark under those trees."

Janet was looking up at Corey angrily. "Corey Appleton," she exclaimed, "have you and Gene been fighting over me?"

"Over you?" His surprise was beautiful to behold. "It was on account of my turret lathe. That's a fine machine I've got and I didn't like some of the things Gene was doing to it. Anyway, who's been fighting?"

Aunt May chuckled.

Corey reached down and pulled Janet to her feet and put her arm through his firmly. "We've just got time to make that picture."

"I didn't say I'd go to the movies with you," Janet protested tugging.

"Course not. You haven't been asked yet. She have a hat, Mrs. Rogers?"

"No hat, Corey. She never finished it."

"Let me go!"

"Be back right after the show, Mrs. Rogers."

"Aunt May, make him let me go!"

No one paid any attention to her.

"Remind Janet to lock the front door when she comes in, Corey," Aunt May said. "I don't think I'll wait up for you."

"I'll do that, Mrs. Rogers. Come along, gal. One thing I hate's to miss the beginning of a picture."

AS THEY came up the dark street some hours later, Corey was saying, "Matter of fact, I'm a better machinist now on account of it. But what I'll never understand is why a nice girl like you ever bothered with a man like that Gene Howie at all."

"Well—" Janet said.

"You're not the kind that would be impressed by wavy brown hair and a thirty-dollar sports jacket."

"He came to see me," Janet said. "He always had some place he wanted to take me. He kept calling me for dates. He didn't just keep going past my gate without ever stopping. You wouldn't understand," she said, "because you're not a girl."

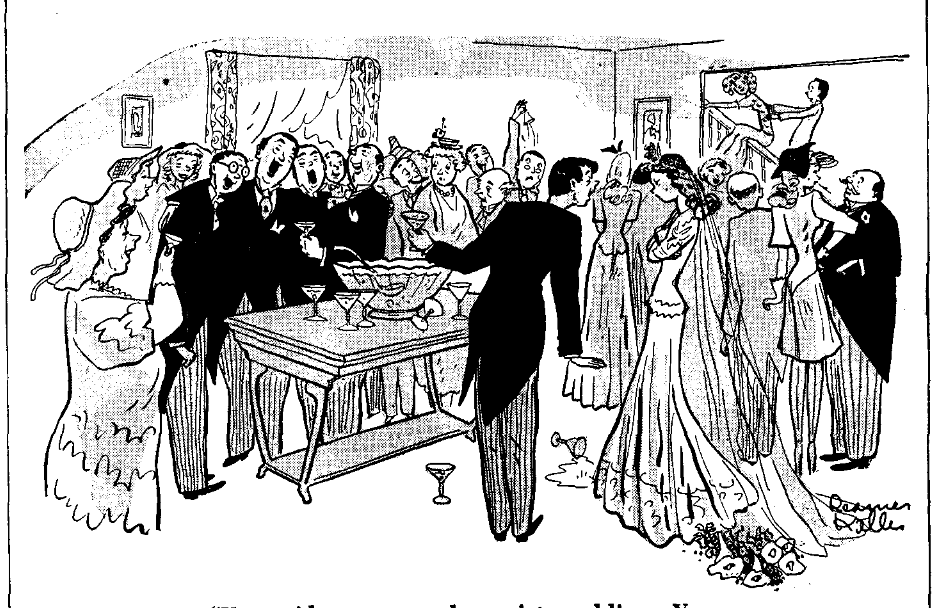
Corey admitted he wasn't a girl. "Still and all," he said, "you never really liked him."

"I didn't like sitting on the porch evenings by myself, either."

"Then you should have done something about it."

They walked half a dozen steps in silence. Then Janet said, "I did. I hid behind a tree."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"You said you wanted a quiet wedding. You didn't say anything about the reception, dear"

REAMER KELLER

Can Italy Learn Democracy?

Continued from page 11

where Blackshirt generals had ordered demoralized Italian soldiers to throw them.

The attitude of most Britishers and some Americans was one of mingled contempt, embarrassment and tolerance when the Italian "government" declared war on Germany. Italy became a "co-belligerent." Men who had walked with the angels found it strange to sit with crows. The Italians themselves didn't help matters. They filled the hotels in towns like Bari and Brindisi, making it impossible for the British officers to find quarters. Even the *pensions* were crowded with uniformed colonels, majors and captains who, only a couple of months before, had been serving Fascism. Barracks which might have been used to quarter Allied troops were filled with Italians. Britons bivouacked where they could.

The gangster elements among the anti-Fascists complicated matters by blackmailing the Fascists in Naples and elsewhere. They threatened to denounce known Blackshirts to Allied authorities unless the victims kicked through with substantial sums of money.

On the island of Ischia in the Bay of Naples, the top military and civil authorities remained the same Blackshirts who had mulcted the civilian population for nearly three years.

Italy's war effort, as measured by what was visible in the reopening of shops, was pathetic. Furriers displayed silver-fox capes, and some tailoring establishments offered British textiles. In most big towns, including bombed Naples, Allied soldiers could buy chic ladies' hats, shoes, gloves, manicuring files, scissors, bath sponges, perfume by weight, cooking pots and pans, embroidered infants' layettes, Venetian lace, jewelry, watches and, for a nation renowned for its art and culture, some of the ugliest modernistic furniture in existence. Britons freely bought items which had disappeared in England within a year of the outbreak of war. Americans bought sheer silk stockings, negligees, scarfs and lingerie to send home for Christmas. Fascism's *"guerra totale"* was patently one colossal joke.

Some more sensitive Italians were ashamed of the new twist their destiny had taken with the declaration of war against Germany. "We were beaten," they said. "And that should have been the end of matters. We should not have confirmed our reputation as double-crossers. Once in the last war was enough. Merely to have chosen now the right side does not forgive in the eyes of history what we've done."

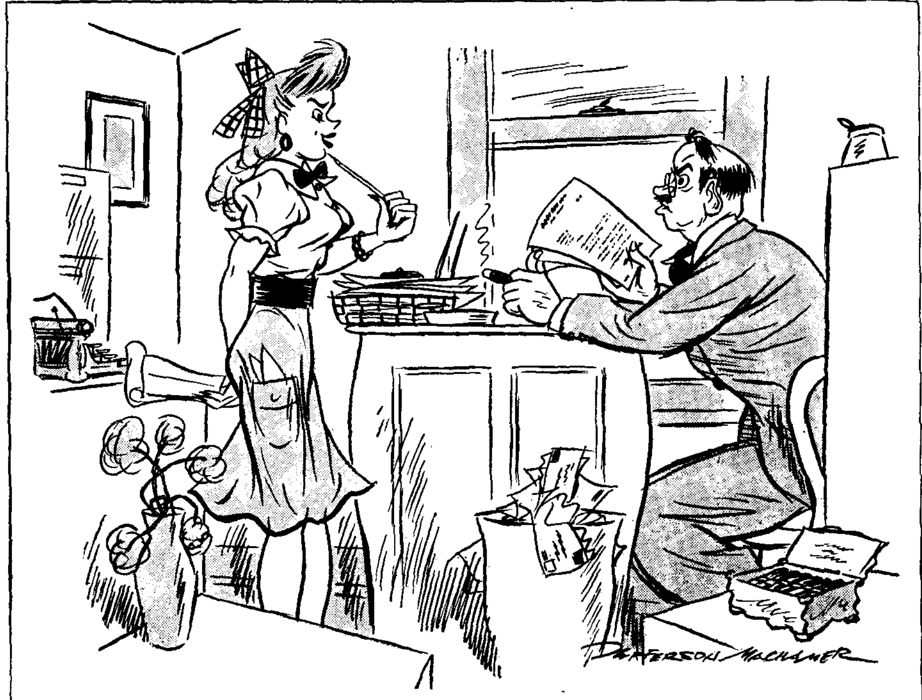
The man who told me that escaped from Milan to join the American forces as a buck private, and he, a former Italian infantry captain, fought against the Nazis on the Volturno.

Emergence of a leader might save Italy from future strife. Where is he? Nobody seems to know. Twenty-one years of Fascism have obliterated all leadership. Mussolini eliminated everyone who might have threatened his personal position. It is possible, however, that Italy's next leader is still in jail somewhere. The motto whereby Fascism lived was "If you're not with us, you're against us," and those who would not feignedly or sincerely adhere to Fascism were sent to prison or exile. The result of this gradual elimination of potential leaders of revolt was that when the pay-off came, there were left only Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio.

A Tempest in a Thimble

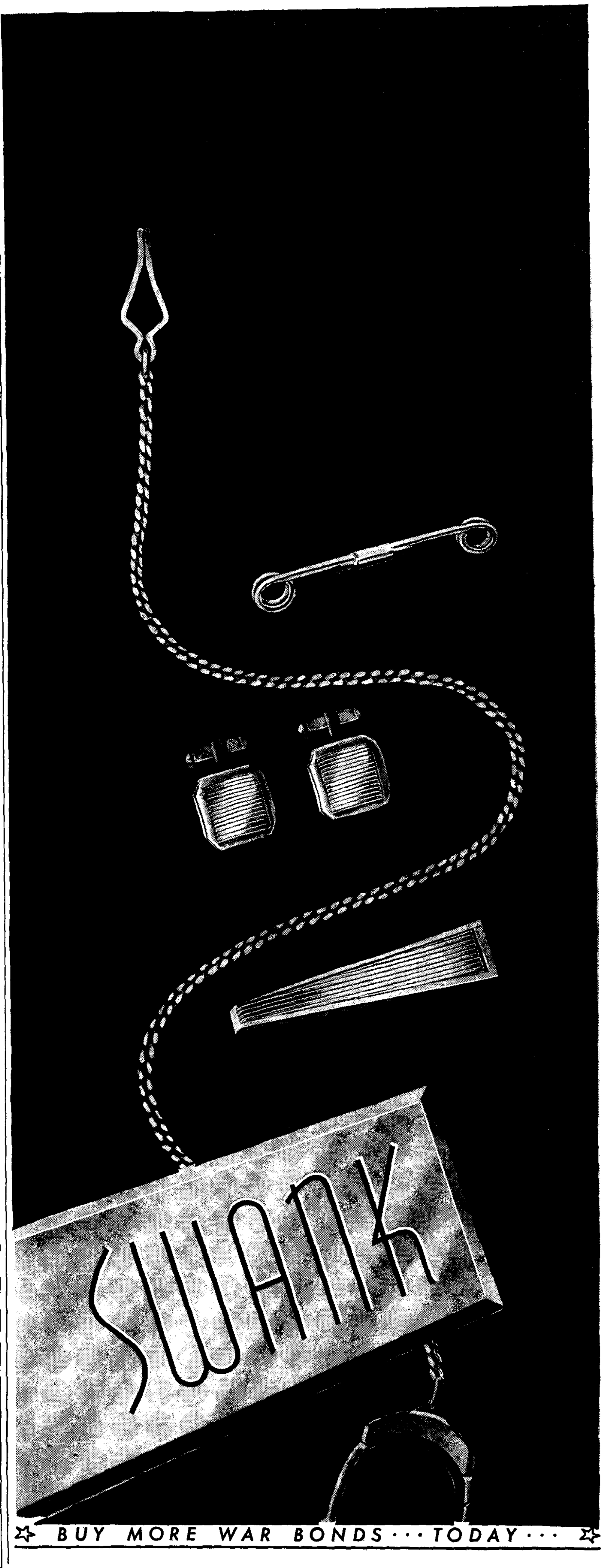
It is impossible to estimate the extent of the popularity of either man. If those at home who argue esoterically about the fitness of the king or Badoglio to be head of the Italian government could see the chaos and feel the spiritual turmoil in this devastated land, they would pause in their arguments and probably drop the whole business. We read here, in letters and clippings from home, of the storm which Anglo-American support of Badoglio has raised. To those of us who are closer to this involved affair than editorialists writing in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, the storm seems to be a tempest in a thimble. From by-lines we see that writers of the most bitter anti-Badoglio articles are persons who have never been in Italy or at most took American Express tours through Naples, Rome, Florence and Venice back in the days when trains were running on time. Or they're written by Italy's own *fuorusciti,* professional refugees who have been out of touch with reality for decades—some who didn't have the courage to remain in Italy and slug it out and go to jail like the decent thousands who are there now, and whom the people of the country will trust above those who ran away.

There's so little leadership left in Italy



"I haven't mailed the letters we did last week. I don't like my spelling"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



My Son... Flies

I thought I was wise . . .

I thought I was kind . . . I thought I knew best . . .

And I guess I was afraid because . . . I'm no different from any other mother . . . except, *my* son is all I have . . .

And so, I thought someday I'd have to say "no".

• • •

When he was three, he brought me the thing he prized most—a feather from a hawk's wing.

When he was ten, his room was littered with bamboo and balsa wood . . . and model planes that flew, with names like "May" or "Alice" or "Just You."

When he was seventeen, on graduation day, he put the medal in my hand he'd won for leadership—the one engraved "Honor in Everything". And on top of it he dropped a dusty feather from a hawk's wing—and when at last I raised my eyes to his, he said, "Mom, I've *got* to fly."

And then—I knew it wasn't flying that I feared but the cutting of invisible strings that hold a mother to her son—the doubt that once gone he would ever be my little boy again. And I looked at him as I never had before, and I could tell by the lift of his head and the words he said that he wasn't a boy anymore, but a man. And I knew that of all the things he'd always wanted, what he wanted most was wings. And I saw that he was part of a new world coming . . . new men, new pioneers who would fight and win and build careers on new frontiers of air.

And I put my hands on his shoulders and said, "I'm proud *my* son was born to fly . . .

"I'm proud the man I bore is strong and straight and fine enough to fly with the Army Air Forces."

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

If Your Son is 17..

There's an important place for him in the Army Air Forces. He will receive *fourteen months of training.* He will live and work with the finest type of young men. He'll fly in American planes, the best and safest that money and engineering skill can build. He will be well-paid. And when the war is over, he'll be qualified for leadership in the world's greatest new industry—Aviation!

But, first, he should go to his nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . take his preliminary examinations to see if he can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If he qualifies, he will receive his Enlisted Reserve insignia *but will not be called for training until he is 18 or over.*

If he is 18 but under 27. . . he should go to his nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . to see if he can qualify as an Aviation Cadet. If he is in the Army, he may apply through his commanding officer. When called, he'll be given 5 months' training (after a brief conditioning period) *in one of America's finest colleges* . . . he'll get dual-control flying instruction . . . then go on to eight months of full flight training. When he graduates as a Bombardier, Navigator or Pilot—he will receive an extra $250 uniform allowance and *his pay will be $246 to $327 per month.*

If he is under 18 (whether or not he has joined the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve) . . . he should see his local Civil Air Patrol officers about taking C. A. P. Cadet Training—also his High School principal or adviser about taking recommended courses in the Air Service Division of his H. S. Victory Corps. Both will afford him valuable pre-aviation training.

(Essential workers in War Industry or Agriculture — do not apply)

"Nothing'll Stop the Army Air Corps"

"KEEP'EM FLYING!"

For information regarding Naval Aviation Cadet Training, he may apply at any Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board or any Naval Recruiting Station; or, if he is in the Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard, he may apply through his commanding officer... This advertisement has the approval of the joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

that up to mid-October, Badoglio hadn't been able to find enough men, pending opening of those jail doors, to fill out his cabinet.

The political facts in the case are these: First, Badoglio isn't comparable to Darlan. Whatever else he may have been, Badoglio was never a Fascist. He urged King Victor Emmanuel to allow him to oppose the march on Rome. This is canceled out by his rescue of Fascism's forces in Ethiopia. To his credit—and of this I have personal knowledge—are his opposition to Italy's participation in the Spanish Civil War and her entry into this war on Germany's side. Persons whom I consider trustworthy repeatedly told me in Rome before the war that Badoglio personally hated Mussolini.

Second, Badoglio himself is aware of the weaknesses in his position and of the possibility that his rise to power is open to the suspicion of liberals inside and outside Italy. But he has guaranteed the British and American governments that, upon his installation in Rome, he will form a government of all shadings of public opinion, but excluding all Fascists or pro-Fascists. As soon as possible after Italy's liberation, elections will be held to permit Italians to choose their own government.

Third, Badoglio is co-operating sincerely with the British and American governments to obtain from the Italians the maximum effort against "the common enemy," to the extent of calling upon people in that part of Italy still under German domination to revolt and use every weapon, including sabotage, to defeat the Germans.

A Nation Salvaging Itself

Upon the extent of Italy's assistance to the Allies in defeating the Germans will depend the amount of consideration the country will be shown at the peace conference.

It is possible that if Italy employs its powers of sabotage and resistance fully it will be able to save something out of the wreckage of war, perhaps as much as all metropolitan Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia.

If this seems harsh to those inclined to sentimentalize about Italy, it must be remembered that Italians fought our Allies, the British, for nearly three years in Africa, the Balkans and in the Mediterranean at an enormous price in British lives, money and weapons. Those same sentimentalists ought to remember Spain, too, and those phantom submarines in the Mediterranean which sank arms destined for anti-Fascists fighting Franco. They might also recall that long before the United States entered the war, Italian submarines were operating under German orders against our shipping in the North Atlantic, and the Italians had one of the largest U-boat forces in the world.

Italians who have rallied around Badoglio, however, give evidence of wanting to make amends. They have raised several divisions now being used as labor battalions for reconstruction of roads and communications systems, building docks, and policing and guarding our lines of communications northward.

Of such troops, perhaps ten divisions may be formed from remnants of the *Regio Esercito*. Its components drift every day into camps in what is left of Italy—four provinces in the heel of the boot.

There Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio live in damp, unheated villas without running water. The region was supplied by the Apulian aqueduct from a reservoir in territory held, when this was written, by Germans who had cut the water line. The king and his chief minister live on the frugal food of the country—corn bread, fruit, small portions of olive oil, a few vegetables and some fish. There is a considerable amount of food in Italy, but blown bridges, torn railway lines, and lack of trucks make distribution from remote farm districts to the cities and larger towns almost impossible. A few emaciated horses drag high-wheeled carts along undamaged but almost impassable tertiary roads by circuitous routes and comprise practically the only local transportation available.

Although the king fared better, Badoglio and a few of his aides who escaped with him were wearing the same clothes in which they fled from Rome when correspondents visited them. Most of them carried only brief cases containing a change of underwear and a shirt or two. The king has personal servants, but he lives like a soldier in the field. So does Badoglio. Both are worried about their families, who remained in Rome.

It's impossible to estimate the extent of Badoglio's popularity with the Italians. They are too shocked and bewildered to have any clear political opinions, but I've asked literally hundreds of Italians at random how they stood regarding the old soldier. Almost unanimously they approved of him.

There was less enthusiasm for the king, whom parish priests, workmen, peasants and the little people willing to talk politics in the midst of the debris of their villages regard as having compromised himself by countenancing Fascism too long. The more articulate ones with whom I've come in contact are more explicit. They say that a government headed by Badoglio and Victor Emmanuel is "merely Fascism without Mussolini." Some of these are Communists. Italians in liberated Italy at the moment are only certain of one thing: that they hate the Germans. As one of them remarked, "They made bad enemies but worse allies." Communists and Socialists were principally responsible for strikes and street fighting against the Germans in the northern regions. Their stated long-range objectives are the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic. Members of their organizations to whom I talked in Cairo, Algiers, and here in Italy, complain that by "setting up" the king and Badoglio, the Allies have not given the Italians leaders who symbolize the true democratic sentiments of the people.

Hewing to the Party Line

It is a superhuman task to attempt to assess public opinion within a country half slave and half free, but those who watch trends of public thought and are in touch with underground sources in the German-occupied North have noted a deterioration in the political situation.

This is attributed to the fact that the old-line Fascist politicians who fled to Florence, Milan, Turin and other northern centers when the armistice was signed, have rallied around the Nazis and temporarily, at least, have stiffened drooping Fascist spines. Blackshirt ward heelers were moved to action out of fear for their jobs and their lives. The Germans have openly demonstrated their readiness to shoot all opponents.

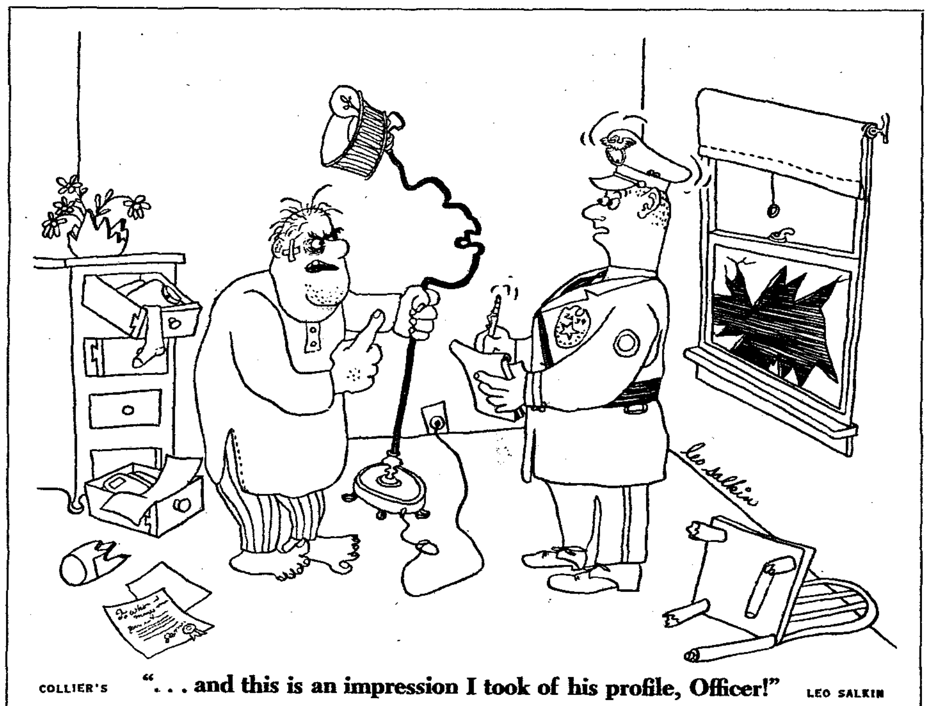
The brutality of the German methods in obtaining loyalty from Fascists, however, has opened a new seam in the Nazi armor. Some of the atrocities they have perpetrated in this country are scenes from Goya come to life. It is futile to write about them in detail, for you wouldn't believe them. The Germans have revealed by their ruthlessness that they are afraid. "They kill us because they are afraid we will kill them," an escaped member of the Rome underground told me. "They go about the streets nervously watching for snipers, turning their heads around constantly, ready to spring at the slightest sound, dreading our hand grenades. We used to respect them as good soldiers. Now we despise them as cowards. We thought of them as supermen. Now we know they, too, can know fear."

In liberated Italy, even before the declaration of war on Germany, Italians individually and collectively were doing all they could to help the Allies against the Germans.

What bombers they managed to salvage were flying against German targets, using Allied gasoline and dropping Allied bombs. Some of their Savoia-Marchettis, repainted and bearing the insignia of the Allies, were being used as transport planes. Two Italian destroyers assisted in the capture of Corsica.

In spite of the complete breakdown of the corrupt Fascist administrative machinery, Italians have made some contribution already to the Allied war effort. In spite of all indications of progress, however, Italy's ultimate destiny is clouded in uncertainties. Italy is a nation with a glorious Roman past, and a tragic Fascist present, and an unfathomable future. One of her biggest problems is what to do with some million and a half people who were active members of the Fascist party. And when that is settled, there will still be the problem of what is to be done with Ottavio. Compared to those problems, the matter of forming a new government in freed Italy, with or without Badoglio, fades into unimportance.

THE END



COLLIER'S "... and this is an impression I took of his profile, Officer!" LEO SALKIN

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

I speak for ROMA

WINES true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character, reasonable in cost ... America's largest-selling wines.

ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
SERVE CHILLED
MADE AND BOTTLED BY ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

Roma offers
a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
DESSERT WINES
TABLE WINES
(Serve Chilled)
●
Before you buy wine
—buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

Roma Wine Company...Fresno..Lodi..Healdsburg,Cal.

Picture yourself in one like this!

THE SMOOTHLY blended colors and patterns in Arrow Ties really *do* things for your looks. *And*—

They're made of fine fabrics that wear well, knot neatly, and discourage wrinkles.

So why not stop in at your Arrow dealer's and see his entire collection —today! He may not have this particular tie, but he's sure to have others that'll be right down *your* alley. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

$1 and $1.50

ARROW TIES

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Permanent Couple Only

Continued from page 28

both he and Andy are getting in tonight."

"That's swell," Sharon said dully.

"What's the matter?" Lee's black, sparrow-sharp eyes searched her face.

"Oh, Lee, I simply *can't* find a place for us. They don't want us . . . because we won't be here long enough."

"Well, don't let it get you down. Take it from Grandmother . . . as long as you have the right man, it doesn't matter if you have to live under a bush."

Back in the mahogany-veneer and gold-oak mixture of her own room, Sharon thought: It's for Lee to laugh about it. She and Frost have something to go on.

She took off her suit jacket and hung it over the back of a chair, and sat down, automatically peeling off her stockings.

Andy, if I didn't love you so . . . I think I would give up.

But she did love him. She had always loved him. No, not always, for children don't know love, and they had been children together, neighbors in the same neat and well-to-do suburb of New York. They had grown up together, gone to dancing school together, fought each other, liked each other . . . and come to love slowly.

Yet it had not seemed the natural end to a gradual growth when they discovered it. It burst upon them in rocketlike splendor. One day Andy was just Andy Swann, whom she had known forever, and the next he was Olympian, like no one else in the world.

Andy was eighteen then, already finished his sophomore year at college. Sharon was to go that fall to a Middle Western university, but she persuaded her parents to send her to an Eastern college, near Andy. They were together constantly —together and so much in love that it was exquisite pain to be separated for an hour.

They would be married when Andy graduated. It became clear that his first career would be the Army, but that did not alter their plans.

"We were born to be married," Andy said solemnly, giving, like any lover, more credit to fate than his own selectivity.

When the draft age was lowered, Andy was in his last year. He had his diploma one week, and the next he was in khaki, shivering and feverish in a Fort Dix tent, his arm swollen from typhoid shots, learning to do his own laundry.

THEY had agreed, then, to wait until June to be married. But Andy remained at the camp longer than he had expected. He came home on a leave after three weeks, already tougher and windburned, in the uniform that did not quite fit. He kissed Sharon, and pressed her against his rough G.I. overcoat, his arms shaking.

"Don't let's wait, Sharon. . . . Let's get married now." His soft black hair was against her cheek. "I may not be here in June. . . . We can't tell. . . I saw them coming back to be shipped out. . . ."

And her hands moved on his shoulders with the fire in her blood. "I don't want to wait, either."

Andy was not sent out from the camp that week. Instead, he got his leave and they were married. They had a honeymoon of a night and most of a day in New York. A magic circle of fourteen hours, wherein no wars could reach them; where they were roofed and walled by the wonder of love and young desire.

And then Andy was gone and the next Tuesday he was crowded on the troop train that took him halfway across the continent from her. They promised each other their marriage would really begin as soon as Sharon joined him in Arkansas.

And it must, Sharon thought. I *will* make it work!

She was buttoning a fresh white blouse when she heard him whistle. She went to the window and saw him coming along with Frost. She looked down into his upturned face, lean and sunburned beneath his garrison cap. All her love flamed upward. She called, "Hi, soldier," and he grinned. "Hello, darling."

She opened her door and stood waiting. Lee was in her doorway, waiting for Frost. The two came up, filling the house with the cheerful sound of masculine voices. Andy, wiry and darkly handsome; Frost beside him, stockier and towheaded, his round face affable.

"Oh, lookee," Lee cried. "Men!"

The boys laughed. And then Andy was inside the room, leaning back against the closed door, his hands on Sharon's waist.

"Miss me?" It was the ritual he always followed when they met, and the familiarity of it shut away all other strangeness.

"You know I did. Miss *me?*" She pulled his tie from behind its proper button on his khaki shirt.

"Mmmm!" He put his thin, hardening face down against her hair. "Love me?"

"Still."

HE HELD her out, his smile white in his tan, and suddenly they were laughing, delightedly, absurdly, just because they were glad to be together.

Andy spun his hat to the bureau and crossed to the chair by the window, pulling Sharon down to his lap.

"Oh, Sharon, it's so good to come in to you!"

She put her hands against his back, feeling its strength through his shirt, against her palms. *Andy, I do love you so.*

He was turning her fine hair over his fingers. "I never can believe I have you till I see you again. All day, wherever I am, on the range or the drill field, or taking the hills, I keep thinking of you. But I have to have you in my arms to know you're true."

Sharon laughed, "I *am* true, Andy."

"Sure you are. You're my wife." He laughed against her ear, pulling her head to his shoulder. "I almost made a mess figuring mortar fire today because I couldn't keep my mind off you."

"Liar!"

"No kidding! You ought to try firing one of those things. Listen, handled right, those sixty-millimeter babies are just about the most accurate pieces going." His eyes were shining. He sat her up on his knee. "Look. . . . Have you got a pencil and a piece of paper?"

"On the bureau." She got them for him and sat on the arm of his chair.

He drew, spreading the paper on his knee. "It looks sort of like a pipe . . . like this . . ." Excitement deepened in his voice.

And the nagging little irritation grew in Sharon, spreading its poison on the moment just past. He never thought to ask about *her* day. She could not visualize the mortar. It was just a crude drawing of a tube on a sheet of paper.

She made herself ask questions, "How many direct hits did you score?"

"Quite a few. But the shells don't all go off. A lot of them are duds."

"What happens to those?"

"The sergeant calls for volunteers to find them and bring them in. You can't have them lying around. They might go off some time."

"If they're duds?"

"Sure." He grinned. "I volunteered to go after them today. Steve Hanson and I were the only two guys from our platoon to offer."

A cold thrill of fear went through her. "Oh, Andy, what if one should go off?"

"Well, it would be goodby," he said carelessly. He hugged her. "But they don't. I never heard of one going off yet."

She relaxed. Of course not. They would not let the men pick up the duds if there was really danger.

She kissed his neck. "Don't you dare be around when any explode! Andy, I hunted for a room today . . ."

But he was looking at his watch. "Are you ready to go out for dinner? I told Steve we'd meet him tonight. I've boasted about you so much to him, he said I owed it to him to let him get a look at you. Frost said he and Lee would come along."

"Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"I thought . . . this is the first you've been in this week and I thought we'd eat alone."

"Gee, darling!" He passed a hand over his hair. "I couldn't very well get out of it when Steve put it the way he did."

"No, I suppose not. But it isn't like being married, Andy, to have all our meals with other people." She was aghast at how petulant she sounded. She had not intended the tone at all.

Andy's mouth grew stubborn. Perhaps he had not wished to eat with Steve either; perhaps he had hoped to eat alone with her. She wanted to tell him she guessed that, but he was pushing her off his lap. He had risen saying flatly, "Frost and Lee are married . . . and manage to stand up under being with other people."

"They had five years to lead a normal married life first," she said hotly.

"What can I do about giving you a 'normal' life?" he shouted at her. "I'm in the Army."

"I'm aware of *that,*" Sharon said wryly, hating herself.

There was a knock at the door. Frost calling, "You two ready?"

"Yeah," Andy said. He said with deadly softness, "Put on an act for Steve's sake, will you? He still believes marriage is akin to heaven."

The barrier was between them, brittle but impenetrable.

THEY sat at the restaurant table in town, avoiding each other's eyes, yet trying to produce the effect of happy newlyweds. Frost and Lee were in good spirits, Frost joking about the Army. Frost was not like Andy. He took the Army lightly, made fun of his own role in it. He and Lee never quarreled. Lee had told her that. She knew Lee was aware of the strain between Andy and herself and was trying to ease it. But the third boy, Steve, was unaware of any tension. He was a farm boy from Minnesota, solid, red-faced and humorless. He rose not at all to Frost's gaiety but talked Army at exasperating length with Andy, and earnestly discussed his young bride with Sharon.

He asked, over and over, "Do you think Mary'll be happy here, Mrs. Swann? I don't want her to come if she won't be happy." He showed Sharon her picture. A girl with a pointed little face, not pretty, but with an elfin quality to it.

"Of course, she'll be happy," Sharon said and caught Andy's sardonic glance.

She had no time to see Andy alone. Frost and Lee were taking in a movie, but Andy and Steve said they had to get out to the camp early to plan their hutment.

"You guys wear yourselves out," Frost said. "You could learn to get along with half the effort."

Sharon did not echo the opinion, but she felt it. If Frost could stay, Andy could stay. As it was, she had to let him go, his face closed against her, with no chance to discuss the problem of a room with him and resentment over that touching her own heart.

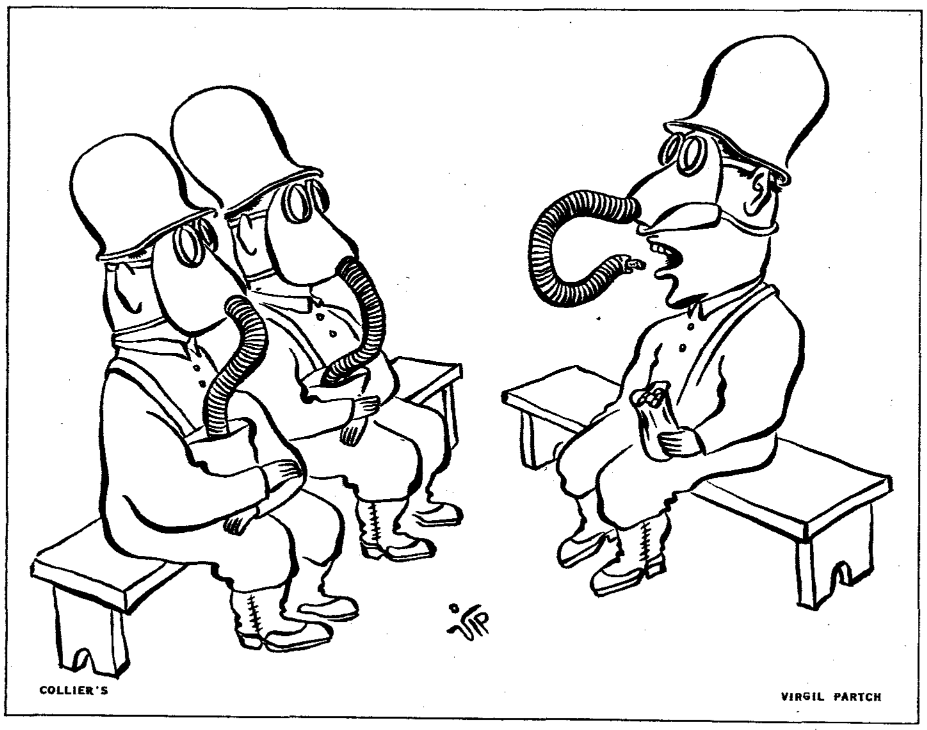
She went back to her room, undressed and threw herself across the bed. A black wave of loneliness pounded at the edges of her consciousness. Through the window she saw the sky, clouded and starless. She buried her face in her pillow, feeling cheated, deserted, confused by the senseless misunderstanding between herself and Andy.

I wish I were home. She put the thought from her quickly, as though it were something shameful, but she knew it would return.

ANDY'S platoon was restricted over the week end. She passed the time with Lee, aimlessly, unable to find Lee's equanimity. Before they were married, she and Andy had every week end together. Now they were married . . . and apart. *I was closer to him at home, before I came out here.*

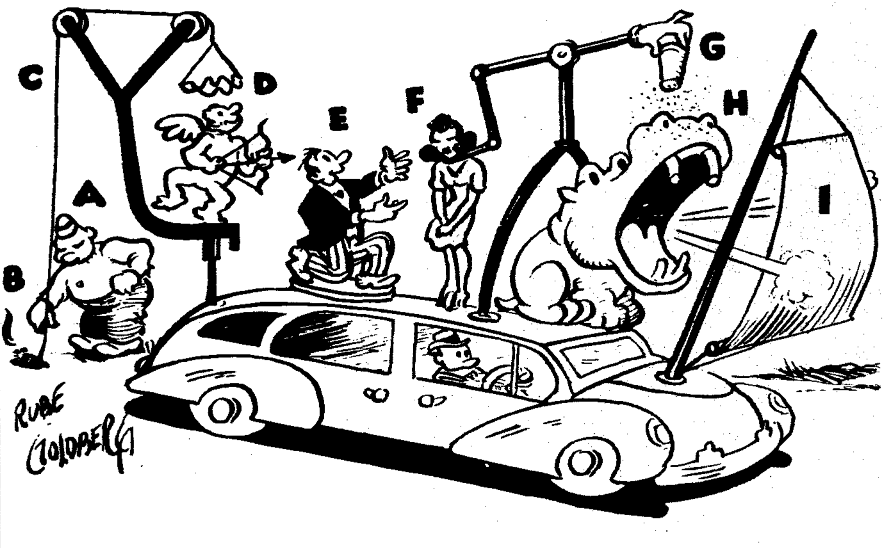
He did not come in the first of the week, or telephone. Frost came once, limping slightly with a sore foot. He told her Andy had to clean his rifle. He, Frost, had given a dollar to a Mexican boy in the outfit to do his, but said, "Andy won't trust anyone but himself to do the job. He's hell-bent on being the model soldier." If Andy had wanted to come, he, too, would have found somebody to clean his rifle for a dollar. That night, watching Frost and Lee go out, the loneliness all but engulfed her.

It was Friday again when he phoned to say he would be in. She had been looking all week for a place to live, for a job . . . without success. And she had been fighting all week with the thought that would not stay down. . . . *How could I manage*

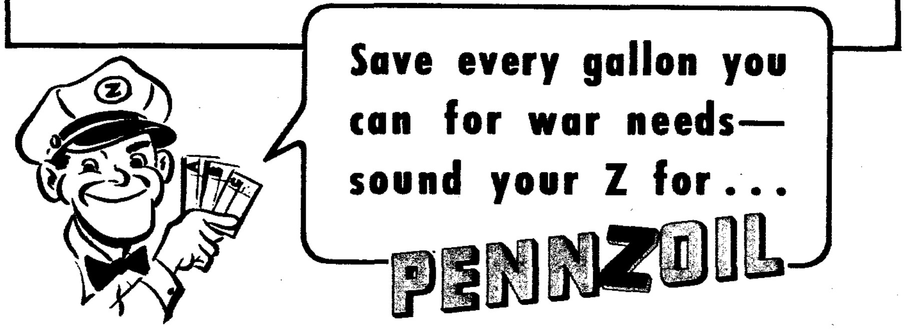


NO GAS TO WASTE!

SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



TRAMP (A) PICKS UP CIGAR BUTT (B), PULLING STRING (C) AND UNVEILING STATUE OF CUPID (D)—LOVESICK SWAIN (E), INSPIRED BY CUPID, PROPOSES TO GIRL (F), WHO SHAKES HEAD "YES", SPRINKLING PEPPER (G) ON NOSE OF BABY HIPPO (H)—HIPPO SNEEZES ON SAIL (I), SENDING CAR FORWARD—GIVE NEWLYWEDS WAR BONDS FOR A WEDDING PRESENT—AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP ON BUYING THEM FOR YOURSELF.


Save every gallon you can for war needs—sound your Z for . . .
PENNZOIL

Oil is the Key to Saving Gas!

DON'T LET JOINTS "PETRIFY"!

Rubber gets hard when it is not used. If your car is being used less to save gas for war, have your serviceman protect its rubber pads and bushings with special preservative.

FREE! 16 pages of facts and illustrations, on "How to Keep Your Car Alive." Write Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

Valves and piston rings coated with sludge or varnish let some of the power of each explosion leak past. Only when these parts are clean do you get best gas mileage.

PennZoil Motor Oil is refined from Pennsylvania oil especially to resist sludge and varnish formations. Its tough, slippery film protects hard-to-replace parts, helps keep your car *alive.* Next time you need oil, be sure to sound your Z for PennZoil!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

*Registered Trade-mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

to go home without making Andy mad?

He did not whistle that Friday, and she did not open the door but waited for his knock. When he came in, he said briefly, "Hello," and shed his slicker; savagely ripped open his collar and pulled off his tie. His voice was strained and old and his face drawn and tired, his eyes too black in it. There were long lines she had never seen before on either side of his firm mouth.

More than ever, she felt he was someone she did not know. This was not Andy's face.

She asked, her words sounding stilted and high-pitched, "Where is Frost?"

"At camp. He's sprained a ligament or something. He went up to the infirmary but they couldn't find anything the matter and told him to come back tomorrow for an X-ray. He's confined to his hutment. But he says he won't go for the X-ray. We've got a big hike coming up tomorrow. Twenty-two miles. It's going to be up to the fellows who goes and who doesn't. Those who don't think they can make it don't have to try. Frost says he won't be left out. I've thought he was goldbricking a couple of times, but I have to hand it to him for that."

"Of course *you'll* go." She had not meant it as a taunt but his face darkened.

"Oh, I know it isn't important to you. A paltry twenty-two miles. But I will," he said. He was still angry. She could not get to him.

"Oh, Andy . . ." she said miserably.

"Sharon!" His face seemed to dissolve before her, breaking into young and pitiful lines. He stepped to her, made a helpless gesture and caught her to him. "I'm sorry . . . I love you so much . . . I need you so much." He bent back her head, kissing her. "Please forgive me for being the way I am, Sharon. . . . Please say you love me."

"I do." Her eyes were hot with tears.

They were almost in the circle again. Its shining borders drew close, shedding glory about them.

ANDY sat up, his hair in damp, tumbled curls across his brown forehead. "I wish we could always be like this," he said. "We will be when it's over."

"When will that be, Andy?"

He took her face in his hands, "I wish I knew." He kissed her lightly. "I wish it were now. I wish I didn't have to go back tonight."

She put a thumb over the face of the inexorable watch on his wrist.

He smiled at her. "Is it time already?"

She whispered, "Yes . . ."

He was in his slicker again; again at the door. Sharon put her hands in the crooks of his arms. "Andy . . . I can't bear it to have you always leaving me."

His face was still tired and pale. He said, "I know . . ."

What *was* in his eyes? More than weariness. A curtain drawn against her but, behind the curtain, something she could not understand.

"Andy . . . I know something is the matter with you. . . . You look so queer."

"No. Nothing." His hand was on the doorknob. He had broken her hold. He said dispassionately, completely withdrawn from her now. "Let go of me, Sharon. . . . I've got to get the bus."

"Andy, we never settle anything!"

"Maybe it's already settled." He wrenched open the door and was gone. She heard his retreating footsteps; the front door banging. She leaned back against the wall.

It was becoming a vicious cycle. They came together after days apart; they loved, they were close; and slowly they were pushed back from each other as by some pitiless force.

Abruptly her decision was clear; too whole now for fighting.

I will go home. I will tell him Mother isn't well, that I didn't want to worry him, but I think I should go back.

She did not, the next day, look first at the classified section of the paper. She need not search today for either room or job. The knowledge gave her a lightheaded sense of relief.

She prayed Andy would get in tonight. She would make it a happy night for him. They could go out to dinner at one of the hotels, just the two of them, and later, dancing. She would not let them so much as approach a quarrel. Tomorrow she would tell him she must leave, but she would let *him think* she was coming *right* back.

He phoned at five. He and Frost were in town and would be right out. She would get him to tell her about what he had been doing; she would hang on his every word tonight.

He whistled as he walked toward the house. Frost was with him. Frost was *limping,* and Andy was walking painfully and slowly.

IN THEIR room, Andy flopped at once into a chair.

"I'm done in!" He had gotten a fresh overlay of sunburn; his neck was red and raw. "We had that long hike today."

Sharon knelt at his feet. "Let me take off your shoes, darling." She was unlacing them. "Was it really so bad?"

"Have you any idea how far twenty-two miles is? It took us seven hours to do it."

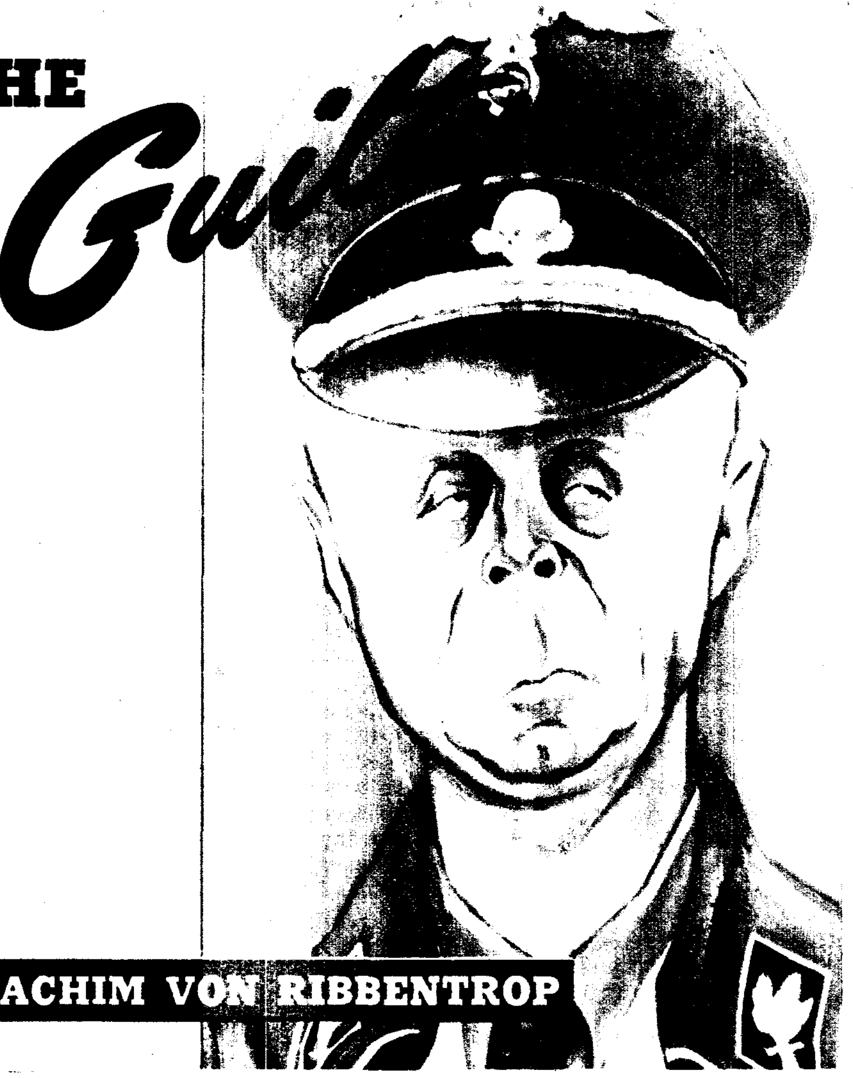
"How many went?"

"Only seventy. Frost started with us, but the poor guy's foot got hurting him and he had to turn back. He was game to try—the poor guy can still hardly walk. It's a funny thing, Sharon"—He stretched his legs as though every muscle in them protested—"what a difference a thing like this hike can make among men! There's a kind of respect now among the men who were willing to make it. The rest who were afraid they couldn't take it are on the outside. It's pulled some of us closer together. A couple of times I thought I was going to pass out . . . and I prayed I wouldn't."

His voice was so vehement, Sharon protested, "Oh, but, Andy . . . it wouldn't have counted against you if you had."

"Sharon, you don't see . . . Oh, let i

THE Guil



JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP

XVII

AN ASS in lion's skin! That is what his fellow Nazis call Joachim von Ribbentrop. All despise him as a strutting blunderer, and only a prudent alliance with Heinrich Himmler guards his life. And yet history will say that the foppish wine agent shares responsibility with Hitler for plunging the world into total war. Back in the earlier years, the Fuehrer wanted friendly relations with Great Britain and France, for it was Russia that he feared and hated. Ribbentrop, more than any other, blocked these alliances, lying and plotting until he convinced Hitler that the "cowardly English" and the "decadent French" need not be considered in the Nazi scheme of things. The rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia, the invasion of Poland, all were urged by him that he might stride the European stage as a "second Bismarck."

The rise of Ribbentrop is even more fantastic than that of Goering, the dope fiend, Daluege, the street cleaner, and Himmler, the fertilizer salesman. A phony from youth up, everything about the man is *ersatz*. Under investigation, his "brilliant military record" in the World War is found to have been a desk job behind the lines. A wine agent after the armistice, his "successful business career" only began when his dance steps won the hand of a wealthy champagne merchant's headstrong daughter. As for noble blood, the von before his name comes from adoption by an aged spinster in 1925, Ribbentrop being 28 years old at the time.

A phony to the core, but cunning and unscrupulous, Ribbentrop picked Hitler for a winner as early as 1930, and gave generously at a time when the Party stood most in need of funds. In 1933 he was rewarded by the creation of a "bureau" that let him put spies and corruptionists in England, France and other countries, doing the "dirty work" abroad that Himmler did at home. Rotten himself, finding rotten spots was his specialty. In 1936, judging it time to take personal charge of the "appeasement" program in London, he asked and received appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Now, as if to compensate for years of servility, he gave full rein to his arrogance. On the occasion of his first presentation to the king, Ribbentrop gave the Nazi salute and bellowed "Heil Hitler" at the top of his lungs. Taking over Carlton House as an embassy, he tried to make over the historic mansion into a German beer gard
These insolences turned public opini
against him, but worked no change in t
attitude of the "Cliveden set," for gre
lords and ladies continued to flock to
parties, nodding assent as he told of G
many's growing might and invincibility.

When Ribbentrop returned to Ber
in 1938 as Foreign Minister, what he h
to tell fell like music on the Fuehre
willing ears. Great Britain, "craven a
unprepared," would stand for anythi
rather than fight. "Maggoty France" w
beneath notice. Why wait? Go ahead w
the annexation of Austria and then
mand the Sudeten! When Chamberl
flew to Munich and bowed before Hitle
premeditated rages, what wonder that
Fuehrer threw his arms about *mein li*
Joachim, and hailed him as "another
marck?"

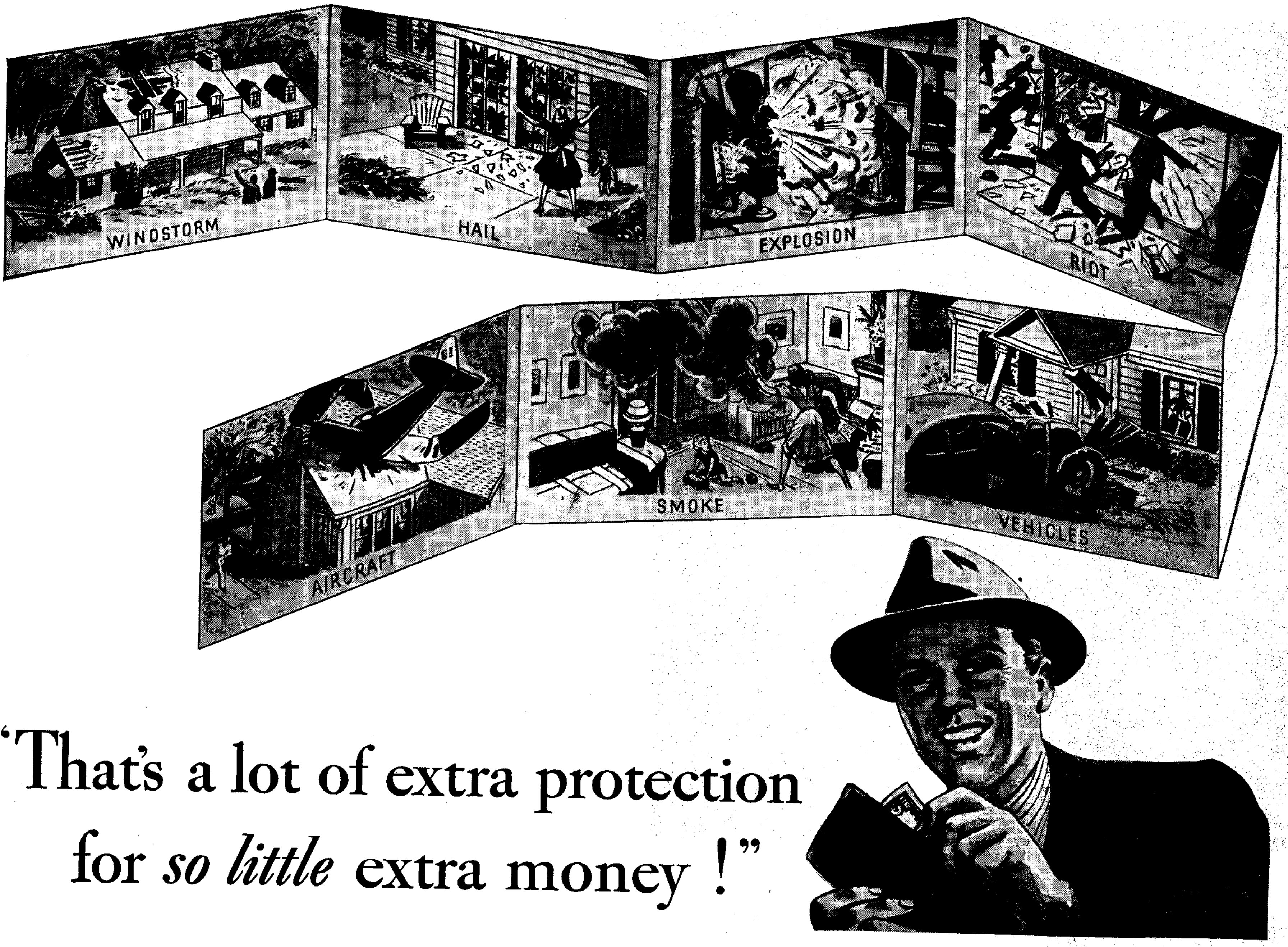
With his own hand Ribbentrop sig
peace pacts with London and Paris,
before the ink was dry, urged repud
tion and betrayal. When the British a
French refused to fight in defense
Czechoslovakia, just as he had prophesi
the *ersatz* Bismarck swelled to enorm
proportions, and clamored that Pol
was ripe for picking. Goering, voic
the army's fear of a world war, cur
the wine agent as a mischief-making f
but the Fuehrer frowned him down.
his Joachim not called the turn on E
land and France? Was he not right w
all others were wrong? *Sieg heil!*

One thing only held Hitler back,
that was Russia. But how simple, arg
Ribbentrop. A pact with Stalin! Not
manent, of course. Just a temporary
pedient until such time as it su
Germany to break faith. And when
returned from Moscow in August, 1
bearing a treaty of friendship duly sig
and sealed, not even Goering dared q
tion the miracle man's true gre
England and France, to be sure, di
clare war in Poland's behalf, but
Fuehrer, victory drunk, looked on it
favor.

A thief, like every other Nazi, Rib
trop is now a millionaire. One by one
has taken over the businesses of his c
petitors in the wine business, and his
cestral" castle in Austria was stolen f
Fritz Thyssen's nephew. Not only
the owner murdered, but his wife an
tle son were driven out into the
when lordly Joachim took possessio
entertain Pavelich, the Croat terrorist.
the phony's end is near.

With the tide of battle running ag
the Reich, Ribbentrop is no longer
claimed as "another Bismarck," and Hi
ler's guards are needed for other purp
What more likely than that the wine ag
enemies, blaming him for Hitler's
ders, and hating him for his treache
will not wait for the victorious Allies t
mein lieber Joachim on trial for
crimes?

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN



"That's a lot of extra protection for *so little* extra money!"

Think for a moment of the loss that any of the misfortunes pictured above would bring to you. Wouldn't you like to have your insurance protect you against loss from these hazards, just as it does against loss caused by fire?

Here's how you can get all this extra protection. Simply have your fire insurance policy extended by an endorsement, for only a small additional premium.

Our agent or your own broker will broaden your Hartford insurance on your home and its contents, or on your place of business, so it will cover direct loss or damage from (1) windstorm, cyclone, tornado; (2) hail; (3) explosion, except steam boilers; (4) riot, riot attending a strike; (5) friendly aircraft or objects falling from them; (6) smoke; (7) vehicles.

To find out how little you would have to pay for this added protection, use the coupon. Our agent will telephone you unless you ask him to call in person.

CUT OUT...FILL IN...MAIL TODAY!

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Conn.

Have your agent tell me by telephone ( ) or by personal call ( ) what it will cost to broaden the insurance on my property.

NAME OF PROPERTY OWNER

STREET ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

PHONE NUMBER

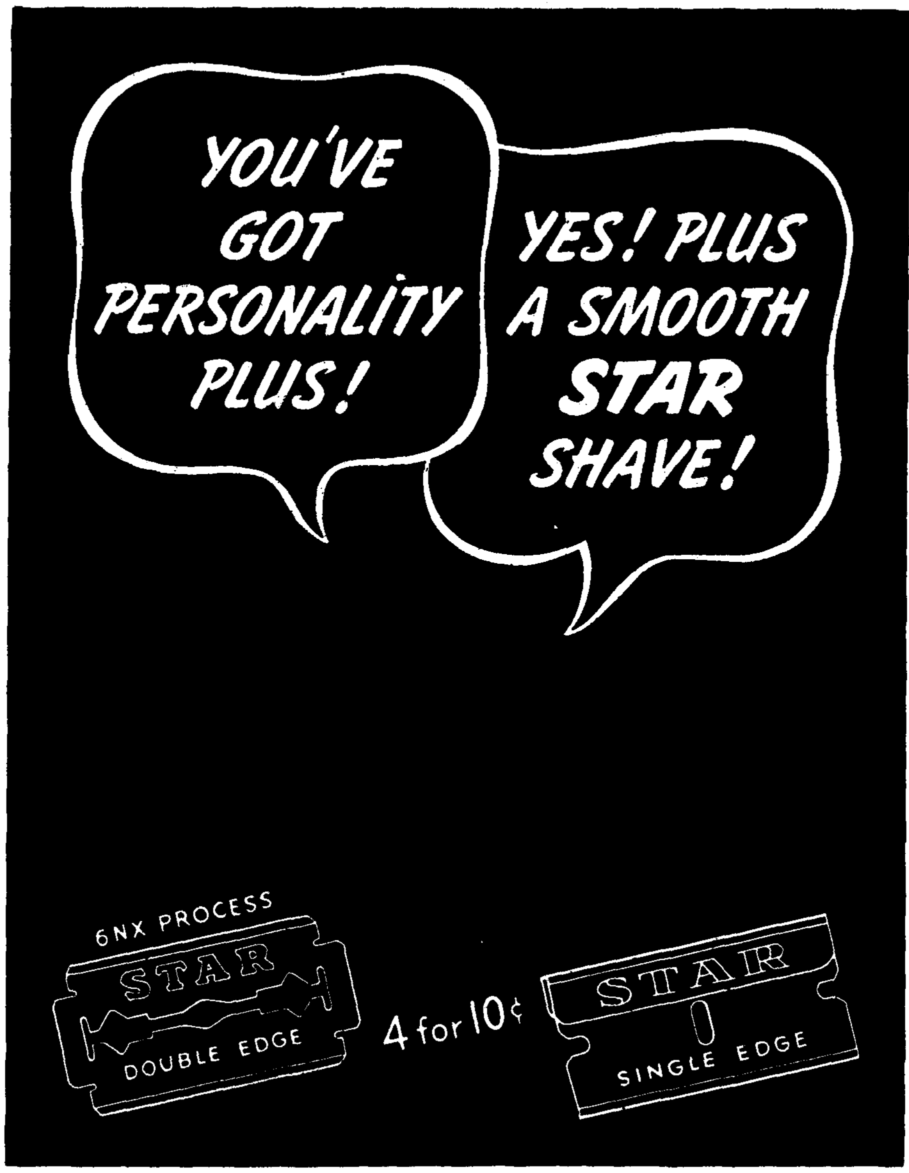
LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY FOR RATE PURPOSES

HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



PEBECO PETE SAYS:
"Here's how to save in wartime style And wear a better, brighter smile!"
PEBECO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH POWDER
25¢
NEW WARTIME METAL-SAVING CONTAINER
SAME GENEROUS AMOUNT OF TOOTH POWDER AS IN FORMER METAL CONTAINER
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION DISTRIBUTORS BLOOMFIELD

1. Note this! Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% *more* than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!

2. Keeps teeth glistening clean. No other dentifrice at any price cleans and polishes teeth better!

3. Contains no gritty abrasives. Doesn't scratch tooth enamel.

4. Has clean, peppy taste. Makes mouth feel wholesome—fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢

Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

go." He looked up at her. "By the way, I forgot to tell you . . . we can have this room a little longer."

"Isn't Steve's wife coming?"

"No," he said shortly. "The only thing is . . . we still can't keep it. Mrs. McDermott told me as I came in that she has a niece coming down here for a defense job—a steady job—and she promised the room to her."

"Permanent couple only!" Sharon said bitterly.

"What do you mean?"

"That's what all the ads for rooms say. Permanent couple only. We don't come under that heading. But I"—she had to plunge into it now; not save it till tomorrow—"but I have to go home a while anyway. Mother is sick. She wants me to come."

"Oh!" He swung stiffly to his feet. "That's the first I've heard of it. When will you be back?"

"As soon as I can."

Andy put his hands on her shoulders, his face drawn into lines of weariness. He let his hands drop again. "You mean you won't come back, don't you? It's too tough for you. . . . I guess it's too tough for me, too. I guess it doesn't matter. I can't see any future for us, either."

The words coming from Andy carried a despondency to her, greater than when they had been her own. He turned and went to the window, his hands in his pockets.

"Well, let's celebrate this, shall we? If I can hike all day, I can dance all night. Go ask Lee and Frost if they want to have a time with us."

"Andy . . ."

She looked at him; his wiry, khaki-clad figure, the sunburned back of his neck, the white mark just under the black line of his hair where the helmet shaded it, the tiredness in his shoulders. She wanted to go to him . . . touch him, but he had withdrawn from her again.

She turned away, blind in her unhappiness. She knocked on the Bennetts' door.

Frost called, "Yes," and opened to her, smiling, but his face flushed. "What'll you have?"

She said flatly, "Andy wants to know if you two will come out with us."

From behind Frost, Lee said, "Tell him: No, thanks."

Something in her voice brought Sharon's glance beyond Frost's shoulder. With a profound shock, she saw that Lee had been crying. . . . Lee, who was always cheerful!

"I don't think Andy'd care to have you along, Frost," Lee was saying coldly. "Come in a minute, Sharon, will you? And shut the door."

Frost grumbled under his breath, but he let Sharon in. He was not limping now.

LEE stood by the bed, gripping the footboard in her hands, her knuckles standing out white. There were bright traces of tears on her cheeks. "I want to tell Sharon what you've just told me. . . . I want her to tell Andy. I won't let you get away with it, Frost—for your own sake."

Frost's good-natured face was red with fury. "It isn't any of their business."

Sharon said quickly, "No . . . please . . . it isn't."

"I think this is," Lee said. "It's Andy's at least. Do you see that Frost's limp is miraculously cured?" She laughed, and in her laughter there was the note of hysteria. "He never had any, really. . . . He thinks it's a good joke. He knew this hike was coming up and he didn't like the thought of having to haul himself twenty-two miles over the Arkansas hills. But Frost doesn't like people to look down on him, either. He wants to be liked. He couldn't say, 'I don't want to go.' So he found an easy way to keep from going and hold the respect of the other men at the same time. And he has such charm such an honest face, he could get away with it, even with the doctors."

Frost said thickly, "You're making a mountain out of a molehill. This isn't a matter of life and death."

"Isn't it? What about Steven Hanson?"

Sharon said blankly, "Steve?"

"I'm sorry, Sharon. Andy didn't want you to know. He was all cut up about it last night. He told me, but he was afraid of worrying you. . . . Now I'll have to tell you. Steve was killed. He and Andy and two other boys were locating the duds after mortar firing . . . and one went off. *It never has happened before.* It was an accident. But you're wrong, you see, Frost. It must be a matter of life and death, because Steve's dead."

The room was spinning. . . . Sharon saw Steve's round, solemn face. . . . Why hadn't Andy told her?

Her fists were pressed to her sides. She could not stay here. She had to get away—away from the disillusionment in Lee's eyes and the suddenly illuminated weakness in Frost's face.

She turned, mumbling, "We'll make it some other night." Stupid words! It didn't matter what she said!

She had escaped. She stood in the hall, trembling. She put out her hands as though to grasp the surface Andy had given her and pull it away to touch what lay beneath. And it was there, sharply, to her groping. She held it for a moment, clear. . . .

Andy cleaning his rifle himself. . . . Andy finding the duds. . . . Andy forcing himself to make that long hike. . . . And Frost inventing an excuse to protect himself two ways. The pattern men followed now was the pattern they would always follow.

WHEN she went into the room, Andy had slumped back in the chair. He had opened the evening paper and was glancing through it. Now he threw it to the floor and glanced up at her.

"I've been looking over the ads for rooms," he said.

She knew then that he had been as concerned as she, but he had counted on her to do the part that was her job, as he had counted on himself to do his own.

"You're right, Sharon," he went on. "They all want permanent couples, don't they? And we're strictly impermanent. It's a hell of a good description of us!"

Sharon said, "No." She dropped beside him, pressing her face against his knee. "Why didn't you tell me about Steve?"

"I . . . Who did?"

"Lee. She had to. . . ."

"I don't know. I didn't want you to worry. What difference does it make?"

"It makes this," she said. "I have the right to worry. You shut me away and then you were impatient when it couldn't seem important to me. You let yourself be just someone in a uniform to me."

"I'm sorry," he said heavily, "but you're going now. So does it matter?"

"It matters—because I'm not going," she said breathlessly. "Unless you want me to. Mother's not sick. I was running away. I was lonely. I couldn't find a room or a job. But I can manage somehow. Only . . . if I go now . . . I can't spend the rest of my life running away, can I?"

Lee will never be sure of Frost again. When he couldn't live up in the little things, she'll never know how he'll meet the big. I'll always be able to trust Andy.

He tipped her face up to his. She saw all the young, sure strength of his mouth and eyes. "Sharon . . . You mean it? You'll stick?"

"Yes, Andy . . . because they are all wrong." She smiled at him. "Because we *are* a permanent couple only."

THE END

How Corsica Was Liberated

Continued from page 23

troops. Send your own chief of staff. You are to follow." A daring decision but a wise one. The shock battalion was an elite troop, a body of French commandos, especially trained for expeditions of this sort. One hundred men left at once in a submarine. The remainder followed on a torpedo boat which also carried General Mollard, the military governor destined to be very popular in Corsica, and the new prefect. These French leaders, the first to put foot on French soil, arrived in Ajaccio on September 14th at 1:00 o'clock in the morning. They were received by an enthusiastic crowd waving tricolored flags and crying: *"Vive la France!"*

Armored with Faith

No expedition was ever undertaken with poorer means, but no expedition ever had more faith and a greater will to succeed. The Allied ships were not available, and so the French were reduced for the first few days to transporting their troops and provisions on two ancient French vessels of 3,000 tons, one cruiser and two torpedo boats. Naturally, it was impossible to bring up armored units. At the decisive moment, we had in Corsica only the shock battalion, a regiment of sharpshooters, three Moroccan *tabros,* two squadrons of airplanes and one battery of artillery. The miracle was that this handful of Frenchmen, combined with the Corsican patriots, sufficed to assure victory and the liberation of the island.

Why? How? In order to give an answer, one must examine the opposed forces and the motives of their action. The Italian army was much more powerful. When you traveled through the island, when you saw all the villages full of *carabinièri* and *Bersaglieri,* the roads filled with trucks of the *Regio Esercito,* the Italian cannon and armored cars, you said to yourself: "They must certainly be masters of the situation." As a matter of fact the Italian army was divided. It contained Blackshirts, who wanted to go on fighting on the side of the Germans; anti-Fascists, friends of the Allies; and a majority of docile men who hoped the armistice would mean an end of war for them for good.

When the French generals announced to General Magli that French sovereignty had been re-established, he said: "I am first of all a trained soldier. I have to obey the orders of my government, but I am happy to find myself once more at the side of our allies of 1914." This Italian general had received orders from Marshal Badoglio to aid the French. As a matter of fact, his troops did not fight against the Germans, but they helped us contain the enemy and gave us means of transport.

The Germans on the other hand had to find an answer to the question: "Shall we stay in Corsica?" In the hands of the Allies the island would be a very dangerous threat. The Germans possessed armored forces and artillery, they occupied strong positions and believed that the Italians would remain passive. But they were impressed by the ardor and the courage of the first French troops that landed. The shock battalion and the *Goumiers,* as the African troops are called, seemed to them veritable devils. They lost many men in surprise attacks. They knew that the inhabitants were now armed and every house was an enemy fortress. They decided the wise course was to re-embark. To do this they had to defend the east coast, bring their troops up through this corridor and maintain a bridgehead around Bastia.

As for our English and American allies, who at the start perhaps had observed this French experiment with some uneasiness, they were soon won by an experiment that had proved so rich in happy consequences. In the interior of the island they discovered that order reigned. The governor and the prefect had re-established the authority of France. The Allies did what they could to aid us.

During the first week, General Giraud came to Corsica and was acclaimed everywhere he went. Already a small American commando unit of fifty men especially trained in the destruction of tanks had landed. The Inter-Allied General Staff ordered the bombardment of the port of Bastia to hamper the German embarkation, and the bombardment of Livorno, which the Nazi troops were trying to reach. The Corsican operation turned out well; it afforded the Allies an opportunity to destroy German forces and it gave them at small cost a key position on the flank of Italy and of France. It was the least costly and one of the most brilliant operations of the war.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

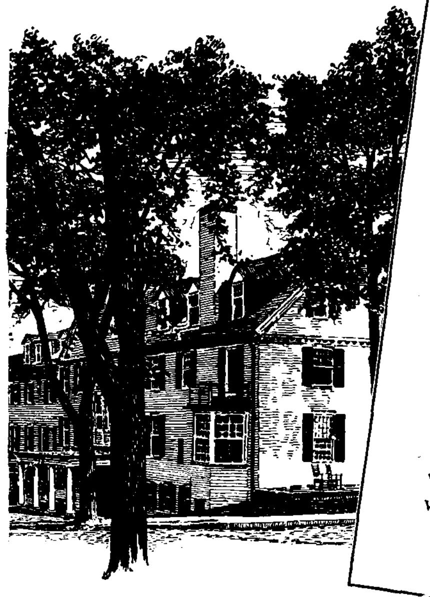
transferred in motion from planes to automobiles or trains on the ground; also of rodeo stunts. This plane had a few little things amiss—its rudder was jammed, the rear-turret oxygen system and the ailerons had been shot away, its elevators were punctured by cannon shot. Reaching England, the pilot ordered the crew to bail out. He jumped last. He couldn't see a thing, he confessed, until suddenly he found himself astride a cow in a most orthodox cavalry posture. His men, picking themselves up from the ground, were surprised to see their skipper go bucking and galloping past, his parachute trailing in clover like a knight's shirttail come loose. I don't know whether or not he hung on until the bell.

WARPLANES are supposed to carry a sting—one, however, that is to be deposited outside the plane and not distributed inside. The young men of a certain bomber station, while readying a biggie for a mission, heard a peculiar buzzing sound. Laymen, knowing little about the temperaments of bombs and their fuses, naturally might be excused for scramming at this point. Sterner ground and air crews investigated. They found a tiny and hitherto unnoticed flak hole near the tail, and flights of bees coming and going. Lads who face Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs withdrew, confused and baffled. A few hoarse laughs, nothing more, greeted the suggestion of a call for volunteers. When you can't think of anything or anybody else in the Army, you call the chaplain. This one remembered that a neighboring vicar was a beekeeper.

The summoned parson came atooting with his gear and, expertly seizing the queen from among the workers, marched her off to a hedgerow with the other bees in formation behind. The bomber was repatched and a few hours later she was safely back from dropping bombs on Germany. Which proved to the satisfaction of one and all—except the Germans—the reasonableness of the old country folks' belief that where bees swarm, luck rests.

W. B. COURTNEY

From Historic New England
Salmis of Duckling at the Lord Jeffery Inn



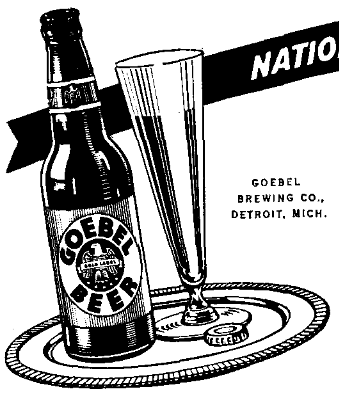
LORD JEFFERY INN
Salmis of Duckling

Roast 5 pound duck for 1½ hours. Remove from pan, pour grease into small sauce pan. Put 1 quart stock in a roast pan and boil. Sauté 1 cup chopped mushrooms in small sauce pan of grease. Stir in 4 tablespoons flour. Add gravy stock from roast pan.

Quarter duck, place in covered pan. Pour sauce over duck and cook slowly for 1 hour.

Before serving, add ½ cup Madeira wine, 12 sliced stuffed olives; serve with curried rice.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE



GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

The Lord Jeffery in Amherst attracts people from long distances to enjoy the good taste of its New England foods. And there is another good taste you can enjoy almost anywhere. The good taste of Goebel Beer is a natural addition to fine foods, just right for between meals. When you want nationally famous good taste, be sure to order Goebel Beer.

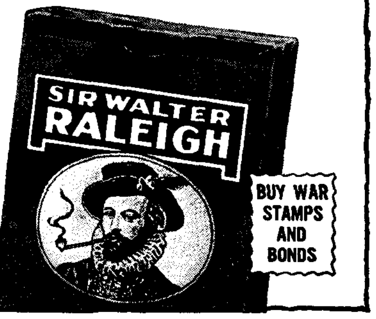
GOEBEL BEER
RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Richard Decker

*"Stop flicking those fans!
I can't light my Sir Walter Raleigh"*

NOTHING BUT FANS whenever smokers try *this* suggestion: clean your pipe regularly, and keep it filled with mild 'n' mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. After your first puff of fragrant Sir Walter, you'll know in a flicker that it's extra mild, extra choice, extra cool. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO
Smokes as sweet as it smells



BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

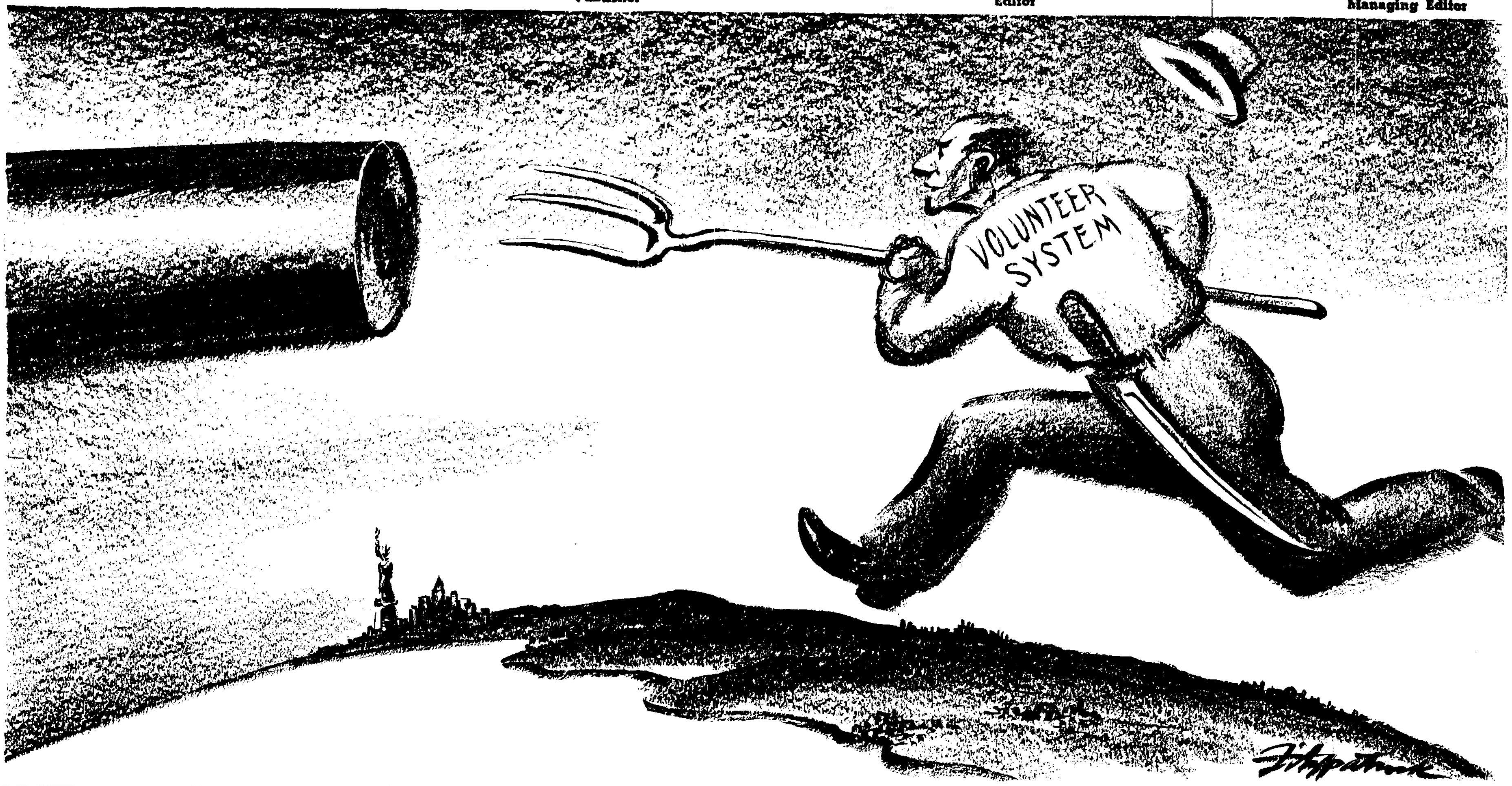
UNION MADE

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor



"THE AMERICAN BLIND SPOT"

God always looks after the fools—and the United States. *Prince Otto von Bismarck*

WE WERE privileged the other day to see a reprint of as meaty and astringent an essay as, we surmise, ever has been published in that repository of naval and military wisdom, the United States Naval Institute Proceedings.

Title: "The American Blind Spot." Author: Harold C. Washburn, formerly an associate professor at the U. S. Naval Academy. First publication: in the above-named journal for January, 1917, when the United States was expecting sooner or later to enter World War I. Being as timely now as it was when first published, the piece has been reprinted in pamphlet form, with an excellent foreword by Rep. (formerly Senator) James W. Wadsworth of New York.

Mr. Washburn in this pamphlet takes for a neck-cracking ride the ancient American disbelief in and dread of compulsory universal military training for able-bodied young American males.

That dread probably began with the billeting of British troops in American households and the military enforcement of unpopular laws.

The disbelief had its birth at Bunker Hill June 17, 1775, when a band of American volunteers, by a combination of dumb luck and the superior dumbness of the British General Thomas Gage, won a moral victory over highly trained and well equipped British regular troops. Thereupon was born the idea that untrained Americans, springing to the defense of their soil with pitchforks, squirrel guns and clubs, will always triumph over their enemies, no matter how well trained and armed the enemy soldiers may be.

Above any other single factor, that idea has been to blame for the harsh and tragic fact that, though we have won all our wars to date, we have won them at a far greater cost in men, materials, money and time than was necessary.

This has been so because in time of peace we have consistently neglected to prepare for war. We never have set up a thorough, efficient, well-managed, permanent system of teaching all our young men the fundamentals of the art and science of war.

Yet our three most revered and respected national figures—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln—all came to see the indispensability of trained regular troops for the winning of a war, and the perilous fallacy in the notion that a top-flight Army and Navy can be improvised overnight when a war comes.

Washington, after more than four bitter years of experience with irresponsible, badly organized, sometimes plain cowardly volunteers and "summer soldiers," wrote to Congress on September 15, 1780:

> *Regular* troops *alone* are equal to the exigencies of modern war, as well for *defense* as offense, and when a *substitute* is attempted it must prove *illusory* and *ruinous*.
>
> No *militia* will *ever* acquire the *habits* necessary to resist a regular force. The firmness requisite for the *real business* of *fighting* is *only* to be attained by *constant* course of *discipline* and *service*.
>
> I have never yet been a witness to a *single* instance that can justify a different opinion, and it is most earnestly to be wished that the liberties of America may *no longer* be trusted, in a material degree, *to so precarious a defense*.

Jefferson, long a believer in the militia and volunteer system, changed his view completely in the series of "humiliating surrenders, abortive attacks, and panic routs" which the sometime vaunted War of 1812 actually was. Jefferson wrote to James Monroe:

> We must *train* and *classify* the *whole* of our male citizens, and make *military instruction* a part of collegiate education. *We can never be safe until this is done.*

Union volunteers rushed pell-mell and with much hoopla into the Civil War in 1861. The Union promptly got its ears pinned back at First Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Had the Confederates been a little more alert, and had they postponed their victory celebration a bit, they could probably have taken Washington itself in the next few days. The Union wabbled along for two years with the volunteer system, taking Sunday punch after Sunday punch to the chin, until at last Lincoln was able to persuade Congress to pass a draft act. This law enabled the federal government to round up and train the armies that at last ended the war. Of the draft act, Lincoln wrote on August 15, 1863:

> They tell us that the law is unconstitutional. It is the first instance, I believe, in which the power of Congress to do a thing has ever been questioned in a case when the power is given by the Constitution in express terms Whether a power can be implied when it is not expressed has often been the subject of controversy, but this is the first case in which the degree of effrontery has been ventured upon of denying a power which is plainly and distinctly written down in the Constitution. The Constitution declares that "The Congress shall have power . . . to raise and support armies." The whole scope of the conscription act is "to raise and support armies." . . . *Shall we shrink from the necessary means to maintain our free government? . Are we degenerate? Has the manhood of our race run out?*

In spite of these and innumerable other urgings by Americans who knew whereof they spoke, our nation from its establishment to this day has side-stepped universal training as a national policy.

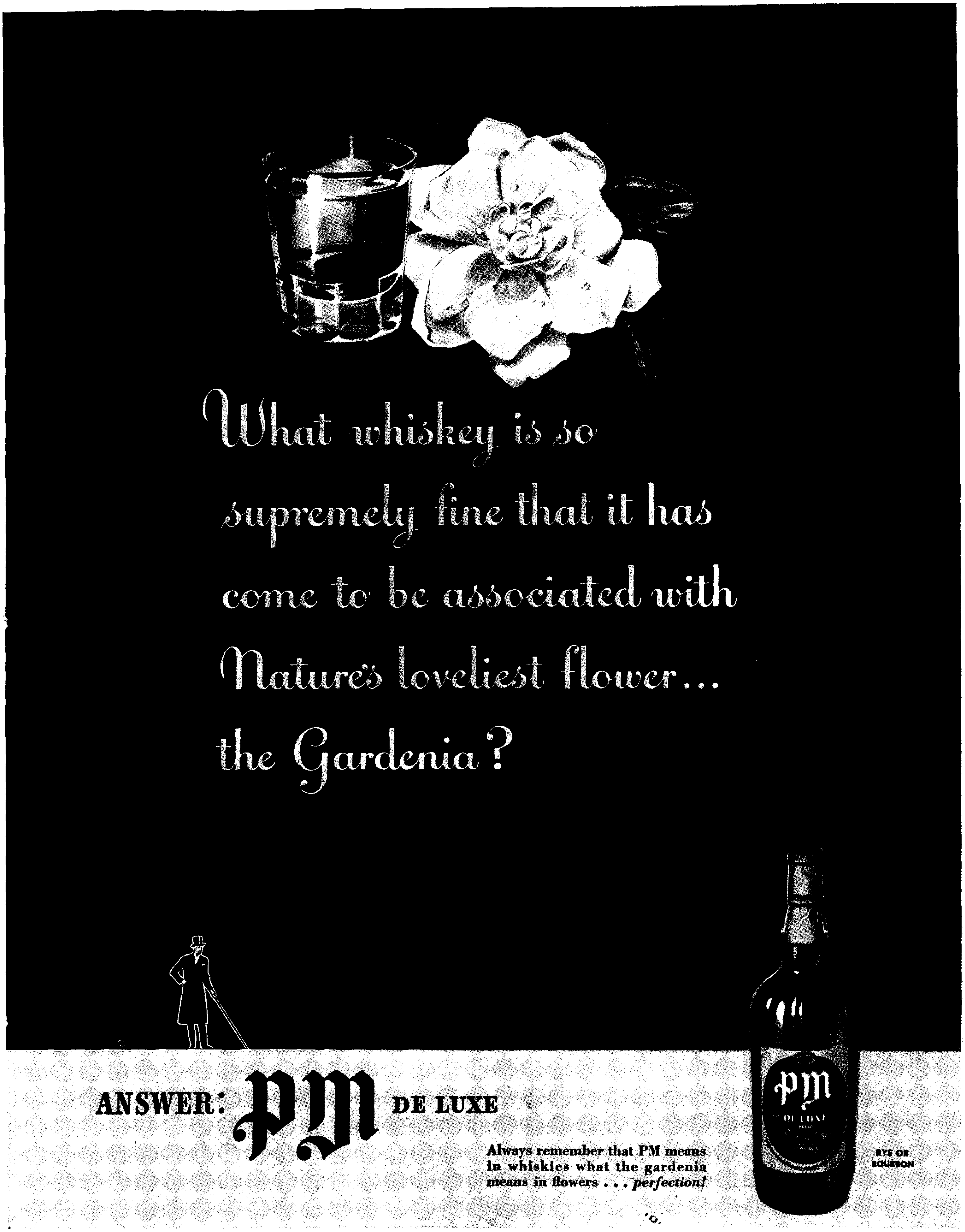
We think the time has come to stop the side-stepping and the dodging of facts, and to lay the foundations for such a system, to go into operation immediately after this war.

The primary object of a universal military training system, of course, is to build and maintain a large reserve of young men who have learned the elements of warfare and can be called to active duty on short notice. But there are other advantages. One of these is the physical good to be derived by any young man from a hitch of six months to a year in the Armed Forces. Look at the healthy, alert warriors now swarming all over the American landscape.

Another advantage is that universal training is democracy in action. It is a true citizens' defense setup—one under which the sons of rich men and poor men will work, train and cuss the sergeant side by side. Thereby they will learn plenty about one another, the chief lesson being that we're all human and are not nearly as bad or as good as demagogues and propagandists paint us.

Let's get busy now, while we are at war and clearly perceive the life-and-death necessity of preparedness, to cure "the American blind spot."

God may not always look after the United States, as Bismarck said God always did. It would be only prudent, we think, to interpret the Pearl Harbor disaster as a not overgentle hint from on high to begin to look out for ourselves.



What whiskey is so supremely fine that it has come to be associated with Nature's loveliest flower... the Gardenia?

ANSWER: PM DE LUXE

Always remember that PM means in whiskies what the gardenia means in flowers . . . *perfection!*

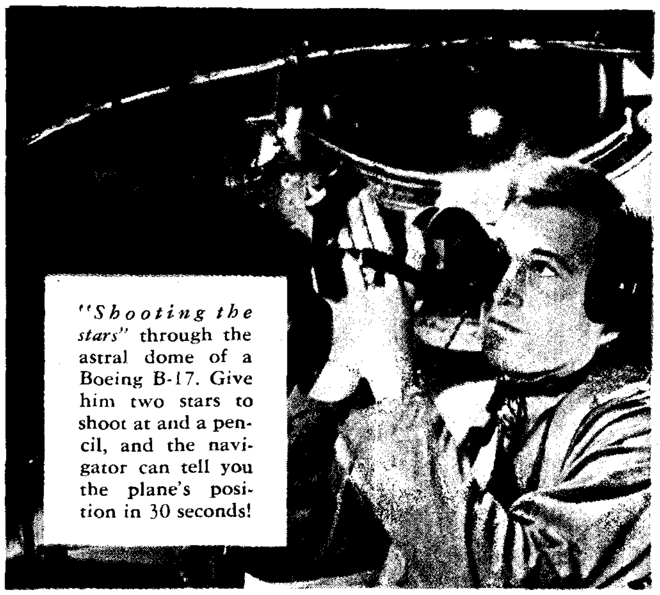
RYE OR BOURBON

COPR. 1943, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y. BLENDED RYE OR BOURBON WHISKEY. 86. PROOF. 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

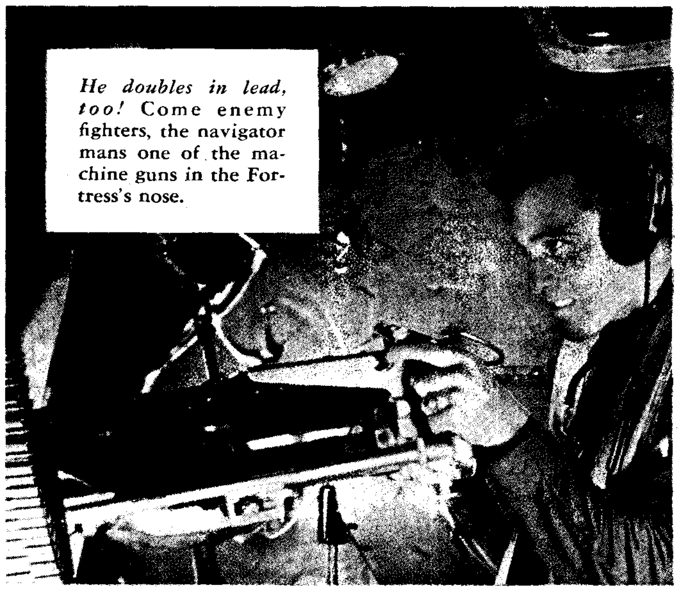
THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

Star Gazer

He's the navigator of a Flying Fortress . . . and he's the shootin'est man on the ship!



"Shooting the stars" through the astral dome of a Boeing B-17. Give him two stars to shoot at and a pencil, and the navigator can tell you the plane's position in 30 seconds!



He doubles in lead, too! Come enemy fighters, the navigator mans one of the machine guns in the Fortress's nose.

CAMELS CHECK WITH ME ALL WAYS— THEY'VE GOT THE FLAVOR AND MILDNESS THAT ADD UP TO STEADY PLEASURE!
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

NORTH, east, south, or west, it's the same! With men in all the services, the preferred cigarette is the slow-burning, extra-mild brand with the famous "I'd-walk-a-mile" flavor—Camel. If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, give them a try today.

Check Camels with your

Zone

The *"T-Zone"*—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you.

On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today and see if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

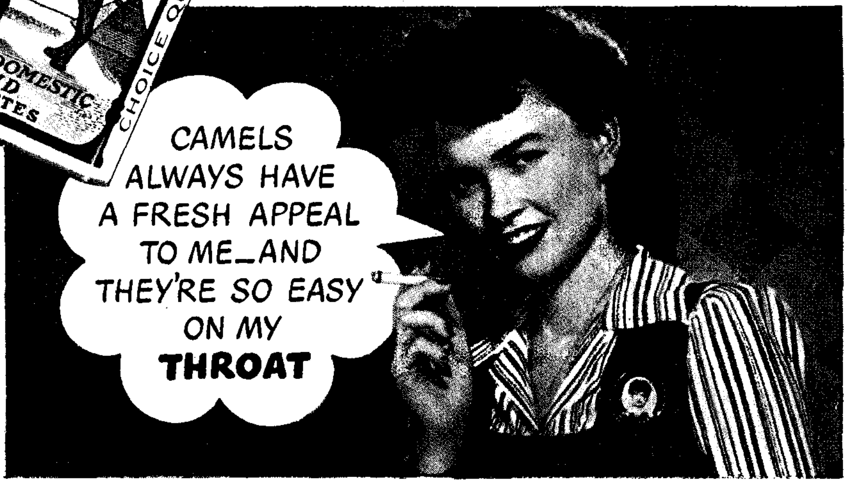
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)


CAMELS ALWAYS HAVE A FRESH APPEAL TO ME—AND THEY'RE SO EASY ON MY THROAT

SHE CALIBRATES AIR NAVIGATION INSTRUMENTS—and Jane Hammond, Autoflight Corporation technician *(above)*, also shares the airman's preference for Camels. "For taste and for my throat, Camels suit me to a 'T,'" she says.